

Australian

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PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

APRIL 1984

**BOB HAWKE'S
RUTHLESS
FIRST YEAR**

**THE PUNK
PORTFOLIO**

**IMPOTENCE:
IS IT A
DEAD END?**

**PLEASURE
ISLANDS**

**PLUS: HUNTER S.
THOMPSON
BILL WATERHOUSE
DICK JOHNSON
THE UNKNOWN
OLYMPIAN**

*Pet
of the
Year*

SPECIAL ISSUE

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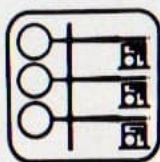
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The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 5 No 4/April 1984

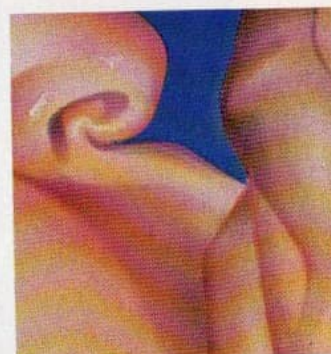
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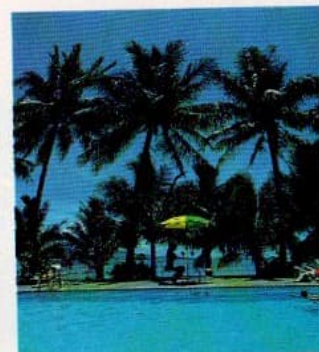
Hawking The Left



The Punk Portfolio



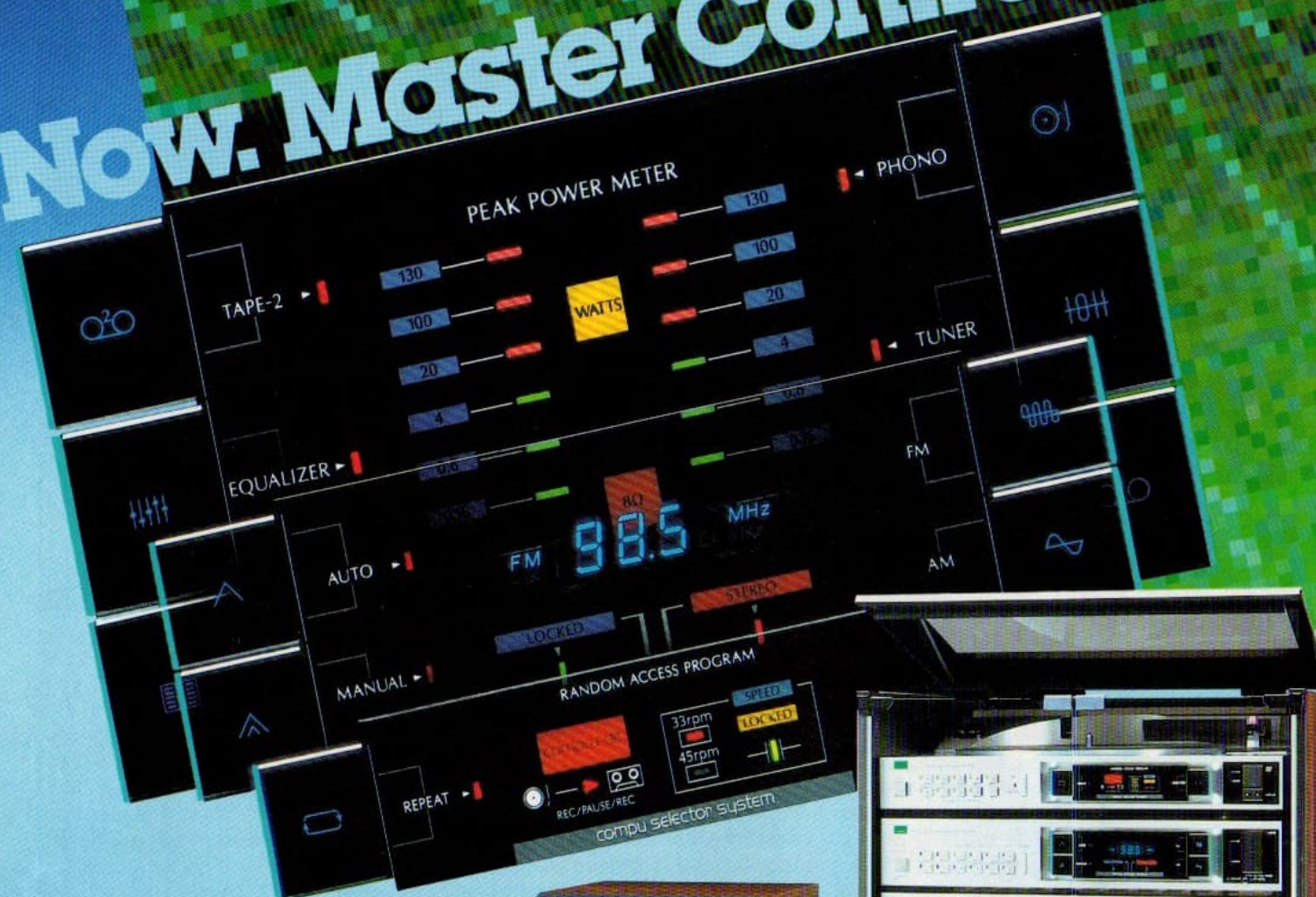
Getting It Up



Pleasure Islands

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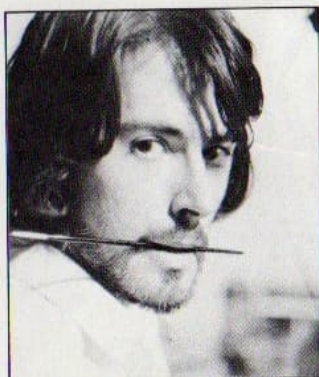


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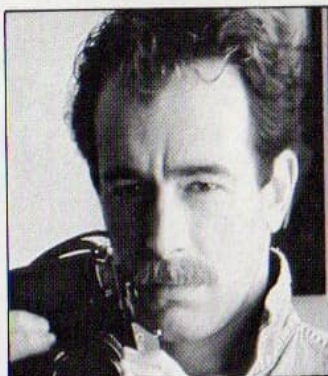
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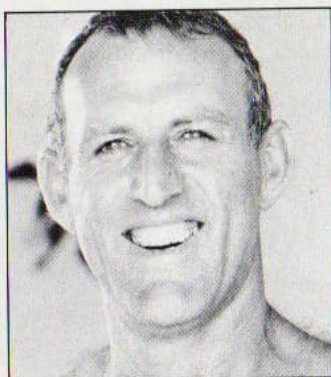
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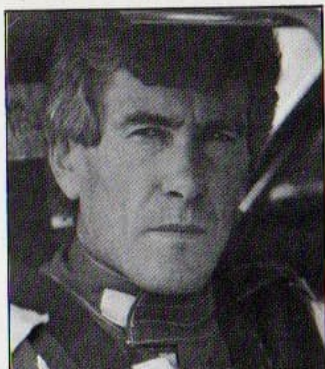
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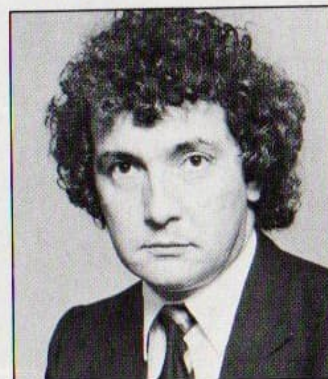
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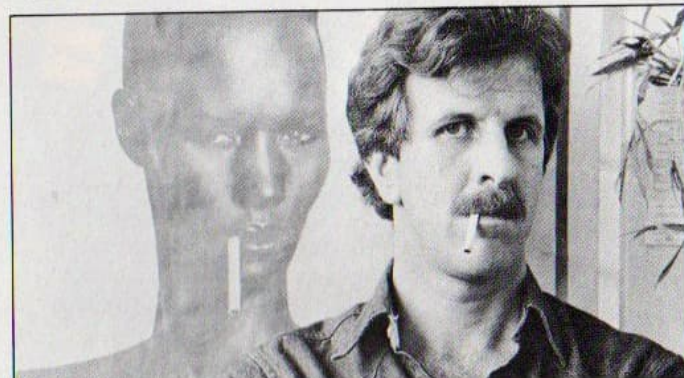
PETER MCKAY



MUNGO MACCALLUM



FRED BAKER



JIM SHELDON

HOUSECALL

Gentlemen, the votes are counted and the die is cast. The 1984 *Australian Penthouse* Pet Of The Year is Miss Donna Burns, a lady whose voluptuous body first graced our centre pages back in October '83. At first it looked like the vote count would go down to the wire, but a belated rush of blood among Donna fanciers put the issue beyond doubt. Donna will carry off a glittering array of prizes including a customised Renault Fuego, a timeshare in a beautifully appointed penthouse apartment in Surfers Paradise, superb stereo equipment and loads more. Donna's win also makes her *Australian Penthouse*'s entrant in the biggest glamor stakes of all — the 1984 international *Penthouse* Million Dollar Pet competition to be held next October. For a full rundown on this year's fabulous Pet Of The Year prizes and a last lingering look at the delectable Donna, turn to page 42.

Bob Hawke has held the country's top job for exactly one year. As a special anniversary present, *Penthouse* political correspondent Mungo MacCallum aims both barrels at the high-flying Hawke and nails him in the vulnerable left wing. Hawking The Left, brutally illustrated by Frants Kantor, starts on page 34.

Hunter S. Thompson, Doctor of Journalism and fabled King of Gonzo, makes a welcome debut in *Australian Penthouse* with an hilarious, rollicking South Sea adventure tale which ends with the good doctor suffering an attack of bloodlust and bashing the brains out of a marlin with a Samoan war club. "Very fast and savage work", indeed. The Curse Of Lono starts on page 52 with an illustration from Thompson's redoubtable sidekick, Ralph Steadman.

Photographer Jim Sheldon has put on a brave front to save his skin in trouble spots like El Salvador and Afghanistan, but those assignments were a piece of cake compared with the *Penthouse* brief. Sheldon was instructed to get amongst the color and craziness of the punk scene in the ghettos of Sydney's Darlinghurst. He delivers the goods in The Punk Portfolio, starting on page 58.

This month *Penthouse* presents a modern fairy tale — the story of a sad and sorry limp dick which, with the aid of sophisticated surgical techniques, eventually learned to stand up and be counted. Peter Anderson, the man attached to the afore-

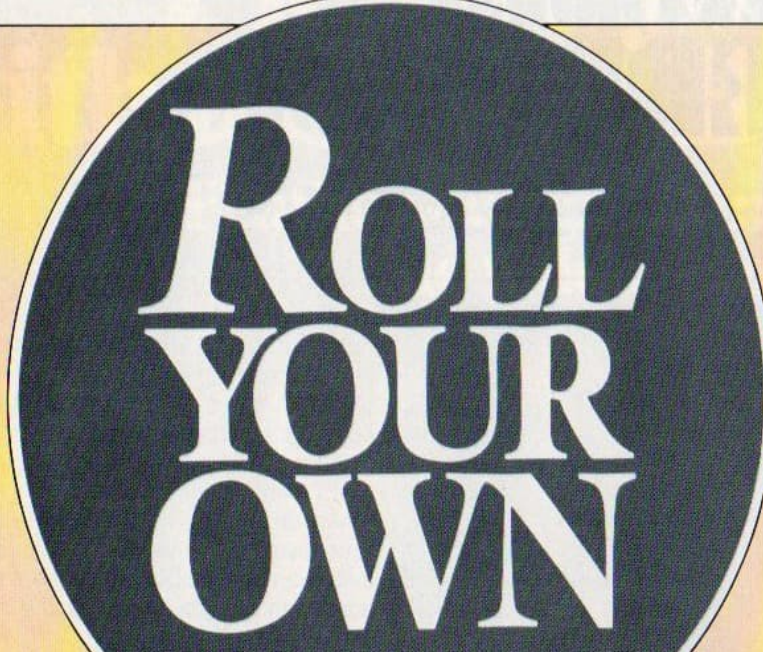
mentioned appendage, recalls the joy of his personal triumph over impotence in *Getting It Up*, illustrated by Nigel Buchanan. Turn to page 82. Australia has some of the finest island hideaways in the world, and lately the domestic airlines and developers have tumbled on the idea of making this last untapped resource available to Australians who want to get away from it all without the hassle of international travel. *Penthouse* travel writer Fred Baker provides a rundown on the great variety of island options in Pleasure Islands, on page 88.

When Robert de Castella lines up for the start of the Olympic marathon in July, the eyes of a nation will be on him. It's a far cry from the first modern Olympics, when an unknown Australian named Edwin H. Flack almost pulled off the inaugural marathon against insuperable odds. Sportswriter Gary Lester has dug deeply into Flack's diary, letters and personal files, bringing to light the story of The Unknown Olympian. That's on page 96.

Actor Robert Barrett knows how to spin a yarn and he tells a beauty this month in *A Hard Man*, starting on page 103 and illustrated by David Bromley. It's the story of Les Norton, a bouncer whose talents with his fists became legendary around Sydney town.

Dick Johnson, a favorite among Australian racing fans for many years, has been hard at work on a project which he hopes will keep him in front of the pack in 1984. Motoring editor Peter McKay flew to the Gold Coast, where Johnson unveiled his surprise package — a force-fed Falcon with power to burn. Turn to page 120 to check McKay's rating of Johnson's turbo machine. On page 124 Noel Christensen previews the 1984 Bathurst motorcycle grand prix meeting. Heaps of hard and fast action on the Mt Panorama track is guaranteed this year... but what about the sideshow, the annual siege of the Mount? Christensen reckons Bathurst '84 will be the big one, from both the spectators' and competitors' points of view. Bill Forsyth took the photo.

The April Pet parade is an absolute stunner. Apart from revealing Pet Of The Year Donna Burns on page 42, there's the slightly kinky Candice Starrek photographed by John Copeland on page 110, another array of the world's finest women in the *Penthouse* International section on page 138, and we take particular pride and pleasure in presenting a lingering look, courtesy of Chris Dickson's camera, at a very special Pet Of The Month — a young Queenslander who is bound to set your pulse rate racing. If Debbie Davies isn't your kind of girl, then you're reading the wrong magazine. Turn to page 66 and feast your eyes. 



Roll YOUR OWN

Different smokes for different folks.

-  El Supremo
-  Racehorse
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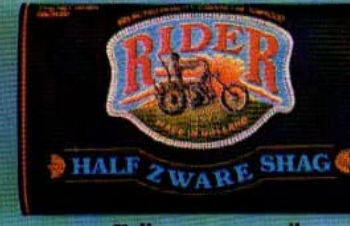
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Flavour & mildness in one



Smooth, full flavoured



Full taste, easy roll



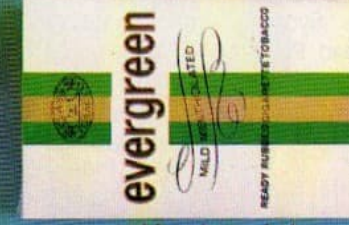
Mild toasted American



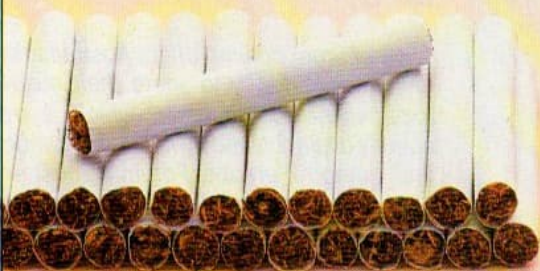
Fire cured, rich flavour



Subtle, sweet, aromatic



Mild cool menthol



A luxury that's an economy.

Go one better—roll one handed.



M O R E S A T I S F Y I N G

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Congratulations

While offering my Pet Of The Year vote, I would like to take the opportunity to congratulate you on the quality of your magazine. Essentially, the greatest turn-off with a vast number of men's magazines is their shoddy printing and production.

But I would honestly rate the Australian version of *Penthouse* as superior in every way to the US product. Most certainly, the December issue before me is tops. The *Penthouse* International section must stay. Some of the photos on these pages help to make my point. The girls are revealed in fine detail rather than through the softly focused lenses which are popular in the American *Penthouse*.

Once again, congratulations on a top magazine. Our local girls are second-to-none, and your articles, features and printing quality are the best. Keep it up and we'll do our bit by purchasing your magazine before even looking at the others. — John Tesoraro, Lane Cove, NSW

Being there

The story on Peter Bird's epic solo voyage from San Francisco to the Great Barrier Reef, Being There, in December *Australian Penthouse*, was most informative.

It may interest your readers to know that Bird's famous boat *Hele-On-Britannia* is now on exhibition at the Sydney Maritime Museum at Birkenhead Point. Visitors are most welcome. — Barry Groom, Curator, Sydney Maritime Museum, Drummoyne

Lo and behold!

A few days ago I wrote to inform you that I had not received my December issue. Then Lo and Behold! two days later it was poking its delightful nose out of my letterbox.

I was happy to receive it, and particularly pleased to note that you have introduced the *Penthouse* International section featuring beauties from countries other than Australia. Your first selection of five was excellent. — Horace Crellin, Rosebud, Vic

The girl next door

Karen James, your February centrefold, was exquisite. She looked like every girl next door I've ever fallen in love with. I really got off on that subtle Vegemite jar and copy of the *Sydney Morning Herald*.



Karen James... the girl next door

Those props made my little fantasy complete. Keep those Aussie centrefolds rolling in. — G.M.J., Fremantle, WA

Stating the obvious

Congratulations on your January issue — it was great. I have just one complaint: I object to the pseudoscientific, pseudo-psychological pap which litters bookshelves these days and now makes occasional appearances in otherwise informative magazines such as *Penthouse* under headings like "Body Language," "The Gestures Of Power," "The Politics Of Posture" and so on.

These articles, including "Power Play" which featured in January *Penthouse*, are nothing more than monumentally long statements of the obvious. There's never anything in them that would not be immediately apparent to anyone who has grown to adulthood on this planet. Please, give this sort of meretricious mulch the big flick and save the space for more of the entertaining, amusing and informative stories I've come to expect from *Penthouse* magazine. — J.P.S., Raymond Terrace, NSW

A pain in the arse

I am not a regular reader of *Penthouse* magazine, but the other day I chanced upon a copy of your January issue. I had barely recovered from the trauma of Rites Of Pleasure, which included photographs of black penises mutilated by spikes, when I turned to Love Hurts, in which some demented individual thought he could

raise a laugh by satirising the victims of herpes and AIDS. Apart from the fact that I am currently suffering from the former of these afflictions, I found the article idiotic, humorless and devoid of any redeeming value.

If I want to read about sex — and at times I do — then I want the words to be informative and relevant, not gratuitous, insulting and trivial. Do your readers a favor and clean up your act. — Name and address withheld

Rites Of Pleasure provided an insight into a culture which values female sexual pleasure much more than ours does, while *Love Hurts* was never intended to have "any redeeming value." As Oscar Wilde once said of morality plays: "The very word itself sounds like a yawn." — Ed

Forum forum

I recently received my subscription copy of December *Australian Penthouse*. After reading the issue I felt compelled to comment on the magazine's monthly Forum pages.

Your magazine is a high-class publication. The articles are intelligent, the humor is first-rate and the pictorials are tasteful. So why do you insist on printing low-grade pornographic pieces like those that make up Forum?

The stories are inevitably the same. Boy meets girl, who just happens to be a raving nymphomaniac, and they immediately fall into a frenzied bout of superhuman sexual heroics.

I am a heterosexual male with a healthy sex drive, and I find nothing more satisfying than to be in the arms of my lady. However, I find your Forum stories totally unbelievable. — J.P. McKenzie, Morab, Qld

The Forum column offers Australians a unique opportunity to share their sexual experiences in a manner which is frequently distinguished by its vitality, candor and humor. Perhaps *Forum's* most remarkable characteristic is the fact that the letters are all real. As a result, this column sometimes offers insights into human sexuality which do have the capacity to shock. But at the same time they can educate, entertain and amuse. *Forum* is an integral and valuable part of *Penthouse* magazine. If you don't like it, feel free to turn the page. — Ed! O—

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IF PARIS WAS A DRINK.

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Caught in the act

I'm a 22-year-old male employed as a security guard in an office building. I'm no virgin, but I have never been involved in anything kinky or unusual above and beyond the daily lovemaking with my steady girlfriend. That is, until recently.

I was working one Sunday morning when I got a telephone call from Cheryl, one of the secretaries who works there. She said she had to catch up on some typing and would be coming in for a short while sometime during the day.

Cheryl is one of the nicest secretaries in the office. She has long, slim legs and short black hair. Although she is about 35 years old, she is still the youngest woman in the office.

I soon forgot about the call — and Cheryl. Security work is often boring, so to pass the time I flipped through an old *Penthouse* magazine. After a while, I became increasingly horny and soon had my 15 centimetre member in my hand. I propped my legs up on the desk and tilted back in my chair to masturbate while I flipped through the magazine. Then, to my horror, I heard a key slide into the door lock and the lock turn open. In an instant, the door opened and Cheryl walked in.

She stopped immediately and stared at my erection. Embarrassed beyond belief, I hurriedly covered my exposed meat and brought my legs back to the floor. I was bright red from head to toe, and couldn't say a word.

Cheryl dropped an armful of paperwork on a nearby desk, turned to me and said, "So, I caught you jerking off on the job." I pleaded with her not to tell anyone, especially my boss, for I would be fired as well as humiliated. She said she wouldn't, but only if I did everything she told me to, with no argument whatsoever. Desperately I agreed.

First, she told me to strip. Once again, I was overcome with embarrassment, but I realised there was little I could do but comply or she would tell on me. Slowly, I removed my gun belt and clothes and stood in front of her naked with my cock half erect.

Then, she told me to sit back in my chair with my legs up on my desk. As I did this, she told me to finish jerking off. By now, I was thoroughly embarrassed, but aroused. My cock was hard instantly and I pumped it vigorously.

As I masturbated, she stared at my

engorged cock and writhing body. With a grunt, I came, splashing warm semen over my chest and belly.

Then she ordered me to lick up the mess I'd made. I was revolted at the thought, since I had never tasted semen before. I hesitated but noticed she had her hands on the phone and was preparing to dial, so I scooped the come off my chest and brought it to my mouth. As she instructed, I licked my fingers clean.

Next, she told me to get on my hands and knees in front of her. She unzipped her skirt and let it fall to the floor. Through her white panties I could see a neatly trimmed black bush. She quickly removed them, leaned against my desk, spread her legs slightly, and told me to eat her out.

Below her curly black pubic hair, I saw her protruding pussy lips begging to be sucked. Hesitantly, I began to nibble on her musky cunt. She wrapped both legs firmly around my head.

When she was about to come, she told me to eat her arse. Once again, I hesitated. I had never done this before and wasn't sure I wanted to, but Cheryl didn't wait for me to make up my mind. She grabbed me by the hair and forced my face into her crack. I licked and sucked her bung hole and stroked her cunt lips with my hand. She squealed in pleasure as she came.

I left her there as she composed herself and went into the bathroom to wash the bitter taste of her arsehole from my mouth. When I came back, she had removed her blouse. She has very small breasts but nice thick nipples. She told me I had one more task to fulfil. She lay down on the carpet and sat on my stomach. She reached around behind her and stroked my cock to attention while she waved her glistening pussy in my face.

She then slipped my hard penis into her steaming pussy and began riding me like a bronco. Her small, pert breasts jiggled up and down in front of me, and I couldn't resist grabbing and squeezing them. Just as I was about to come, she got off my dick and put her cunt directly above my face. She moaned and rubbed her pussy wildly. Suddenly she let loose a golden stream of piss all over my face. As she did, she had a tremendous orgasm. She shuddered and her urine covered hand was a blur over her pussy. My own hand finished what she had started as I came again. She got dressed quickly and left without a word as I lay

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Andrew Cowell

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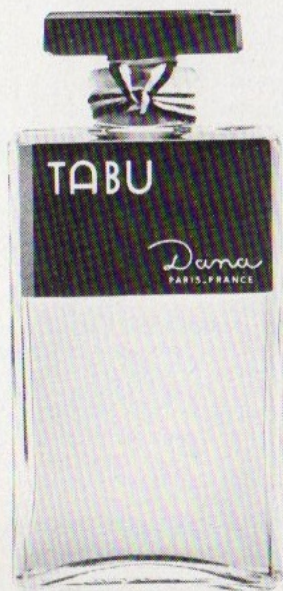
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APRIL



Tabu . . . an embrace that lives forever in a fragrance.



The Forbidden Fragrance

FORUM

there in her piss and come. Cheryl still comes into the office, but now when she sees me she gives me a sly smile. — *Name and address withheld*

Lesson of the month

I would like to discuss my favorite subject, autofellatio. I know there are a lot of men out there who are able to suck their own cocks, and there are many who have tried and can't. You guys that can already know how to get into position to receive the head of your cock in your mouth, and how great it feels. But for the unfortunate ones, this letter may be a helpful lesson.

I have been practising the act of autofellatio for about 15 years, and can successfully complete the act, ejaculation and all. It is a wonderful feeling to get the head of my prick in my mouth and put my lips around my shaft. I love the taste and flavor of my cock and come. I feel privileged that I am one of the few who can suck my own cock.

I can suck my cock in more than one position, but this is the one I like best. I lay naked on my back in front of the kitchen sink, then place a small pillow or folded-up towel under my head and neck. Then I bring both my feet up over my head and place them under the counter of the sink. I bring the lower part of my body up and forward so my wonderful dick is right above my face and near my mouth. Then I take hold of my prick and bring it to my mouth, and running my tongue all around the head. I then wrap both arms around the lower part of my body and pull down toward my face, sliding the head of my cock into my waiting mouth. At this time, I'm usually so hot that I can move the head of my cock in my mouth a little bit, and I'm ready to come. — *Name and address withheld*

Shit full of intellect

My wife Betty and I felt great when we moved out of the noise, congestion, and smog of the city into a small cottage in a peaceful town where there's plenty of space and clean air. But after a few weeks in our new home we began to feel that maybe it hadn't been a wise move.

The population of the town was so spread-out that casual acquaintances were the only company we had, and they lacked the sophistication we were used to back in the city. "This is an awfully nice place to live," Betty remarked, "but there's no meeting of the minds."

"That's just the way I feel about it," I told her. "How about having some of our old friends come up and spend the weekend with us? If it works out we'll make a regular thing of it."

When a dozen or more of our city friends arrived the following Saturday we served them a big dinner and a lot of

drinks, and all of us were in high spirits. When dinner was over we went into the living room and sat around enjoying each other's company. Betty was sitting on the lounge between Jim and Larry and Jim was so pleased to know we hadn't forgotten him that he put his hand under Betty's skirt and was affectionately caressing her pussy. Betty was very flattered by this gesture of affection and so was her pussy, for she pulled her skirt up all the way, exposing to everyone present that patch of blonde hair they all loved so much. Then, gratefully, she reached over and took out Larry's cock as Jim went down on her.

This scene drew a round of applause from all the other guests, and when Betty got up to take off her clothes, they saw this as a cue to do the same. As I undressed, Margaret's bare boobs happened to be right near me, so I took the nipple of one in my fingers, started squeezing it, and took the other one into my mouth and chewed and sucked on it till she was gasping with pleasure. Miles knelt before her to finger-fuck her throbbing cunt while his wife Pamela licked my balls. Suddenly there came a high-pitched rippling outcry from across the room.

It was from Betty, now lying on the floor in an explosive orgasm, a stiff cock up her arse, another up her cunt, a third in her mouth, and one in each hand. And each of those cocks was attached to one of our guests! Richard opened his fly, and Karen grabbed his throbbing prick and began masturbating him like crazy.

When each guest had come at least once, there was a lull. But it didn't last long. Harold, his cock now at half-mast, but his desire for a dame to caress not withheld, put his hand under his arse, shit into it, and rubbed the shit all over Tom's balls as he vomited on Catherine's cunt. And the party ended ecstatically with all these lovely naked people joyfully throwing shit at each other, their shame for the mess withheld.

I'm happy to say that this kind of get-together now takes place in our little home every weekend and Betty and I couldn't be happier. We not only love our new home, we now also have all the intellectual companionship we'd been missing. — *Name and address withheld*

Pig in the blanket

I am the manager of a small supermarket. A few nights ago my girlfriend Penny stopped by to wait with me until closing time. We passed the time by feeling each other up under the sales counter when there were no customers in the store. Needless to say, after about an hour of this we were both getting extremely horny. I thought the remaining time would never pass! And with Penny whispering in my ear that she wanted to suck and fuck me as soon as she got the opportunity, I was going nuts!

When closing time finally arrived, I

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hurried around turning out the lights and locked the front door. By the time I finished, Penny had cleared out a spot for us on the floor and lined it with empty cardboard boxes and was rapidly shedding her clothes. I could tell she was ready for some good hot fucking by the large wet spot in the crotch of her panties. I tore my jeans off before my cock did it for me.

Our bodies and mouths were soon moulded together and we were getting hotter by the second. I just had to taste her body! I slid my mouth down to her breasts and sucked one whole tit into my mouth. Penny has rather small tits, but she has big, beautiful nipples that seem to stay as hard as a pencil rubbers. Besides, what you can't get in your mouth is wasted anyway, right? As soon as Penny felt my mouth on her tit, she began to moan and told me she needed my cock.

Since I've never been one to disappoint a lady, I promptly took her tit out of my mouth and slid up her body until my rigid tool was bobbing just above her chin. She wasted no time in getting her mouth on it. She began kissing and licking my shaft, slowly working her way down to my swollen balls.

By this time I was on the verge of coming. However, I wanted this to last longer so I somehow got the willpower to pull

myself out of her mouth. Then, feeling that turnabout was fair play, I laid her gently on her back, spread her legs, and dived in. Diving is an appropriate term because she was so wet that I felt as if I should have used scuba gear. The juice was flowing out of her at an unbelievable rate. I kept sucking her juice and drinking it as fast as I could. I lost track of how many orgasms I brought her to with my mouth, but the more she came, the hotter she seemed to get.

Then I looked into the cooler that lay open right beside us and spotted a tray of sausages. I reached in and selected a fine specimen, five centimetres in diameter and 25 centimetres long. I then began to ease the meat into her while continuing to lick and suck her clit. She was so well lubed that I was soon pumping the whole length of the pork stick in and out of her with ease. She couldn't get enough of it and kept screaming for more.

The combination of the pork dildo and my slurping tongue soon brought her to a shattering, wrenching orgasm. Then I decided I wanted to be where the pork was. So, I replaced pork sausage with human sausage. It felt so wonderful! I didn't want to let go too soon, so when I felt like coming, I replaced the sausage in her pussy and put my cock in her mouth again. She sucked with a fury, using long, hard strokes.

Suddenly she tensed and I knew the

pork was peaking her again. I began pumping what seemed to be gallons of cream down Penny's throat.

And what, you may ask, became of that pork sausage? Well, let me tell you, it made one fine breakfast! Of course, Penny's secret sauce made it extra special! — Name and address withheld.

Hanky spanky

Last August, I travelled to Sydney to spend part of my annual holiday with my stepbrother John, his wife Muriel, and their two daughters. Their eldest daughter, Gayle, is simply the most beautiful girl I've ever known. She is 18 years old and quite experienced for her age.

I was left alone with Gayle on the sixth evening of my visit. John and Muriel belong to a husband-and-wife darts team and that night was their weekly match. They took my younger niece with them, but Gayle stayed home to watch a movie on TV. I told John that I had been looking forward to seeing the same movie as Gayle, and stayed home to keep her company.

We were watching *M*A*S*H* when Gayle sarcastically called Major Burns a shithead. I was very shocked to hear her using such language and I knew John wouldn't approve. I told her that if her father were home, she would surely be punished.

Throughout the program Gayle continually used foul language, trying to impress me with her maturity. I finally got fed up and grabbed her by the arm and lay her across my lap. I unsnapped her shorts and let them fall to the floor, explaining to her that her father would do the same thing had he been there.

She protested, saying, "Oh, Uncle Ted, please don't hurt me. I won't do it again." She was pleading like a little girl half her age. I could sense she was enjoying her punishment and that her pleading was only an act.

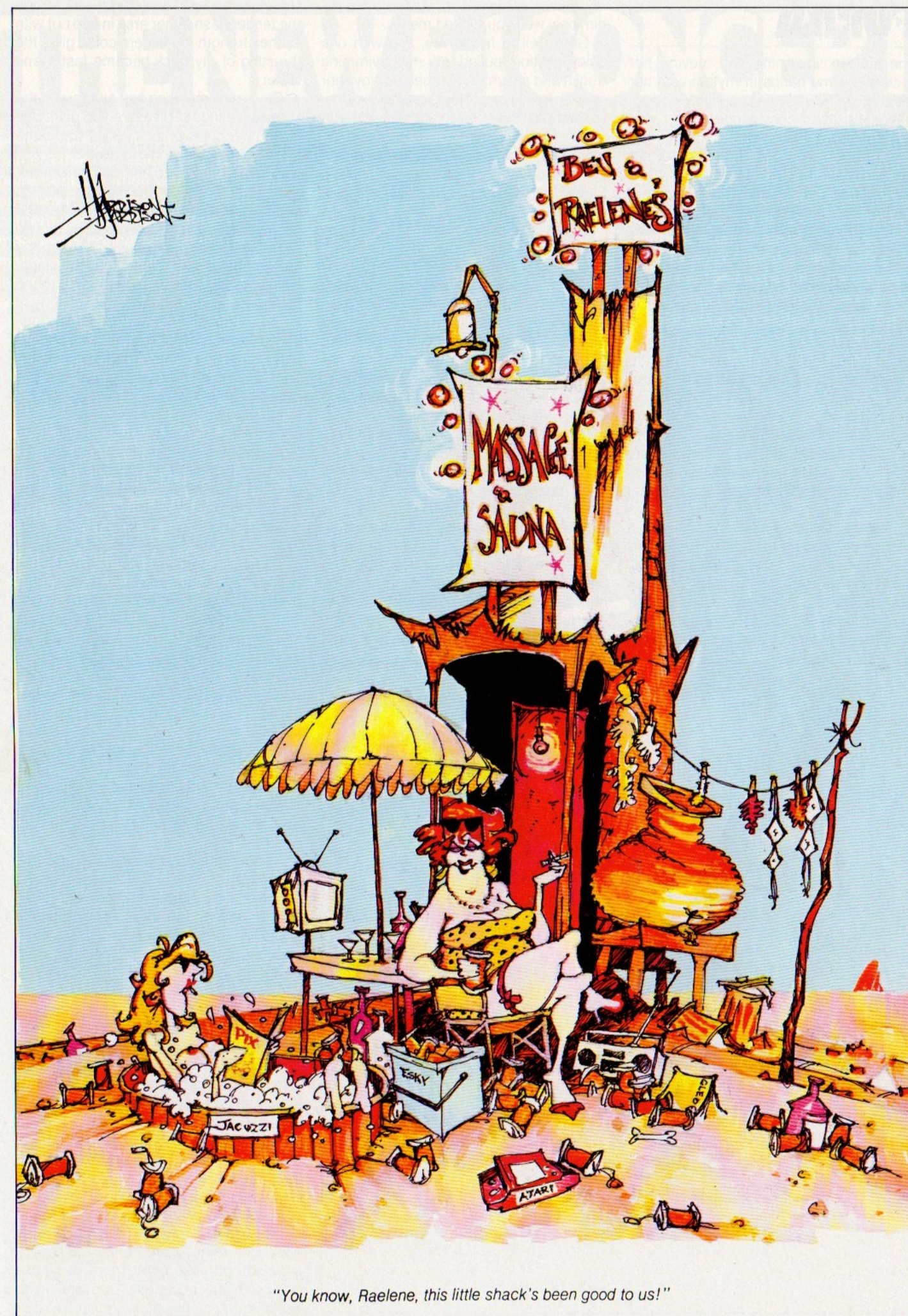
I admired her smooth, perfect arse for a good length of time while she squirmed and mock-pleaded for mercy. Finally, I brought my hand down hard on her bare arse cheek. Gayle screamed with pain, but I raised my hand and brought it down again with all the force I could muster. I spanked both cheeks until my hand was stinging so badly that I couldn't continue.

When I stopped, I noticed I had an enormous erection. My cock pressed the material of my shorts tightly against her belly, but she didn't seem to notice. I was feeling guilty about the harsh punishment I had administered, but I was too turned on to let Gayle up just yet.

I daringly massaged her arse cheeks while apologising for spanking her so hard. I explained that massaging her arse would make her feel better. As I gently stroked and squeezed the soft, bright-pink skin of her buttocks, she started moaning. I knew she was enjoying the pain-pleasure when

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SWISS



"You know, Raelene, this little shack's been good to us!"

FORUM

she started squirming and moving her arse under my hands in rhythm with her deep moaning.

Without even considering what I was doing, I slid my right hand between her arse cheeks and down the length of her hot pussy slit. I couldn't believe how wet and slippery her snatch had become in such a short time. She gasped when my middle finger found her throbbing clit. As I rubbed her clitoris with my middle finger and thumb-fucked her hole, I massaged her arsehole with the middle finger of my other hand. Her whole body quivered as she came.

I helped her up off my lap, and as she stood facing me she removed her shirt to reveal her gorgeous naked body. I was very embarrassed, my face red as a beetroot. I could hardly believe what I had just done to my own niece and I begged her not to tell her father. To my surprise, Gayle wrapped her arms around my neck and bent forward to kiss my lips, saying, "Don't worry, Uncle Ted, I won't tell Daddy that you spanked me."

I felt relieved, but became more nervous than ever as she straightened her back and started gently squeezing her healthy tits and pinching her long, hard nipples. There was a fire in her eyes I had never seen before as she stared directly at

my crotch and added, "I won't even tell him how well you fucked me."

Gayle fell to her knees, and with one quick motion pulled off my swimming trunks and slid my erect member into her mouth. I sat speechless as she expertly sucked and licked my cock and balls. I was almost ready to come when she pulled her head away and softly said, "I want to feel your hard cock in my hot little pussy. Please fuck me, Uncle Ted. Fuck me doggie style."

Even though I was still in a minor state of shock, I was in no position to argue with the lady. I moved behind her and positioned myself on my knees, my throbbing cock only a few millimetres from her juicy slit. Gayle rested on her knees and shoulders as she reached back between my legs to help guide my prick into her pussy. I began fucking her slowly at first, as she massaged her clit with one hand and gently squeezed my balls with the other. Between moans and grunts Gayle said, "Please squeeze my arse, Uncle Ted. Squeeze my cheeks hard. I want to feel your fingers buried into me. Oh, please, Uncle Ted!"

It wouldn't have taken much persuasion; I was very eager to have her arse cheeks to hold on to as my thrusting became harder and faster. I removed my hands from her hips and showed her no mercy as I grabbed her red, glowing cheeks. I grabbed two handfuls and

squeezed as hard as I could. As I forced the tender flesh of her arse in and out with all the strength my fingers could give, the thrusting of my cock became faster and faster.

Gayle was moaning and crying with the intense feelings of pleasure and pain. She flicked her clit even quicker as she came in one long, satisfying orgasm.

She then removed her hands from her crotch and braced herself on her elbows so that she could help get my rocks off. I pumped in long, fast strokes as she moved her body forward and back, meeting my movements stroke for stroke. Loud slapping noises filled the air as my balls banged against her pubic mound with each inward thrust. Although I knew the tremendous pain my hands inflicted on her arse cheeks was increasing, I never relinquished my tight grip. She was crying harder, but she kept on humping my rod until I came.

My orgasm was the best I've ever experienced. I thought my cock would never stop pumping its load deep into Gayle's hot, juicy hole. I came for at least one full minute. That may not be very long for some men, but I seemed twice as long and twice as enjoyable for me. Finally, I released my grip on Gayle's arse and my limp cock fell from her wet pussy.

Gayle and I showered and changed into our bedclothes. I wore a T-shirt and boxer shorts; she wore a two-piece, nonrevealing pyjama outfit. We cleaned up our mess and sprayed the musty living room with deodoriser. Then we fell asleep in each other's arms on the sofa, watching the last half of the movie we supposedly stayed home to watch.

When John, Muriel, and Lisa returned home around eleven, they were not at all surprised to find Gayle and me snuggled closely together, dressed only in pyjamas. After all, my family has always been very close!

As for the remainder of my holiday, Gayle and I had only two more lovemaking sessions, each of which was similar to our first. By the end of my stay, my niece's arse was so sore that she couldn't even sit comfortably. — *Name and address withheld*

Love is golden

About eight months ago, I met a girl who has become very special to me. She's not a beauty queen, but she's no dog either. Like me, she's rather plain. What is special about Donna is that she's just as crazy as I am.

I met her when I was on leave from the navy and was staying on the NSW south coast at my family's holiday house. She was visiting her relatives at a house nearby. It was winter and very cold.

I was driving home from the local shop one night when I saw her by the road. I stopped and asked her if she wanted a ride, and she accepted. I go down the coast to be alone, but I thought a little

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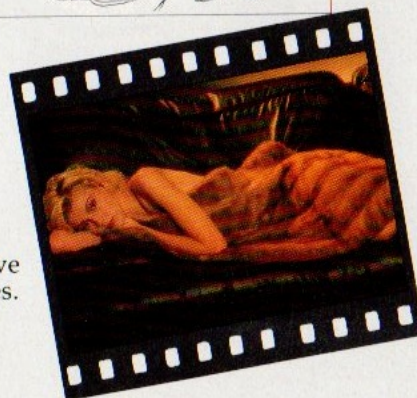
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female company would be nice, so I asked her over for a drink.

My family's home has a wood-burning stove that only heats one room of the house. Once there, we went from sipping brandy and sitting cosily by the fire to heavy petting in about 15 minutes. Shortly after, she had my cock out of my pants and into her mouth. Now, having my cock sucked wasn't a new experience, but Donna's style was. She used her tongue, her teeth, and her throat all at the same time. She also squeezed my nuts with lots of pressure and plucked out my pubic hairs at the same time. It was a wonderful mixture of pleasure and pain. Every once in a while she'd slide her head off my shaft and bite my thigh. When I went tense and I was about to come, she put the death grip on me. I lay there, bucking like a bronco as I came. It felt like my ears were filling with jism as she licked me like a postage stamp. After what seemed like forever, she loosened her grip, swallowed my wad, and sucked me dry.

After milking me of all I had, she started rubbing her chin in small circles on the head of my cock. It was a nice sensation, but the more she rubbed, the more I needed to piss. I told her I had to go and asked her to excuse me. She said not to worry as she grabbed the top of my prick between her thumb and forefinger. Since my cock never had a chance to go limp, I now had an incredible piss hard-on. The urine inside my shaft was burning and the pressure built until I thought I was going to explode. My eyes were watering from pain. Suddenly I let go and she tried to suck my piss in the same manner in which she took my load, but it was too much for her. Her cheeks bloated like balloons as she gulped. Piss ran out of her mouth on to my balls and into the crack of my arse. My piss orgasm was ten times greater than any regular orgasm. I sat in shock, totally exhausted. She slid up and pressed her wet face to mine. As our tongues mingled, I tasted piss for the first time in my life.

We spent most of the next two days together, and I got to taste her piss, among other things. We sucked, bit, fucked, pissed, and did things that could fill a whole year's worth of Forum.

I'm now back at work and Donna returned to her home town. We write to each other every day, and even though we were together for only two days, we plan to tie the knot when I get out of the navy. I'm just crazy about her! — Name and address withheld

Morning diversion

This morning I was gathering up clothes to do yet another week's laundry — a chore that must be worse than death. My 14-year-old son has a habit of letting his clothes lie where they fall, and sometimes

his clothes end up under the bed. As I was on my hands and knees looking under his bed, I found the current issue of *Penthouse*, a favorite magazine of mine for years. My husband and I had enjoyed *Penthouse* together, but since his death a couple of years ago I just haven't bought it. I knew my son and his friends read your magazine, but the rule was to keep them out of my sight, just as a courtesy to Mum. Boys will be boys.

Still kneeling, I began to thumb through the pages, admiring the sexy young ladies, and of course comparing my still-attractive 36-year-old body with theirs. My sensitive arse began to warm as I thought of the excitement I'd felt when being entered by big hot pricks in the same position that one of the girls was in. Without thinking, I began to squirm a little, rotating my arse for an imaginary lover, my tight jeans teasing my clit.

As I did this, I began to read the letters in Forum. I couldn't begin to count the times I had read those letters before. I just closed my eyes and pretended those fantasies were happening to me. It had been a long time — too long.

I kept reading, all the while becoming more aroused. My pussy throbbed and dampened, my nipples grew — I was surprised at my feelings as I hadn't had sex in several months.

I could no longer stand the feeling of arousal, so I got up with *Penthouse* in hand

and found my vibrator. I plugged in the "General," slipped my jeans down to my knees, and sat on the floor with my legs spread to the limits. Slowly, I began to lightly rub the vibrator over my pussy and read Forum.

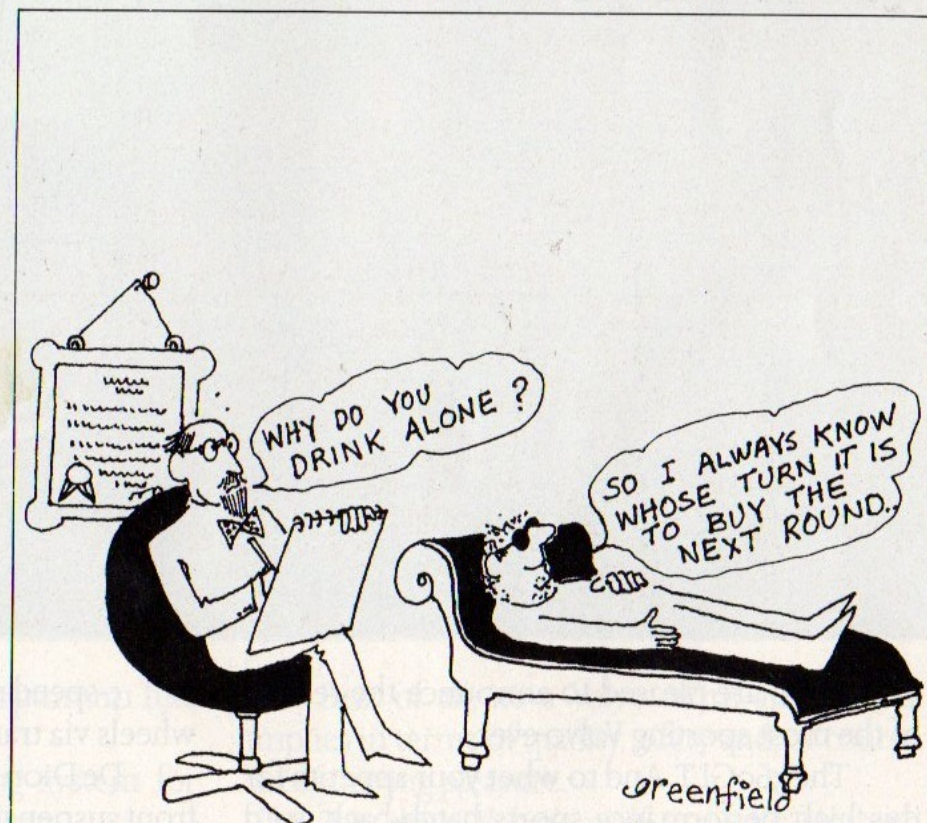
The hum of the General sent chills all over my body as he gently teased. The chills became more and more intense, and it seemed like only seconds passed before I came. I couldn't stop with just one orgasm, it was so good and had been so long, I wanted more. So I kept on going! Thanks to the Forum fantasies, the second orgasm was better than the first, as were the third and fourth!

Suddenly, the phone rang, breaking my concentration and reminding me that I still had the laundry to do. Thanks *Penthouse*, for the lovely morning. — Name and address withheld

That's incredible!

I've always been immensely proud of my prick. When it's erect, it's as long as my forearm. When it's flaccid, I can tie a knot in it.

I have recently discovered the joys of auto-sodomy, an activity I've never read about in Forum. I highly recommend this practice to all who are capable of it. But if you can do it, don't tell anyone about it. I told a friend recently and he called me a puffer. I decked him. — Name and address withheld



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XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

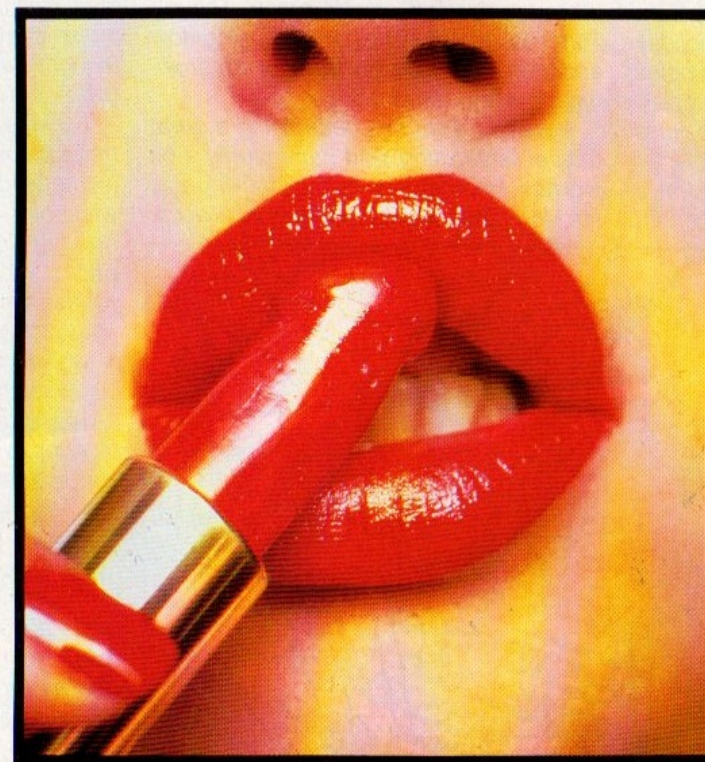
A few months ago, my wife Julie and I took a holiday at our favorite resort. Every night we would go to the cocktail lounge in the hotel and chat with Mike, the owner of the place. Then one night Mike introduced us to Sue and Russ, a great couple from New Zealand he had invited to visit, and Julie and I joined them for several drinks.

The four of us really hit it off. Around 2.30, Mike left and the rest of us stayed on, acting like old friends, sharing sex secrets, and laughing about the past and how seriously we used to take everything in our youth. An hour later, we invited Sue and Russ to come back to our suite with us.

As soon as we got in the door, Russ suggested that Sue remove her dress and she quickly complied. She was very pretty — quite tall with a slim body, dark satiny hair, and big, dark, "screw me" eyes. I had an immediate hard-on, and noticing it, Sue giggled seductively. She was so free and happy. I wanted Julie to let down all her inhibitions too, and when after some effort I had coaxed her out of her clothes as well, her eyes sparkled with joy and sensuality.

Julie is a natural blonde with light, sparse pubic hair. Her pussy is very large with thick, gorgeous cunt lips. Like the little guy with the ten-inch cock, Julie's cunt and arse are larger and more noticeable on her small frame. I could see Russ and Sue were very pleased with her beautiful body, and after a moment they both came over and began to stroke her long, gleaming blonde hair.

Then the girls started dancing as Russ and I watched. I went over to Julie and quietly asked her if she wanted to have sex with Russ. Her answer was a hesitant smile. I assured her that I wanted her to behave as freely as she liked and that if she wanted, she could do all the things we'd ever read about in your "Call Me



Madam" column. At that, she went straight over to Russ and began to take off his clothes.

We chose our partners for the evening. I started dancing with Sue. As she slowly unzipped my zipper, I watched Russ's hands travel all over my wife's naked body: first her breasts, then her cunt. Then Russ eased a finger up her large, supple arse. Julie has always loved anal sex, and now she began to moan and grind her hips so slowly and erotically that Russ shot all over her stomach. Sue ran over and licked Julie's stomach clean and began easing a finger in and out of Julie's cunt, with Russ's finger still in her arse. Mike's arrival broke up the act before Sue (down on her knees now) was able to eat out Julie's cunt.

Mike and Russ picked up my wife and took her over to a carpeted area and laid her down on the floor. While Sue and I masturbated and tasted each other, we watched Russ and Mike make love to Julie. First they both sucked her tits at once. Then Mike began to eat her pussy as she sucked Russ's cock. Like mine, Russ's cock was only average, but Mike's was really large and thick.

When Russ pulled out of Julie, she pulled Mike down on his back and straddled him. Sue and I could clearly see his cock in her pussy and her arsehole hungry for Russ. Russ then began to rub his cock on her pussy for some moisture before easing it into her arse. Right away, Julie went into a massive orgasm as each man fucked his own hole.

Then something happened to steal my attention away from my wife's reverie. Sue bent over and sucked my cock in a way that drove me wild, changing from a tender pulse to a wild massaging pull. When I came, she swallowed every drop. Then she hopped

up, went over to her husband, kissed him on the mouth, and returned to kiss me. By this time everyone was nearing climax. When I couldn't stand it any longer, I plunged my erect cock into Sue's over-ready cunt. Gosh was she talented! I never knew a woman who could move her hips back and forth so quickly and still squeeze your cock.

The entire evening was spent in group sex. When I finished with Sue, I then enjoyed fucking my wife's gaping cunt, full of Mike's hot come, while Sue sucked her tits. Then Mike ate out Julie's cunt. Everyone was engrossed with Julie's large tits and cunt.

Since then, we've all gotten together for an even more successful rerun. We've also got a big trip to New Zealand planned for next year to meet Russ and Sue's friends.

A long time ago, Mike gave us some good advice: Never be involved sexually with anyone but out-of-town friends. He also said that it's better to meet people on neutral ground — such as at a holiday resort. To be involved with discreet singles rather than couples is usually better — unless you find a couple as open as Russ and Sue.

Julie and I are taking it one step at a time, but since she's my closest friend, I

think we'll be fine. I get an instant hard-on just thinking of her having sex with me or someone else. Have many other couples reached this level of maturity? — J.M., address withheld

Yours is an example of a marriage where love, trust and mutual respect have reached the stage where jealousy does not exist. If all relationships were on this level, our society would probably not be so sadly afflicted with war and crime.

PLAYING A TIGHT END

My husband and I have a sex life that has changed rather drastically in recent years. Tom has a stronger sex drive than I do, and I have to struggle to keep up with him. We have been doing less and less old-fashioned fucking, turning more and more to mutual masturbation and sucking. While these activities are usually pleasant, Tom usually winds up dissatisfied. One reason for our recent abstinence is our relative size: Tom has a very large cock (I can hardly fit my hand around it, and it has a head that bends downward). I, on the other hand, am a small woman. Though Tom tries to tempt me into indulging now and then, my erotic sensibilities are growing more and more modest.

Recently, Tom has been doing a great deal of fantasising, and I am getting a bit worried. He imagines himself fucking and sucking other women. On the rare occa-

sions when I can really get into it, I join him in this. However, I'm beginning to wonder if I may be losing him sexually because I'm "losing it" sexually. Tom will imagine open cunts or young, perky breasts while he strokes his erect cock. At the same time, he invites me to imagine other men and their pricks in my mouth and cunt.

On one occasion a few years ago, this latter fantasy became a reality. One evening we invited Steve, a casual friend of my husband's, home for a midnight snack. Somehow this young man's personality and physique really excited me. We went to pick him up at a nearby club and stopped in for a drink before we went home to munch. Steve and I sat side by side in a booth. As we all conversed, he touched me gently in all the important places. Then he asked me to dance and I agreed. On the dance floor, he held me very close so I could feel his cock against my lower belly.

When we got home, after a ride of sweet caressing from my new admirer, Steve sat down next to me on the sofa. Tom offered to prepare the food and went into the kitchen. In a minute, Steve's hand was up my skirt and into my already moist cunt. I asked him to "hold that thought" and went into the kitchen and told Tom I was going to change.

I came down in the briefest see-through nightie I own, and no panties (something I'd never done before, even with Tom). Right away, Steve was all over me. I unzipped his fly and out sprang his prick. When Tom came in with the refreshments, he found me on my knees trying to swallow this new prick. He slowly walked over to us, and I nearly froze. But when he rubbed my back approvingly, it was full steam ahead!

After two more encounters, I broke off the relationship with Steve. I felt ashamed, I suppose. Now I'm wondering if I did the right thing. I certainly loosened up when I was with Steve, and so my sex life with Tom became much better for that time. It's a pity to see Tom's magnificent prick, just made for fucking, flashing in the air with no open cunt to receive it. Mine is so tight and hurts so much when he enters me that I know he can tell I'm not enjoying it. I want him to have sexual satisfaction, but I feel obliged to be the one to give it to him. I would have very mixed feelings about seeing Tom being intimate with another woman. I don't think I could watch it, much less join in. And yet, there are moments when I'd almost welcome this happening. — T.R., address withheld

The fact that your husband willingly allowed you to have sex with another man only proves how considerate he is. I think it's only fair you should give him your permission to make it with another woman. Let him have his fun as well! Whether or not you want to participate is a different matter. — T.R.



"You're not really into blowjobs, are you, Beverly?"

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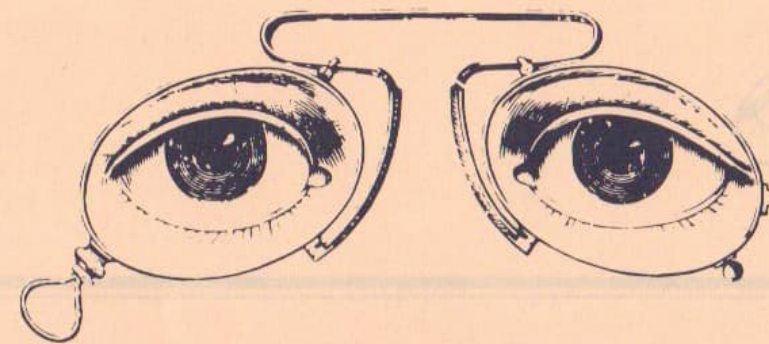
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

INTERCOURSE AND THE BOX

BY C. J. MACKAY

A few of my friends went down river a while back. They'd kitted themselves out in full *Deliverance* regalia — rubber dinghies, all the right photographic equipment, overproof rum, hairy chests. The complete machismo treatment for a weekend of wild water. And for two days and two nights all they talked about was television.

It all started on the way up in the car. The mood was high and talk was all about the old pioneering spirit, the final frontier, man against the elements. Then someone innocently asked: "What was the name of Daniel Boone's Indian?" Not one of them remembered, and as each took a certain pride in his knowledge of TV trivia, none would let the subject drop. During those two days in the bush and on the water the minds of four intelligent men were cast back to a second-rate show that once flickered into the loungerooms of their youth. By the time they got back to the city they were ready to scalp that redskin bastard.

The answer was Mingo — played by Ed Ames — an urbane savage who lent new meaning to the words "Indian reservation." But more to the point should be the question: "Whoever said television killed conversation?" Those four rafters may sound like a boatload of boring arseholes but they serve to exemplify the growing breed of box chatters. Everyone seems to talk endlessly about television these days. Sex, religion, politics, the bomb — they're becoming poor cousins to The Almighty Box.

At a party recently I was quietly massaging a wine cask bladder, minding my own business, when from another room I heard a spontaneous eruption of the theme from *Petticoat Junction*, "Come ride a little train that is rolling down the track" ... Fifty adults forgetting their inhibitions and mortgages to unite for a heady moment in a song of childhood. "And that's Uncle Joe, He's a movin' kinda slow at the Junction". It was eerie.

The TV pervs are on the march. If they're not talking TV, they're wearing TV slogans and memorabilia on their chests. T-shirts featuring actor Jack Lord and the catchcry of *Hawaii Five-O*,

"Book 'im Danno", were among the biggest moneyspinners for retailers last Christmas. Such was the might of the *Twilight Zone* lobby group that the old series was exhumed and beamed from the box with all the fanfare Sydney's square-eyed guru Bill Collins could lavish on it. *Astroboy* is back on the ABC and such is the groundswell of the Bring Back Dobie Gillis movement that it wouldn't surprise me if ageing D.G. fans would barter their first born for a chance to watch once more in glorious black and white Maynard G. Krebs telling Dobe the number of times he'd sat through *The Monster That Devoured Cleveland*. It's happening, all right. But why it's happening is open to question. The video boom may have stripped the old movies of much of their mystique. Why talk about *Casablanca* when the opportunity to actually watch it is as far away as the nearest video shop? Old TV shows thrive in the intangibility of memory and thus are fair game in the conversation stakes. Maybe the paucity of current TV fodder is a contributing factor. Not to say those shows of yore were blockbusters, but will the kids of today be raving of their *Country Practice* reminiscences in 20 years? Then, of course, there's the theory that the human mind can absorb only so much crap before it starts dribbling out the mouth ...

Last year's *Australia II* hype would have us believe that the yacht's victory brought the nation together for the first time since the war.

Start talking TV with anyone and it is soon evident this country has been united in mind and experience since 1956 when someone flicked a switch and sent a shimmering blue glow into our lounge-rooms. Now, I have to admit I'm not solely an observer of this TV talk trend. Not for me boastful descriptions of the latest trick I've mastered on my windsurfer. I can dribble on about the *Beverly Hillbillies* with the best of them. A lasting affection for my spouse blossomed from the moment we discovered we could harmonise the opening of *The Littlest Hobo* and a truly meaningful relationship was signalled when we first performed in unison the theme from *Green Acres*. Television hasn't killed conversation. No siree, I could talk about it all day.

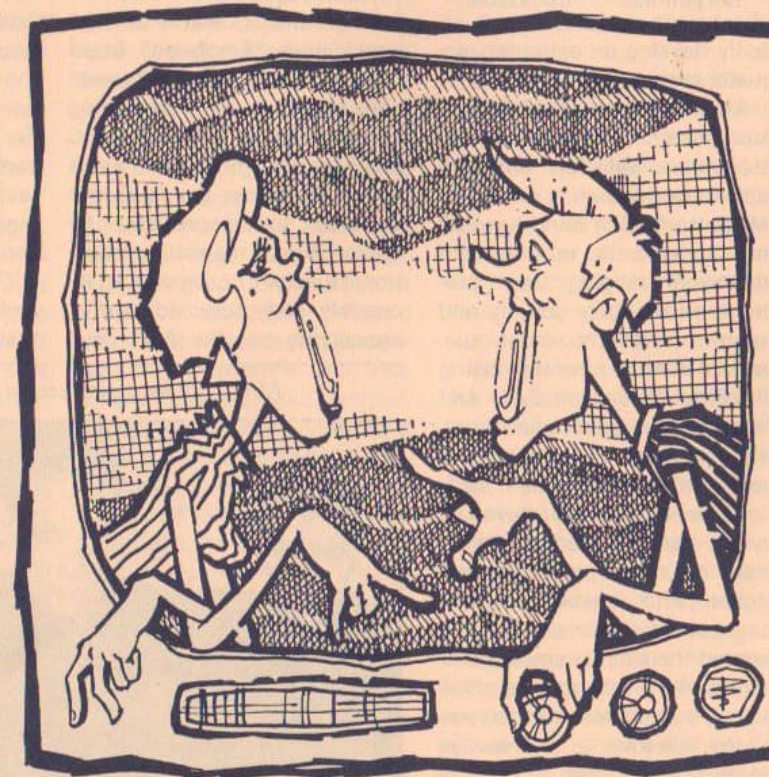
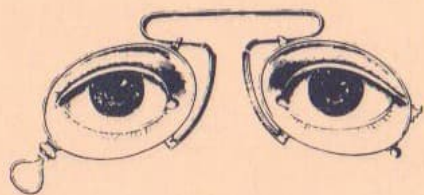
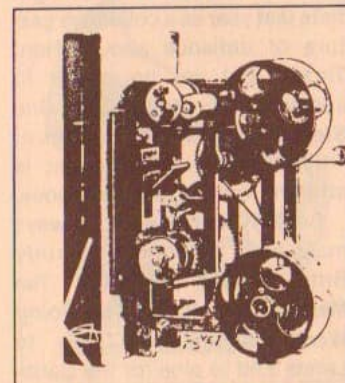


Illustration by Peter Sheehan



FILMS



NEW HOPE

Last year wasn't what you would call a blue-ribbon stretch for adult cinema-goers. If you weren't 13, horny and dance crazy, it was your tough luck, buddy. At least that seemed to be the message from the American movie moguls. And, unfortunately, that philosophy saw the Hollywood cigar-chompers laughing all the way to the bank. The megadrivel blockbuster *Flashdance*, a highly uninspired yarn about a stunningly attractive steel worker who harbors dreams of becoming a great dancer, siphoned more than \$90 million from the pockets of a hell of a lot of teenagers. *Staying Alive* was a crude embarrassment in the same mould, and tawdry rehashes like shock-horror *Psycho II* and *Jaws In 3-D* gave

Kline and Close in *Chill*



movie fans the chance to fork out six or seven bucks to leap headlong into an open cinematic sewer.

We can only pray that the year of Orwell will offer a return to some sort of cinematic integrity. A few early '84 releases give cause for hope, the greatest among them being *The Big Chill*. It's not, as the title may suggest, a third remake of *The Thing*, but a heartwarming, witty and thoughtful modern comedy. Writer/director Lawrence Kasdan, whose screen writing credits include *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*, *Body Heat* and two of the *Star Wars* trilogy, teams here with Barbara Benedek to pen what they describe as a "comedy of values."

The Big Chill is the story of the reunion of eight friends on the occasion of the suicide of another. Seven of those gathered shared their university days together in Michigan in the Sixties. They are members of the baby boom generation who entered young adulthood with heads full of idealism, rebellion and drugs. Now in their thirties, and for the most part affluent and regular cogs in the industrial machine, they're a little uncertain of what motivated them to rebellion in their earlier days together.

The cast is a smorgasbord of some of the finest young actors in American film. Glenn Close (*The World According To Garp*) and Kevin Kline (*Sophie's Choice*) play the successful couple who stage the weekend reunion. He's a likeable guy who stumbled into a fortune by selling running shoes, while she's had a little previous love interest with the deceased. Tom Berenger is a TV personality whose success is based more on good looks than real talent, an image he wants to change; Jeff Goldblum is a foot-in-the-door splashy writer of a *National Enquirer* style magazine. Jobeth Williams is a frustrated artist, entrenched in suburban security



Gala line-up works effectively in *The Big Chill*

and unhappy with her lost potential. Mary Kay Place is a legal eagle whose career ambitions conflict with her desire to become a mother. William Hurt is a burnt-out Viet Vet who doesn't fit in and has turned to drug dealing. Meg Tilly is a young ring-in, the deceased's last girlfriend whose intellect is no match for the others' but whose sensitivity and idealism shimmer intact.

What may not sound like a comedy line-up in fact makes up a network of finely drawn and acted characters who interact to take *The Big Chill* into the realm of bittersweet comedy rarely attempted by Americans. Such is the characterisation and improvisational feel of this film that it often gives the viewer the relaxed but slightly eerie feeling that he's watching a bunch of his mates up there on the screen.

Kasdan has also cleverly woven the music of the Sixties and Seventies throughout *The Big Chill* to further draw the audience into the feeling of years fled — with the concomitant changes and loss of ideals that age brings with it. A haunting organ rendition of "You Can't Always Get What You Want" at the funeral is guaranteed to send sad shivers through any audience. This film is very highly recommended.

Another good film in the early '84 crop is *Cross Creek*, a Martin Ritt-directed romantic tale of the

life of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, author of *The Yearling*.

While it's not quite up there with *The Big Chill*, *Cross Creek* tugs gently at the heart and successfully transports the viewer back to the feel of life in the Florida Everglades 50 years ago. It offers a fine cast who create a rich diorama against the mystic and wild waterscapes of an area known as "The Florida Cracker."

The film opens as the young Rawlings (Mary Steenburgen) splits from her journalist husband to head for Florida and a small dilapidated cottage on an overgrown orange grove, which she has bought sight unseen. Her plan is to escape the city tensions and the shadow on her husband to concentrate of her own writing — which up to this stage has been less than successful. Her literary mode is the Gothic novel — young heroines taking up work as governesses in forbidding castles and finding love in the arms of Heathcliff-type characters.

Her writing plans are forestalled as she gets to work renovating the cottage, rejuvenating the orange grove and coming to terms with the other inhabitants of the swampland.

Rip Torn, one of the screen's most underrated actors, breathes life and fire into the part of Marsh Turner, Rawlings' closest neighbor. With his daughter Ellie (Dana Hill), Turner initiates Rawlings into the

lifestyle of the swamplands by first introducing her to his slightly askew, faded flower of a wife and his bunch of hillbilly kids. It is Turner's reaction to his daughter's desire to keep a pet fawn in a place where even the family goes short on food, that prompts Rawlings to write her Pulitzer prize winning novel, *The Yearling*.

Peter Coyote (previously seen in *Southern Comfort* and *ET*) is appealing and gently virile as Norton Baskin, the innkeeper in the nearest town, who is to become Rawlings' second husband. Alfre Woodward gives a crackling performance as Gee-

Rip Torn in *Cross Creek*



chee, the young black woman who plops herself uninvited in Rawlings' house to become her housemaid and eventual friend and protector.

Most of the incidental performances add flavor and honesty to *Cross Creek*, helping to create its understated down-home feeling. The exception comes from the unlikely quarter of Malcolm McDowell, who makes a brief appearance as successful literary editor Maxwell Perkins, the man who persuades Rawlings to drop the Gothic claptrap and concentrate on recording the unique lifestyle she has chosen to assume. McDowell stands out like the proverbial dog's balls in this silly cameo which he seems to have taken on the strength of his marital tie with Steenburgen.

Cross Creek won standing ovations at last year's Cannes

Film Festival. Had I been there, I doubt I would have joined the joyous sycophants. *Cross Creek* is a good film, a rich film, but not a mighty one. Still, climbing out of the mire of last year's film offerings, it is a welcome and sincere film journey which is well worth taking.

Another early release to show promise is *Daniel*, the story of the Isaacsons, two committed American communists who were executed for treason in the Fifties, and the emotional scars the proceedings left on the couple's young children. The film is directed by Sidney Lumet, a master craftsman who since his first effort in 1957, *Twelve Angry Men*, has seldom put a foot wrong as he lent his talents to works including *The Hill*, *The Pawnbroker*, *Serpico*, *Dog Day Afternoon* and *Network*. Unfortunately *Daniel*, Lumet's 30th film, is in my opinion, a bit of a bummer.

Not that Lumet hasn't succeeded in drawing great performances from his talented cast. In fact the film is a gallery of fine portraits in intensity, commitment, love and madness. But those performances lose a lot of impact in a storyline which jerks and chops randomly between four decades in a manner which serves to unsettle and confound.

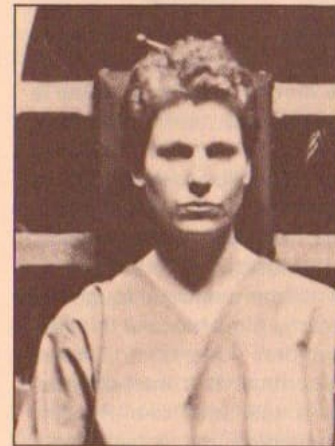
The subject matter of this film is something which I don't feel will wash extremely well with Australians. *Daniel* is based on *The Book Of Daniel* by E.L. Doctorow, who in turn based his work on a famous spy trial of the Fifties in which a Jewish couple, the Rosenbergs, were executed for selling secrets to the Russians. Doctorow also wrote the film's script which I'm told is very close to the book. However, like his other literary epic *Ragtimes*, *The Book Of Daniel* must have been too intricate or all-encompassing to translate handily to the screen. For those who have never heard of the Rosenbergs, *Daniel* would leave

them wondering as to the nature of the crime that sent the couple to their deaths. It was never spelt out and although the film's message of human compassion and willingness to defend a cause to the death comes through, I was left confused, up in the air and depressed.

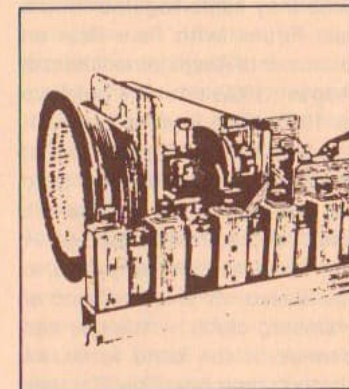
Timothy Hutton does a reasonably good job in the title role as the son who leaves his hippie, perpetual-student lifestyle to investigate what lay behind his parents' execution. His quest is sparked by the suicide of his younger sister Susan, played with wild-eyed and scary obsession by Amanda Plummer (Christopher's little girl). Mandy Patinkin is upbeat, slightly bent and idealistic as Paul Isaacson, while Lindsay Crouse is wonderful as the soft, loyal and tragic wife Rochelle who follows her husband to death row in Sing Sing. Ed Asner gives a lot of himself to the role of Jacob Ascher, the lawyer who unsuccessfully defends the Isaacsons. John Rubinstein (Academy Award winner for his work in *All That Jazz*) is moving and contemplative as the children's foster father.

Daniel has a lot of things going for it, but I find it hard to recommend; with its bleak and unrelenting message and its failure to let the audience in on its secrets, it's a downer. — C.J. Mackay

Crouse in *Daniel*



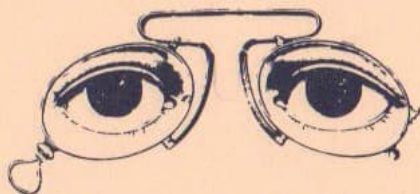
VIDEO



ROCK ANTHROPOLOGY

The VCR can make anthropologists of us all, if we care to dabble in a past very much of our making. The delights to be discovered by way of the VCR are varied and (dare we say) entertaining, giving an insight into the way we were back in those dim, dark ages of the Fifties and Sixties. For anyone living through those times, it was next to impossible to escape the effects of two dominant factors shaping the way we looked at the world. They were Elvis Presley and the Beatles (who, it appears, met on only one occasion, in America) — bookends to the two decades. Presley's reign spanned 20 years, the Beatles, only seven, their demise coming seven years before the King died in his Memphis home in '77.

For the urban anthropologist or for those who just weren't there and missed Beatlemania altogether comes *The Compleat Beatles* (MGM/UA Home Video), a close to two-hour compilation, or "rockumentary" as it is described in this Orwellian age of "newspeak." Devised exclusively for the VCR market, this Malcolm McDowell-narrated opus is, as the warped title announces, the complete record of the who, what and why of The Fab Four.



The Compleat Beatles spans the career of the group from the time they came together in the late Fifties (with Pete Best on drums until Ringo joined them in August, 1962) until the break-up in 1970. "The Beatles have left the Beatles," McCartney said at the time, "but no-one wants to be the one to say the party's over." Using archival footage — right back to their early days, at the Cavern in Liverpool and at Hamburg clubs — the rise and demise of the band is shown through their hits. The film runs from "I Wanna Hold Your Hand," "She Loves You" and "I Should Have Known Better" (when many of Starr's drum tracks were replaced after he left the studio by other drummers), through their classic period of *Rubber Soul*, *Revolver* and *Sgt Pepper's* to their last days of *Let It Be*. Towards the end they bared their own rubber souls, giving the world an insight into four bearded and disinterested strangers playing out their last routines. Interspersed is footage of their first and last American tours along with the scenes of incredible mass adulation poured upon them from the moment they landed on Australian turf. We, like the rest of the world, went Beatle mad. To understand why, you really had to be there, and as welcome as a record of the music and times *The Compleat Beatles* is, it can never replace or even explain the

Presley on video



special chemistry of those seven years.

Just as inexplicable was the magic of Elvis Presley; it certainly wasn't evident in those last sad years when Colonel Tom Parker had the bloated, jaded, junked-out Presley touring, burning up every highway and side road in America. Before our eyes, in a number of "rockumentaries" of the King on tour, and in Las Vegas, we watched as he quietly wasted away during those years. In search of Elvis, you won't find him in the hokum of the Sunday afternoon TV matinees or their equally banal sound-tracks, nor in the main will you find him in the VCR fare. For a glimpse of what it was that rocked a generation, CBS/Fox Video do have a few choice items worthy of inspection.

Love Me Tender (1956) was Presley's debut film, a Civil War melodrama with the accent on action. Elvis provides light musical relief with a few songs, one of which — the title track — stays on the list of classic Presley records. Here we see the lad at 21 years of age, hair greased and swept back, side burns and brooding eyes, pouting his way through a support role in a way that makes him appear to be stepping into Marlon Brando's shadow. He evokes a magnetism rare to the cinema. The camera continues to love him in *King Creole* (1958), an adaption of Harold Robbins' bestseller, *A Stone For Danny Fisher*. Featuring further classics — "Hard Headed Woman" and "King Creole" — the movie had him cast as a misfit mixed up in the New Orleans underworld. *Jailhouse Rock* (MGM/UA Home Video) played on much the same formula — misfit jailed for violence, finds music and in turn fame. The theme running through his pre-army films has one thinking the moral code of Hollywood (hypocritical as it was) dictated that a tear-away like Presley, confounding respectable peo-

ple's idea of what their children should be looking up to, had to be put through some bath of repression before he was allowed out into society.

Love Me Tender, *Jailhouse Rock* and *King Creole* whipped to bad boy out of Elvis so that by the time he came out of the army (like all other good American boys, doing his duty), he was about as squeaky clean as any man could get. *GI Blues* (more or less a free adaptation of Elvis in the army, posted in Germany), *Blue Hawaii* (Elvis back in civvies, playing tourist guide in Hawaii), *Fun In Acapulco*, *Paradise Hawaiian Style*, *Girls, Girls, Girls* and *Roustabout* (all available on CBS/Fox Video), depict the downhill slide Presley suffered at the hands of Colonel Tom and the Hollywood packagers once they had exorcised the rockabilly rebel out of him. Each was little more than a hyped-up video clip for the soundtrack album and singles released with the film.

As a footnote to both the Beatles and Elvis Presley, *The Buddy Holly Story* (Roadshow Video) is worth noting. Holly was a challenger to the throne ultimately taken by Presley, just as Jerry Lee Lewis was. The latter had his career nipped in the bud when he came up against the morality of the times by marrying his 13-year-old cousin. Holly met an untimely death in a plane crash while on tour. Had Jerry Lee not had the carpet pulled out from under him and had Holly lived, the shape of Elvis's career might well have been vastly different than the way it turned out. Starring Gary Busey as Holly, the biography plays it real and raw, depicting the singer as the bad-tempered perfectionist he was. Any similarity between Busey and Holly is only slight visually, but what gives his performance and the film an edge is the live performance of Holly classics like "That'll Be The Day," "Maybe Baby" and "Peggy Sue." — *Denis Whitburn*

WORDS



GREENER PASTURES

Australian secondary schools' English syllabus' emphasis on the works of D.H. Lawrence and Thomas Hardy has meant that the average urban Australian has a greater understanding of English rural life than the ways of country people in his own land.

Perhaps that's why Bruce Chatwin's *On The Black Hill* (Picador \$6.95) is such an intoxicating story. Or maybe it's because this tale of identical twins Lewis and Benjamin Jones and their life on an isolated farm situated on the border between England and Wales does more than just perpetuate the traditional approach of previous chroniclers of English country life. It transcends it.

Disregarding the excessive sentiment, heavy-handed symbolism and reliance on coincidence used by many other workers of the genre, Chatwin describes the twins' almost monastic existence from their birth at the turn of the century to their old age, when they slept as they had for 42 years, side by side in their parents' bed, still stoically rejecting the intrusions of the 20th Century.

He writes with an incisive and disciplined touch, bringing to life a remarkable range of characters, describing the subtle relation-

ship between man and the land, and evoking the attitudes of rural folk to the confounding aspects of modern technology with simply marvellous effect. In *On The Black Hill* Chatwin shows the mark of the true artist, repeatedly displaying an ability to transform the apparently banal into something sublime.

Morris Lurie's stories have always been either too twee, too vacuous or too Jewish for me. His latest novel, *Seven Books For Grossman* (Penguin \$4.95), is all three. This lighthearted but limp pornographic parody concerns a Professor Fielding who, in order to make a few fast bucks, moves into an expensive hotel, dresses in drag and writes pornography in the style of a variety of well known authors — Vonnegut, Hemingway, Salinger and Faulkner — then sells it to the disgusting and despicable publisher, Grossman.

With his customary cloying and facile wit, the author describes the mind games this pair indulge in as Fielding presents his works of art to Grossman.

The most endearing aspect of this book is its brevity — it's only 110 pages. Lurie is one of those writers who possess a marvellous facility with words, but who have absolutely nothing to say with them. In *Seven Books For Grossman*, his descriptions of copulation are contrived and uncomfortably synthetic. It appears that for Lurie, sex is largely a literary experience.

How many advertising copywriters does it take to write a novel? Three: one to type it, one to take his place at lunch and a third to record the expenses.

Hey... with jokes as bad as that one I should give up reviewing books and take up writing advertisements. But why are all these admen so keen to write a novel? Being in the most overpaid profession on the planet, they're certainly not in it for the money. So they must be staying

up late in their renovated inner-city terraces in a desperate attempt to assert their creative credibility amongst their truly artistic acquaintances.

Fat chance. Everyone knows that money and art are about as compatible as oil and water. Which is the theme of advertising writer Dean Thomas' book *Morrie Klutz And The Number One Record Company* (Hale and Iremonger \$8.95), the snappy story of a pretender — The Kid — who makes it big as a pop star, but only after some mean deception and the exploitation

Lighthearted but limp

Seven Books For Grossman



of a true musician, The Reverend Samuel Pickle.

In this modern-day fable with a musical theme, The Kid inevitably gets his just deserts. Thomas has written this book like a Top 40 hit. It's got a solid beat, a memorable hook and plenty of repetition. It's a catchy little story: funny, ephemeral as a popular song but written with enough panache to prove that its creator is certainly no klutz.

The race to cash in on the dramatic possibilities of terrorist violence at the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics has begun, and one of the first off the mark is Kenneth Goddard with *Balefire* (Corgi \$9.50).

Huntington Beach is the scene of the crime. Its perpetrator is a lone terrorist, Thanatos, a vicious and skilful assassin. His

task is to create a wave of terror in the seaside community prior to the Olympics, a brief he carries out with chilling effect. But it soon becomes clear that the havoc he produces is merely a diversion — the prelude to an offence of a much greater magnitude: a crime which requires an Olympian effort.

Goddard is no literary genius. His plot is flawed and his characters — particularly the females — have a cardboard cut-out profile. But he has one major asset. His experience as a forensic scientist working with Californian law enforcement agencies has enabled him to inject his tale with a load of authentic detail which, coupled with a series of action-packed and genuinely suspenseful showdowns between cops and terrorist, make *Balefire* a gripping read. Goddard doesn't get the gold for literary merit, but he certainly deserves a bronze medal for his successful shock tactics.

Considering Australia's lack of a rich literary tradition, it's not surprising that your average bloke's lounge room isn't exactly wall to wall with books. In fact, apart from a dusty set of encyclopaedias which he didn't know how to say no to when the salesman came to the door and a stack of *Readers' Digests* which the mother-in-law has been subscribing to since the year dot, you won't find much else on the bookshelves: maybe the odd Henry Lawson compilation or a few heavily-thumbed Harold Robbins paperbacks.

It's a rare publication that is likely to be added to this collection. Bruce Stannard's *The Triumph Of Australia II* (Lansdowne \$19.95) is one of those books. This is an essential acquisition for any Australian who wants to remember what some pundits described as the greatest moment in this country's sporting history.

Stannard's impeccable credentials as a yachting writer —

he has been covering America's Cups for 13 years and crewed aboard *Gretel* in 1967 — plus a collection of excellent photographs has resulted in the creation of a particularly colorful and comprehensive summary of the 1983 challenge.

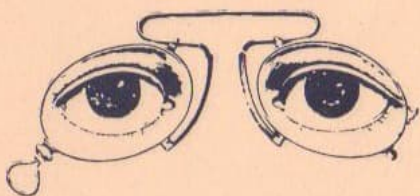
After a foreword by Bob Hawke, and an introduction by Ben Lexcen, Stannard launches into a detailed account of America's Cup history, winding up with a tack by tack description of the seven races between *Liberty* and the Australian boat. Taking into account the haste with which *The Triumph Of Australia II* was undoubtedly prepared, it is an impressive publication.

There's nothing more pretentious than pornography posing as art. What's so wrong with admitting an intent to titillate? It's a noble aspiration.

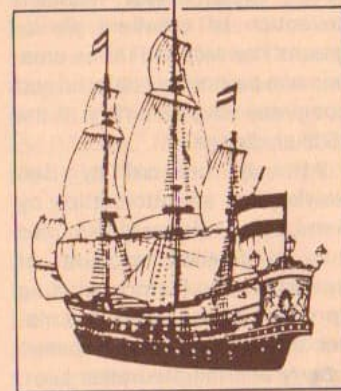
Despite its rather coy title, the publishers of Thomas Rowlandson's *Amorous Illustrations* (Bibliophile \$19.95) certainly haven't any qualms about the purpose of this bawdy 18th Century British caricaturist's work. It's blatantly lascivious and fun.

Although his fortunes fluctuated as a result of his debauched lifestyle, Rowlandson's humorous art was acclaimed by his peers, and the originals of the 50 color plates reproduced in this book are said to have come from the Queen's own collection at Windsor.

They provide a marvellous reflection of Georgian sexual mores. Rowlandson's women are full and voluptuous but rarely brazen, while their partners take on a venal, leering stance. Some of his scenes are hilarious, like plate 28, the 18th Century version of a "rest stop," titled *Family On A Journey Laying Dust*. These erotic illustrations are at once vulgar, comic, coarse and exuberantly grotesque, and some of them are also guaranteed fat-crackers. — *Phil Abraham*



TRAVEL



TIMESHARING

The price of your holiday, along with the price of everything else, has just about trebled in the last decade. It would be a great thing if you could peg that price and at the same time be certain you can have your holiday when and where you want it.

It used to be only the rich — who could afford a holiday home — who were able to do that. And rich you had to be: A \$50,000 holiday home, and that's quite a modest one, would cost you about \$5000 a year to buy over 20 years, not including rates and maintenance. A unit at Surfers Paradise could cost you anywhere between \$100,000 and \$150,000, well out of the reach of most of us. And apart from uncertain capital appreciation, it's an expensive way to take a holiday; you might only use it for one month a year.

There's a possible answer to the problem though — timesharing. It's already been in Australia on a small scale for about five years, but now the big developers are moving in and the value for money is so outstanding that at first sight it seems too good to be true.

The idea began in France late in the 1960s when a group of people clubbed together to share a villa that none of them could afford individually, and

which they didn't want to use for more than a few weeks each. From there, the idea of time-sharing really caught on in the USA, and over the last 10 years Americans have spent \$2 billion on buying into timesharing programs.

Now the industry has come of age in Australia, and the advantages are obvious. For example, you could buy a guaranteed week in a really swish apartment at the Chevron Paradise resort at Surfers for as little as \$2500, depending on the time of the year. It's yours for 20 years — and apart from an annual maintenance fee of about \$100 (indexed to the CPI), you pay nothing more for your accommodation. That works out at about \$225 for your week, roughly the price of three nights in a hotel. There are other incentives, too. Ansett and TAA, for example, will give you a 35 percent discount on air travel; car rental firms will offer you deals and most resorts arrange discount packages with local shops, restaurants and tour operators.

You might think that's going to tie you to one place and one date for all that time. Not so, and here's the real bonus. You can exchange your week either for another one in the same resort and you can exchange it for a week in any one of almost 700 timesharing resorts in 32 countries around the world. Too good to be true was my feeling when I first investigated timesharing. But the more I looked at it the more I realised that it's going to change the face of the travel industry more than anything since the advent of cheap air fares.

Timesharing is usually presented as a sort of real estate deal with a holiday accent; it's not — it's a way of buying your holiday in advance, thereby pegging the price at today's level, with a bit of real estate thrown in.

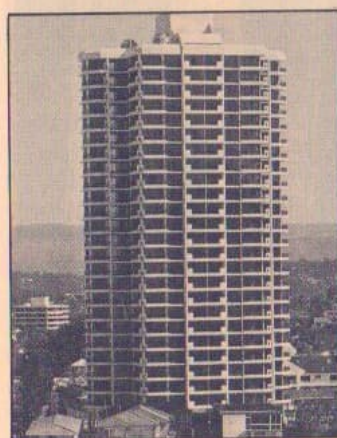
There are two basic types of timesharing on offer. One is where you own your time in the development in a fashion

broadly similar to a strata title, and it's administered through a property trust. You own it outright, and you can sell it, give it away or bequeath it, just as you would any other property you own.

The other form, known as right-to-use, is less expensive. This system generally has a term of about 20 years set to it and while you can sell it or will it like the property trust version, some people see it as less attractive because it's a diminishing asset as time goes by. However, it seems to suit some people, because it's selling just as well.

When timesharing first began in Australia, there were problems because the projects were neither really big enough or good enough to be economic successes, and further difficult

Timesharing, move now



ies were created by confusion in the mind of governments as to whether they were real estate deals or holiday schemes. One or two shonky operators didn't help things, either.

That's all in the past now. Timesharing in Australia is controlled by the Australasian Resort Timesharing Council, which polices the industry and has the teeth to deal with any hint of malpractice; State Corporate Affairs departments also keep a close watch.

The Council operates a timesharing exchange, ARTE, which covers the two dozen or so time-

share resorts in Australia, New Zealand and Fiji; and ARTE is affiliated to Resort Condominiums International, a giant organisation based in Indianapolis which administers exchanges between timesharing owners. Your exchange costs you a nominal fee of about \$7 a night while air travel to overseas resorts is bound to become cheaper as airlines realise that timesharing represents good business for them. Some airline contacts already tell me there could be timesharing discounts on offer quite soon.

Timesharing doesn't have to apply only to apartments in resorts. Already being built in Queensland is a huge luxury cruiser with 12 cabins that will spend six months on the Great Barrier Reef and six months around Hawaii, making weekly cruises. It's going to be sold as a timesharing proposition. Further down the line there will be timeshared aircraft — and other things too expensive for ordinary individuals to contemplate.

At the moment the price range for timesharing in a resort is from about \$2500 to about \$12,000 per week — you can buy as many units as you want — depending on the type of accommodation and whether it's a property trust or right-to-use.

Most developers can organise finance at around 11 percent flat and it's best to take it because most bank managers, accountants and solicitors are still woefully uninformed about timesharing and treat it much the same as they did strata title when it was first introduced.

But if you're interested I suggest you move now. The idea is going to catch on and a recent market research study assessed potential demand at about three times the available stock. That can only result in prices going up.

It's too good a bargain to miss, and if the prices do go up, I might sell you mine. — Fred Baker

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- dbx disc position
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- dbx and Dolby B-C noise reduction
- dbx disc position
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- Real-time tape counter
- Automatic tape select
- Search To Cue, Search To Zero, Search To Record
- Spot Erase System
- CPS (Computomatic Program Search)



Z-5000



Z-6000

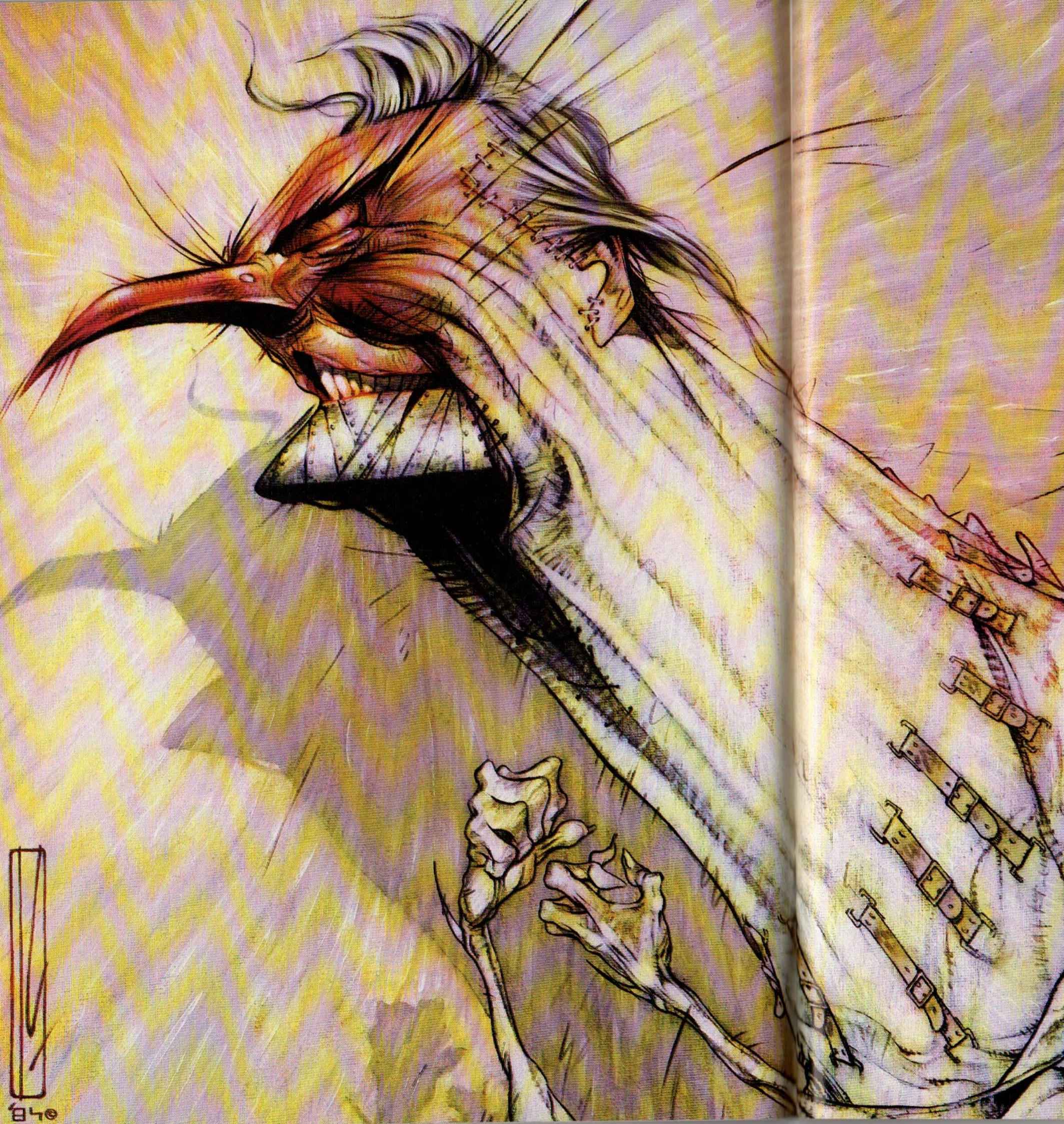


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Much of the new Prime
Minister's first year in office
has been spent taking
care of business

HAWKING THE LEFT

BY MUNGO MACCALLUM

In the United States last year, well-known former Australian Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser paused between a meeting of rejected world leaders and a front row seat at the America's Cup to give his opinion of his successor. Bob Hawke, he opined patronisingly, wasn't doing such a bad job after all; the Pentagon really had nothing to worry about. The only problem, Malcolm added judiciously, was that Bob really did have to try and keep the left under control.

He need not have worried. If there is one thing that Hawke really enjoys doing, it is stomping the left. In fact, he has spent an unconscionable amount of time during his first year in office doing just that.

In the balmy days immediately after Hawke rode his elephant up the steps of Parliament House, with grateful citizens strewing his path with palm fronds and mothers offering him their daughters, the word on everyone's lips (but most especially Hawke's) was "consensus." When people were not saying "consensus" they were saying "reconciliation." This was taken to mean that Hawke was going to be gracious in victory: his conser-

vative opponents really had nothing to fear. Tasmanians would be brought back into the great family of Hawke. Even Queenslanders would be welcome at the Lodge. Americans, British, Indonesians — no matter how far right their governments might be, there would always be a place for them at the Prime Ministerial table. And business? Well, there was absolutely no antagonism towards business. Quite the reverse: the Hawke Government was going to be so pro-business you wouldn't believe it. Business was not only to be encouraged, it was to be positively feted. All the traditional antagonism between capital and labor was abolished by fiat. And just to prove it, we had the National Economic Summit. What could be more consensual than that?

However, in the midst of all this back-slapping, the fireworks and the dancing girls, it was highly noticeable that one significant group was missing. While Hawke was so effortlessly ingratiating himself with the right of Australian politics, he was moving further and further away from a very large section of his own party... the left. It is, of course, true that Hawke has no

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

HAWKING

reason to love the left. Since his ACTU days he has been engaged in a series of running battles with them, and to the bitter end they fought to keep him from the Labor leadership which he so blatantly coveted. But it might have been thought that common sense, as well as the spirit of consensus, would have led him to extend to the left the same kind of magnanimity he was prepared to show to all other sections of the political spectrum, including those who were — and still are — the implacable enemies of the labor movement.

Hawke intends to be Prime Minister for at least two terms, and quite possibly longer. To achieve this immodest goal, he needs to win at least one more election, and in Australian politics it is almost axiomatic that you can't win elections unless your party can present a united front. At the end of Hawke's first year, it would appear that the only way a Hawke-led Labor Party will be able to present a united front is if the entire left is wiped out by bubonic plague.

Hawke's attack on the left has taken two main forms: the first in terms of its personnel, the second in terms of its policies. It is hard to say which has been the most damaging. But the net effect has been precisely the reverse of what Hawke apparently intended. Instead of reducing the left to an impotent splinter group whose only remaining function would be to sit around and whinge about the state of the nation, Hawke has actually given it a sense of purpose and direction as strong as it has had for years, and in some cases a wider base of support than it has had within the last decade or more. Far from isolating the left from the mainstream of the party, Hawke has in fact succeeded in putting it in a position where it can now attract cross-factional support on a wide number of issues; and one of these is an increasing worry and distrust of what is generally described as "Hawke's presidential style of government."

When Hawke was finally accepted as the leader of the party, many of those who did the accepting did so with serious misgivings. Okay, so Hawke was unquestionably the most popular politician in Australia, and with Hawke up front Labor was going to shit the election in; but just what was going to happen next?

Hawke's arrogance was legendary. He was, after all, the man who had once said that his idea of a perfect system was one in which he would be Prime Minister with the power to select his own Cabinet from wherever he felt inclined, and that one such Cabinet might include such people as the poet Judith Wright, unionist Jack Mundey and industrialist Sir Roderick Carnegie. This mind-boggling collection was dismissed at the time as just another Hawke fantasy, arrived at under the in-

fluence of liquor. But it signalled one very important thing about the man. Despite his years within the Labor Party, previously culminating in the national presidency, he still perceived himself essentially as a God figure who was completely above the party's normal rules and mores. The idea of Carnegie, a mining magnate who was high on the hit list of most party members, being a member of a Labor government was not only absurd and offensive; it was an abrogation of everything the Labor Party stood for.

But then, Hawke was not talking about a Labor government; he was talking about a Hawke government. The wiser members of the Labor shadow executive which effectively appointed Hawke as leader on February 3 last year were well aware that by doing so they were taking a quantum leap into the unknown; but they managed to persuade themselves that somehow it would all come right on the night. Hawke

“
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”

was, after all, now a member of parliament — albeit one with only two years' experience. He was off the piss. While he had not been a brilliant success as a shadow minister, spending at least as much time maintaining his own popularity rating as he did on his portfolio, he had done nothing really outrageous, if you discounted his insatiable ambition for the leadership — and after all, that was not a quality entirely unknown in other politicians, even Labor ones.

In the circumstances, it might be considered that the man had mellowed, and it was certainly worth the risk if it would absolutely ensure getting rid of the hated Fraser, and putting some Labor bums back on the Treasury benches and on the seats of the big white Commonwealth cars. And even if it didn't work out quite that way, and Hawke continued to exhibit his overweening arrogance once he was ensconced in the Prime Ministerial office, then surely the checks and balances in the party rules would be sufficient to keep him under control. Even Gough Whitlam, no shrinking violet when it came to getting his own way, had not been able to run riot

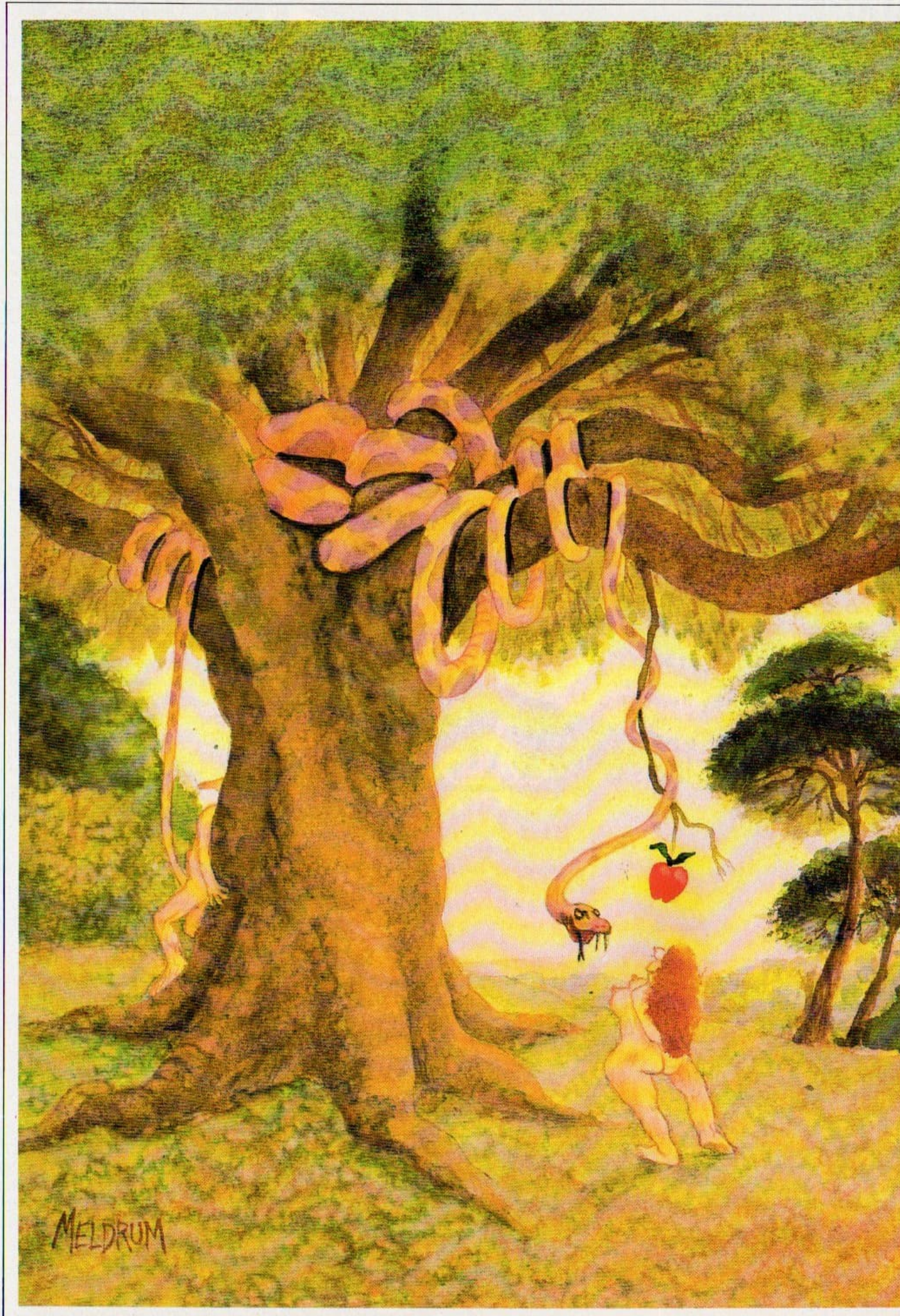
through the painstaking procedures built up over the years by the ALP to ensure that the final decisions on policy would be made by the party's democratically elected national conferences, and that the method of their implementation would be decided by the elected parliamentary Caucus as a whole.

In retrospect, this thinking appears to have been absurdly optimistic. For starters, Hawke has never shared Whitlam's understanding of, nor respect for, parliament as an institution; and importantly, he completely lacks Whitlam's priceless talent for self-deprecation. While both men believed that they were destined to lead the country, Whitlam's belief was expressed as a humorous throw-away line; Hawke's came over as a profound mystical experience, starting from the incident when a Bible fell open at the book of Isaiah at the time of his birth, and reinforced by his belief that he had been miraculously preserved after a motorcycle accident. While he is now an agnostic, Hawke's belief that he was chosen to lead Australia, and can therefore never do wrong, is a great deal closer to the rationale of Joh Bjelke-Petersen than that of Whitlam. But if such considerations played a part in the decision of February 3, they were never voiced during the frenetic period when the Labor Party crossed its fingers and took the great leap into the unknown.

The first real sign of what was to come appeared after the election of the first Hawke ministry. Under ALP rules, Hawke was not able to appoint the 26 members who would comprise it; these were elected by Caucus, and a compromise ticket arrived at by the various Caucus factions in a true spirit of consensus ensured that it was reasonably representative. However, Hawke was allowed to decide which of them should be in the Inner Cabinet and what portfolios each of them should hold, and he did so in a manner which made it clear that he was not about to do any favors for people who, in the past, had done none for him.

Of the 26 elected ministers, four were members of the hard left: Stewart West, Tom Uren, Arthur Gietzelt and Brian Howe. The portfolios they received were, in the same order, Immigration and Ethnic Affairs, Territories and Local Government, Veterans' Affairs, and Defence Support. None was exactly a big deal, and as a result of this allocation Hawke was able to ensure that only one member of the left — West — made the Inner Cabinet of 12. Given that the left comprises roughly one third of the total Caucus membership, this meant that the left had been effectively gerrymandered out of the decision-making process of government in a way that would have done Bjelke-Petersen proud. Hawke then proceeded to move in on the policies of the left.

Within the Labor Party, the left has



HAWKING

always considered itself, rather pompously, as the party's conscience, there not only to provide the basis of most policy ideas (which, to be fair, it does) but also to keep the party ideologically pure. Among other things, this has meant that the left has always taken a special interest in foreign policy; not for them the nuts and bolts issues of day-to-day economic management, but rather the broad international view, which is both more grandiose and less complicated. The left is reconciled to the fact that it frequently gets done over where domestic policy is concerned, but it goes in boots and all to try and ensure that the party takes what it regards as the correct position internationally.

In the 1982 National Conference the left had some successes. These were partly a result of the centre and right factions being prepared to concede trade-offs in order to get the uranium policy (to which we shall return) through, but they were nonetheless successes.

Specifically, the foreign policy, as hammered out by the left-dominated Foreign Policy Committee and accepted by the conference, called for the cessation of all military aid to Indonesia until there is an act of self-determination in East Timor; the resumption of aid to Vietnam; and the cancellation of uranium exports to France while nuclear testing persists in the Pacific. Hawke took one look at the package, and said no, not yet, if ever. To justify this stance he took what might be described as a broad-ranging view of the ALP rules. He agreed that the national conference was entitled to determine policy; after all, he could hardly do otherwise. But having said that, he then added that the national conference could not actually say when the policy was to be implemented. That was purely a matter for the government, and in the cases mentioned, the answer was as above. Understandably, the left felt that this was not quite what they had had in mind when they had battled with vim and vehemence to get the policies adopted in 1982; there seemed very little point in having a policy which was not going to be implemented during the predictably brief and rare life of the government. There were minor explosions in Caucus, but at this stage Hawke's supremacy in that arena was still unchallenged. The residual awe and gratitude surrounding the man who had, after all, given them their largest ever parliamentary majority held the numbers very firmly in line.

But even at this early stage there were rumblings. There were a great many Caucus members who agreed entirely with the Hawke brand of *realpolitik*, or "pragmatism" as it was more flatteringly known, particularly as it applied to foreign affairs. However, the fact that they agreed

with what Hawke was doing did not necessarily mean that they agreed with the way he was doing it. A lot of Hawke's foreign policy appeared to be made on the trot, without any consultation with other ministers, or even with his closest supporters. There was a feeling that Hawke had already decided he could go it alone.

This was reinforced by Hawke's performance on his overseas trips, during which he seemed far more interested in being chummy with everyone than in asserting even the vaguely independent foreign policy expected not only by the left, but by a lot of the centre and right as well. It was all splendid that he had a nice time mending fences with Indonesia's Suharto and America's Reagan, but did he have to do it quite so fulsomely? His first performance in Washington took everyone back to the old days of Liberal Prime Ministers: "All the way with LBJ" became "All the way again with Ronald Reagan." Some confus-

Hawke's belief that he was chosen to lead, and can therefore never do wrong, is closer to the rationale of Bjelke-Petersen than that of Whitlam

ion developed between the rather less sycophantic line being pushed by Foreign Minister Bill Hayden, who, because of the manner of his overthrow, had become more or less untouchable within the Labor Party, and Hawke's uncritical gladhanding of anyone who would pose for a photograph with himself. Cynics started to remark that Hawke treated foreign heads of state in much the same way as he treated Australian sports stars. Hayden commented semi-privately that he was mainly interested in trying to keep the little bastard honest — a remark which did not go unnoticed by the left.

Nor, finally, did it go unnoticed by the centre and right, who were beginning to see the long-term problems the party would face in terms of lack of unity if Hawke were to be allowed to go entirely on his merry way. An urgent phone call reached Hawke in mid-air on his way to Paris: something assertive had to be done. As a result, Hawke reversed his earlier commitment and announced that in view of Australia's stern disapproval of nuclear testing in the Pacific, uranium shipments to France would be suspended for a

couple of years. But even this turned out to be window dressing when it was recognised that no uranium shipments were due to go to France for a couple of years anyway. The bone that had been thrown to the left was not only meagre, it was also made of plastic.

At the same time, another issue had emerged on the domestic front which again exposed the difficulties ministers generally had in talking to Hawke. Indeed, it exposed rather more than that, in that Hawke's approach to the issue once again created far more problems than it solved. This, of course, was what has gone down in history as "the Combe-Ivanov" affair — although it should more properly be known as "the Hawke-ASIO" affair. What is interesting about it is not so much the extraordinary and paranoid incoherence of the case mounted by ASIO against lobbyist David Combe, a former national secretary of the ALP, but Hawke's willingness to accept the mishmash, deceive his ministerial colleagues as to its nature, and throw an old friend and ally to the wolves in an endeavor to prove that, once again, he was above the traditions and loyalties which have always been the basis of the labor movement.

When Hawke was told by ASIO that Valeriy Ivanov, a senior Soviet diplomat, was in fact a KGB agent, and that throwing him out of the country would both further ingratiate Hawke with Washington and would also be jolly good for ASIO's somewhat tarnished reputation, he appears (from the meagre uncensored record) to have jumped at the chance. When Hawke was told that Combe was involved in commercial dealings with Ivanov, and therefore (in the shadowy and somewhat unreal world in which ASIO lurks) a potential threat to security, Hawke apparently was equally uncritical.

A secret meeting of the National and International Security Committee of Cabinet was called, at which the theory was repeated but not substantiated. Astonishingly, only two ministers — Hayden and Attorney-General Gareth Evans — expressed any reservations about taking on trust the assessment of ASIO, which for many years had been very high indeed on the Labor Party's demonology scale. An agreement was reached that Combe, a longtime loyal servant of the party, should be placed under secret surveillance, and should be barred from working for the government.

Hawke then called a meeting of the full ministry, who were told a lie — in fact they were told two lies. The first was that the problem with Combe was that he had too many contacts inside the Labor Party and should not be allowed to take unfair advantage of them. The second was that the decision was to deny him all direct access to ministers — which was not what the Cabinet subcommittee had agreed to at all. Again astonishingly, the ministers cop-



John Player Special
Some things in life have a special quality

HAWKING

ped it: none of them thought to ask why Combe had been singled out while other lobbyists with ALP connections were to be allowed to continue untouched.

Inevitably, the story began to trickle out, and Hawke went on the defensive. His solution to the growing political furore was to refer the whole affair to the Royal Commission into the intelligence services, a way out apparently suggested by one of his aides, Peter Barron, who had come to Hawke via the rather less sophisticated brand of politics practised by NSW Premier Neville Wran. Again, absolutely no consultation with the Cabinet — let alone the Ministry, or still less Caucus — took place. Combe was a widely respected figure, with very many friends in the parliamentary Labor Party, and they went far beyond the hard left; indeed, ironically, Combe was one of Hawke's chief supporters in his bid for the leadership.

There was outrage on two levels: firstly that Hawke had effectively and deceitfully attempted to deprive Combe of his livelihood without giving him a fair hearing, and secondly (and in the opinion of many, more disturbingly) that Hawke had so easily been swayed by the views of ASIO. The outrage did not exactly abate when the Royal Commission got underway, and it became clear to any impartial observer that the case against Combe was based almost entirely on guilt by association. This fact attained a certain piquancy when, later in the year, Hawke himself was linked in almost equally tenuous fashion with the American Mafia, and spluttered his way through three days of furiously indignant denial in Federal Parliament about the mere idea.

However, in the meantime the Royal Commission got underway, and the lawyers went into it with the bastardry of which only men on a guaranteed \$1500 a day are capable. One of the first things to emerge was that the Special Minister of State, Mick Young, had leaked the Cabinet subcommittee decision — and the reasons for it — to his lobbyist mate Eric Walsh, which left Hawke (now somewhat isolated on the high ground he had chosen to take) no choice but to demand Young's resignation. Young, like Combe, has a lot of friends in the Labor Party who cross the normal factions. Even more importantly, he was very much Hawke's political Mr Fixit. Getting Young offside created not only a potential rallying point for the disaffected (of which the left was now just the nucleus), but also a dangerous political vacuum in Hawke's own machine. The subsequent finding of the commission — that Hawke's actions throughout the Combe-Ivanov affair had been perfectly proper — would not have cut any ice among the anti-Hawke faction.

And thus the first half of the year set the scene: Hawke's popularity within the electorate at large was still amazingly high, but within the Labor Party itself all the doubts that were held about him had now well and truly resurfaced. The pragmatic core of Hawke supporters were still taking the view that it would all work out; the Hawke charisma would see them through.

But already on the horizon there loomed a mushroom-shaped cloud which held — and still holds — the potential to blow the party wide open. That cloud, of course, is the fallout from the uranium debate. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance the left places on this issue. If foreign policy to the left is the party's heart, uranium policy is its very soul. At the 1982 conference, the left and its supporters lost narrowly to a compromise resolution when some of their numbers defected to what was described at the time as a milder, but still definitely anti-

Hawke is
now being seen
by the left as only
a minor, if shorter,
improvement on
Malcolm Fraser

mining, policy, the essence of which was that a Labor government would not cancel immediately uranium export licences but would phase out mining gradually. There was also a special provision made to allow the Roxby Downs project to go ahead, on the totally spurious grounds that it would be digging up gold and copper as well as uranium. No-one was quite sure what it meant, but the left was sure of one thing: it did not mean allowing any new contracts for uranium ore to be negotiated.

Thus when Deputy Prime Minister Lionel Bowen announced casually that he had given permission for the miners of the Northern Territory's Ranger deposit to go ahead with two new contracts, all hell broke loose. The left declared all bets off, and began a campaign that included the halting of Roxby Downs as well. Hawke sided with Bowen, dragged the majority of his Cabinet onside, and prepared for a showdown. Efforts were made to find a compromise, but there simply wasn't one available. Quite apart from their motherhood approach to the issue, the left had simply had enough: after being kicked around for months by the man whom they

had started off describing ironically as "the messiah" but were now describing without any irony at all as "that little fascist . . .", they were not prepared to pay lip service any longer to calls for party unity, if the price of that unity was subservience to Hawke. The man was now being seen as only a minor, if shorter, improvement on Malcolm Fraser.

Hawke still had the numbers in Caucus, and won; but he paid a price. In the process Stewart West resigned from Cabinet in order to be able to vote against the majority Cabinet decision. This meant the left was now without a representative in Cabinet, but it did them very little harm, since they had never been able to exercise any real influence there anyway, and were now completely and openly unshackled from the Hawke line. But more importantly, it opened up, as nothing had done before, the real divisions within the party. The Victorians had been angry about a number of things before this, and had made warning noises about East Timor, and about David Combe. Now they went in boots and all, and passed a full-blooded motion of censure against the government. The Queenslanders and West Australians were more restrained, but made it quite clear that they also were not prepared to go along wholeheartedly with the Cabinet/Caucus decision.

And of course, it does not end there. The community as a whole is deeply divided over the uranium issue, which has now become inextricably entangled with the general peace movement, with the question of the environment, and with other matters such as aboriginal affairs, public health, and industrial safety. Hawke's intransigence has meant that the left has picked up some unlikely, but very useful, allies.

The answer Hawke's supporters give to all this is that things aren't perfect, but at least they are better than they were, and a return to the conservatives would only make them worse, so for heaven's sake, and Bob's, try and hold the line. But increasingly, there are signs that this is not cutting too much ice with Labor people whose expectations were raised — perhaps unreasonably — and who now find themselves confronted by a government which tends not only to ignore the policies for which they elected it, but even the rules which are supposed to bind real Labor governments. Nor is the discontent any longer confined to the rank and file; late last year one Hawke Cabinet resolution (on the control of the domestic satellite) scraped through Caucus by a mere three votes. There is no reason to believe that the process will be reversed.

So at one level at least, Hawke's first year must be adjudged a failure. Popularity and some form of consensus in the electorate he may have achieved — for the moment. Consensus within his own party, he hasn't. ☐

Pet of the Year



Donna Burns

has taken out the title. this delectable 21-year-old honey-blonde temptress, who first revealed her charms to *Penthouse* readers back in October '83, beat home a field of nine classy contenders to become the 1984 *Australian Penthouse* Pet Of The Year. Early indications were that the glamor stakes would develop into a neck-and-neck struggle, but a late rush of blood from Donna fanciers put the issue beyond doubt. A model, confessed horse-lover and former rock 'n' roll roadie, Donna reckons that once she's found a man, she's completely faithful to him — a hangover from the days when she was a bashful teenager. But as her name suggests, Donna Burns is red-hot — a deserving winner of the glittering array of Pet Of The Year prizes detailed on the following pages. As well, Donna wins the right to have a shot at a cool million when she represents *Australian Penthouse* in the *International Penthouse* Million Dollar Pet competition to be held next October. We reckon she'll be a short-priced favorite for the biggest glamor event on Earth.





Prize booty for the 1984 *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year is headed by a show-stopping personalised Renault Fuego, one of Europe's hottest-selling sporting coupes. Standard features such as air conditioning, power windows, AM/FM stereo radio/cassette and central locking are included in the regular Fuego list price of under \$16,000. However, Donna will drive away in an appropriately specialised Fuego valued at more than \$20,000. Immediately obvious are the subtle Momo road wheels, now fitted with the widely praised high-performance low-profile Pirelli P6 tyres. A tinted Sky-Top power moonroof from Trad Sunroofs which opens and shuts at the touch of a button will allow Donna the choice of fresh air or a controlled cabin climate. Inside the comfortable cabin there's the latest sound gear from Pioneer: a 100 Watt system guaranteed to massage the aural senses of Pet '84. A beautiful suede Momo steering wheel completes the tasteful and practical interior package.



Time sharing is all the rage these days, and our Pet Of The Year will be right on the ball when she becomes the owner — for two weeks of every year until doomsday — of an ultra-luxurious penthouse unit in the beautiful *Shangri-la* apartment block, right in the heart of Surfers Paradise. Donna's unit is air-conditioned and opulently appointed, with an uninterrupted view of the spectacular Gold Coast. Downstairs she'll find a tennis court, spa, heated pool and magnificent landscaped gardens. Apart from all the privileges of private ownership, our Pet '84 will have the option of exchanging her timeslot in *Shangri-la* for a similar period in any of 20 other resorts around Australia, or 650 resorts in 32 countries.

An hilarious,
brain-curdling South
Sea adventure

THE CURSE OF LONO

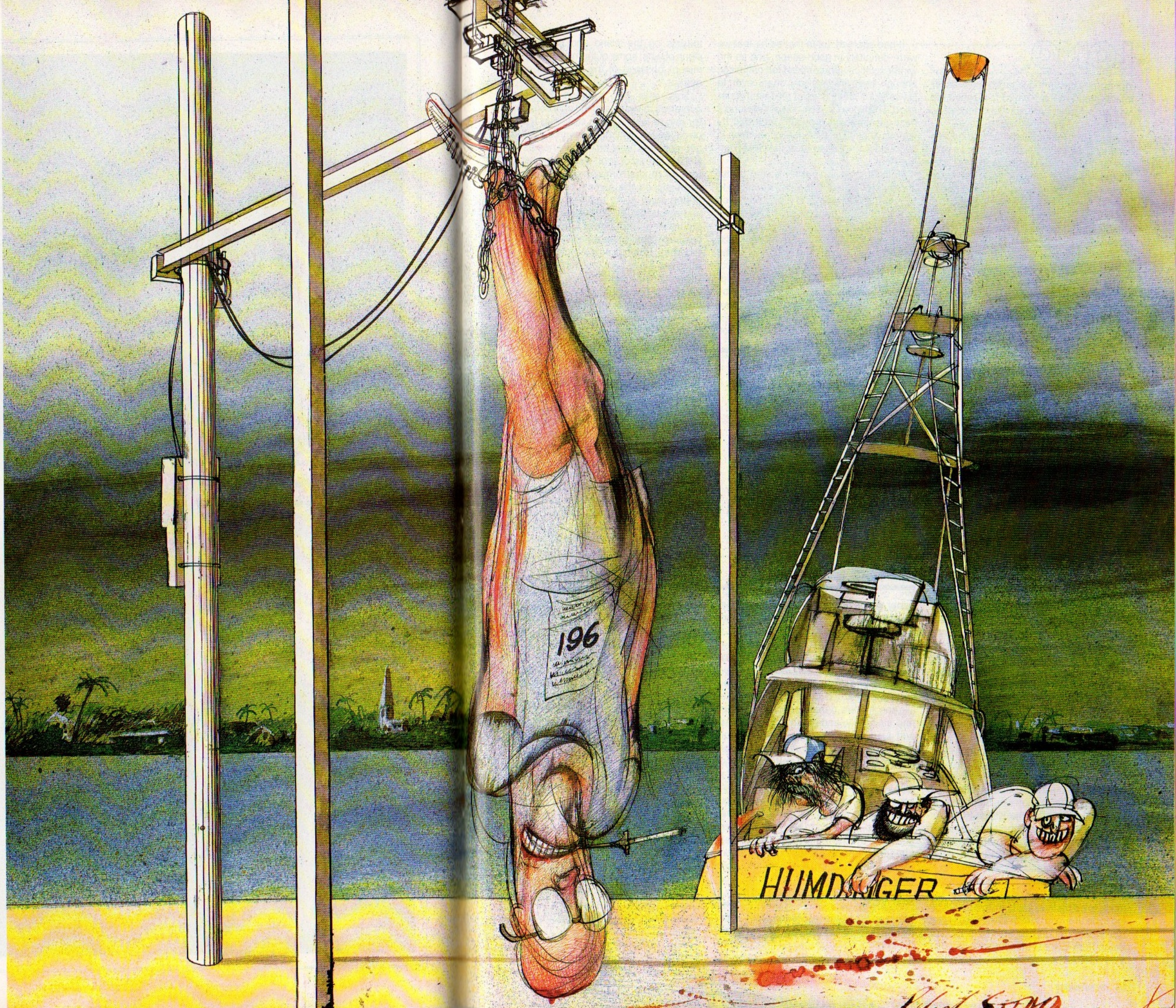
BY HUNTER S. THOMPSON

All work ceased on my side of the compound as the holiday season approached. I hunkered down for the pro football playoffs, betting heavily with Wilbur on the telephone and squandering away my winnings on fireworks. The Christmas season in Hawaii is also the time of the annual Feast of Lono, the god of excess and abundance. The missionaries may have taught the natives to love Jesus, but deep in their pagan hearts they don't really like him: Jesus is too stiff for these people. He had no sense of humor. The ranking gods and goddesses of the old Hawaiian culture are mainly distinguished by their power, not their purity, and they are honored for their vices as well as their awesome array of virtues. They are not intrinsically different from the people themselves — just bigger and bolder and better in every way.

The two favorites are Lono and Pele, the randy volcano goddess. When Pele had a party, everybody came; she was a lusty long-haired beauty who danced naked on molten lava with a gourd of gin in each hand, and anybody who didn't like it was instantly killed. Pele had her problems — usually with wrong-headed lovers, and occasionally with whole armies — but in the end she always prevailed. And she still lives, they say, in her cave underneath a volcano on Mt Kiluea and occasionally comes out to wander around the island in any form she chooses — sometimes as a beautiful young girl on a magic surfboard, sometimes a jaded harlot sitting alone at the bar of the Volcano House, but usually

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ILLUSTRATION BY RALPH STEADMAN



(for some reason the legends have never made clear) in the form of a wizened old woman who hitchhikes around the island with a pint of gin in her kitbag.

King Lono, ruler of all the islands in a time long before the Hawaiians had a written language, was not made in the same mould as Jesus, although he seems to have had the same basically decent instincts.

Lono was also a chronic brawler with an ungovernable temper, a keen eye for the naked side of life and a taste for strong drink at all times. This side of his nature, although widely admired by his subjects, kept him in constant trouble at home. His wife, the lovely Queen Kaikilani Alii, had a nasty temper of her own, and the peace of the royal household was frequently shattered by monumental arguments.

It was during one of these spats that King Lono belted his queen across the hut so violently, at least once, that he accidentally killed her. Kaikilani's death plunged him into a fit of grief so profound that he abandoned his royal duties and took to wandering around the islands, staging a series of boxing and wrestling matches in which he took on all comers. But he soon tired of this and retired undefeated, they say, sometime around the end of the Eighth or Ninth Century. Still bored and distraught, he then took off in a magic canoe for a tour of "foreign lands" — from whence he would return, he promised, as soon as the time was right.

The natives have been waiting for this moment ever since, handing his promise down from one generation to another and faithfully celebrating the memory of their long-lost god king at the end of each year with a two-week frenzy of wild parties and industrial-strength fireworks. The missionaries did everything in their power to wean the natives away from their faith in what amounted to a kind of long-overdue alter-Christ, and modern politicians have been trying for years to curtail or even ban the annual orgy of fireworks during the Christmas season, but so far nothing has worked.

THERE ARE NO RULES

We learned these things — or at least a few of them — from Captain Steve, the local charter fisherman who befriended us when we arrived at the Kailua-Kona Airport and subsequently became our main man on the island. Captain Steve had a fully-rigged fishing boat and was determined to take us out and catch a marlin — a gesture of fine hospitality that promised to make our stay in Kona even richer and more exciting than we'd known it was going to be all along. Wilbur also had a fishing trip lined up for us; and Stan Dzura, an old friend from Colorado, had a boat that he'd offered to let us use any time we wanted.

It had seemed, up to that point, that we were definitely in good shape, and as the winter solstice approached I felt optimistic enough to invite my son, Juan, over to Hawaii for a week or so of the finest water sport. The Kona Coast is one of the world's best game-fishing grounds, regarded by serious anglers as the equal of anything to be found in the Bahamas or the Great Barrier Reef.

Both Ralph and I were pleased at our unexpected turn of high luck. In addition to having our own pool and a private beach right in front of the compound for swimming and skin diving, now we also had our own boats to get out on the ocean and stalk the mighty marlin. Money was no problem, Captain Steve explained. Charter boats in Kona normally go for \$500 a day, but for us that fee would be waived; all we had to do was bring our own food and drink...

Indeed. Just the sight of these words on

Our social behavior turned so ugly and rude that we were shunned and we eventually turned to excessive use of fireworks and whisky

paper sends a shudder up my spine even now, long after we finally escaped and moved on to other ordeals. We will get to the details later, but the main bearings of the story and all we need to know for now are these: (1) Early in December we moved into a kind of seaside estate containing a pool and three wooden houses — one for the caretaker, one for Ralph and his family, and another for me, Laila and Juan. (2) Captain Steve, who lived not far up the beach from us, became more and more obsessed with getting us out on the sea to catch fish. (3) In December of that year the Kona Coast was lashed by a series of terrible storms that made our lives a living hell. (4) Our social behavior turned so ugly and rude that we were shunned by the natives and eventually turned to excessive use of fireworks, whisky and bad craziness in the compound.

The Kona fishing fleet stayed safely in port during this period, leaving Captain Steve and the other seafaring types with a lot of time on their hands — which most of them spent on barstools, bitching endlessly about the weather, the dearth of paying

tourists on the island and the first bad signs of what some of them saw as the imminent collapse of the local real estate market.

This was the situation we found ourselves mired in, and the only escape — for me, at least — was watching football on television, which I did with a zeal that got more and more on Ralph's nerves. His lifelong hatred of sport made it impossible for him to share my preoccupation with gambling on the games, and we slowly drifted apart — he to his kinky brooding, and me to the TV set, usually far up the mountain at Stan Dzura's house. On the few occasions when we all went into town together, Ralph's eccentric behavior so offended the natives that some called him "The Queer" and others called him "Wolfman." By the time we had been there two weeks he was known everywhere we went as "The Queer And Famous Wolfman," and he was not much fun to be with.

SOUTH POINT

We had been trying to take the boat out for almost a week, but the sea was so rough that there was no point in even leaving the harbor. "We could probably get out," Captain Steve said, "but we'd never get back in."

After a week of bad drinking and brooding, he finally came up with a plan. If it was true that the weather was really turned around, then logic decreed that the normally savage waters on the other side of the island would now be calm as a lake.

"No problem," he assured me. "It's South Point for us, Big Guy. Let's get the boat ready..."

Which we did. But the surf got worse, and after five or six more days of grim waiting, my brain began to go soft. We drove to the tops of volcanoes, we drank heavily, set off many bombs... More storms came, the bills mounted up, and the days dragged by like dead animals.

"We're off to South Point tomorrow," Captain Steve finally announced. I sat down and lit a joint, which nobody seemed to notice. Ralph was staring at me with a look of shock and disgust on his face.

"I can't believe it," he muttered. "You're really going out on that silly boat again?"

I nodded. "That's right, Ralph. We finally figured it out — if this side of the island is rough, then the other side *must* be calm." Captain Steve smiled and shrugged his shoulders, as if the logic spoke for itself.

"And South Point," I continued, "is the closest place we can get to the other side. That's where the weather breaks."

"You should come with us, Ralph," said Captain Steve. "It'll be calm as a lake down there, and it's a real mysterious place."

"It's the Land of Po," I said. "A desolated bottomless pit in the ocean, in sight of

the cliffs on shore." I nodded wisely. "You've been looking for King Kam's burial place — maybe South Point is it."

Ralph gave me the stink-eye, but said nothing. He had already fallen in love with King Kamehameha — mainly on the basis of what little he knew about the "Law of the Splintered Oar" — and he was convinced that our story lay somewhere in the ancient burial caves around the City of Refuge and Kealakekua Bay. In any case, it was not at sea. "There are no fish," he muttered once again, "not even on the menu. All they have tonight is some kind of frozen mush from Taiwan."

"Don't worry, Ralph," I said. "We'll have all the fresh fish we can eat when I get back from South Point. Once we get around the corner down there to some calm waters I will plunder this sea like no man has ever plundered it before."

We left the Honokau not long after 10.30, poking carefully through a crust of smoking driftwood in the harbor. A boat had caught fire the night before and burned to the waterline. It was the *Blue Pacific*, Lee Marvin's old boat. There had been some kind of long dispute about ownership, Ackerman explained, and now the dispute was over.

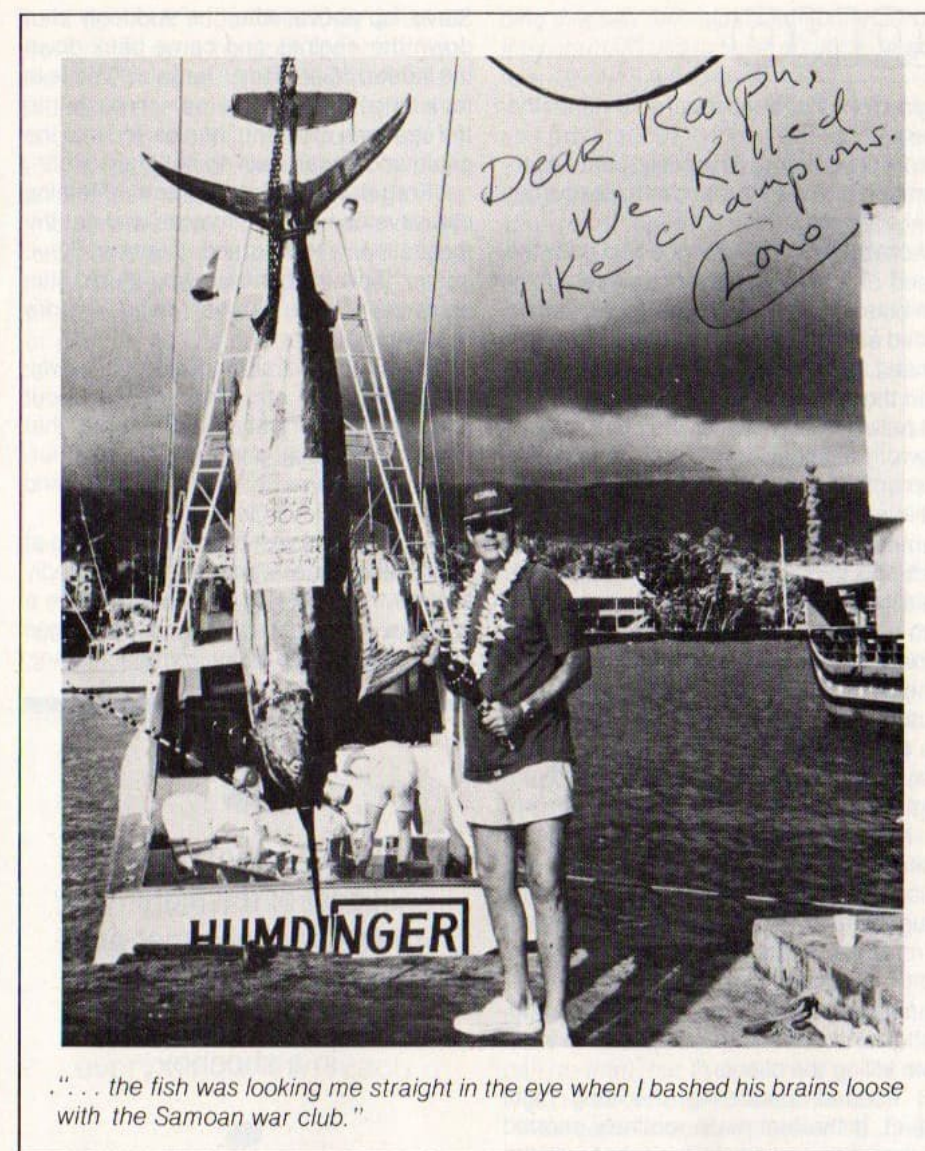
"Jesus Christ," said Captain Steve as he eased his own boat through the dirty smoking debris. "They won't collect any insurance on that one. I can smell the kerosene from out here."

The two charter boats on either side of the *Blue Pacific* were being soaked down with hoses by potbellied Hawaiians aiming nozzles from the dock. They waved cheerfully as we idled out of the harbor. Captain Steve waved back and yelled something about the surf being up. The smoke in the harbor put a haze between us and the hot morning sun. As we passed the main channel buoy I looked back and saw the peaks of both *Mauna Lea* and *Mauna Koa* in the sky for the first time since I'd been there. The whole island is normally covered with a hamburger-shaped cloud for most of every day, but this morning of our departure for South Point was a rare exception.

I took it as a good omen, but I was wrong. By night we would find ourselves locked in a death battle with the elements, wallowing helplessly in the worst surf I'd ever seen and half crazy with fear and strong chemicals.

Captain Steve spent most of his time at the wheel high up on the flying bridge, while Ackerman and I stayed down in the cockpit smoking marijuana and waiting for the reels to go off.

I had long since got over the notion that just because we were fishing we were going to catch fish. The whole idea of trailing big-bore lines from the outriggers and rumbling along at trolling speed was absurd. The only way we were going to get any fish, I insisted, was by going over the side with scuba tanks and spear guns, to



"... the fish was looking me straight in the eye when I bashed his brains loose with the Samoan war club."

hunt them where they lived. Every once in a while either Ackerman or I would take a turn at the wheel, but never for very long. Captain Steve was convinced that we might hook a marlin or at least a big ahi at any moment, and he wanted to be at the controls when it happened. He spent most of the afternoon on the bridge, staring down at the barren, deep grey water through polarised fishing glasses.

Ackerman seemed to share my aggressive pessimism about the possibility of catching fish, but he kept a professional eye on the lines anyway. "I am the first mate," he explained, "and I have a certain professional pride." I had almost forgotten that he was a part of that tight little tribe of licensed charter captains that forms the only real elite on the Kona Coast. "We're all equal in the ocean," he explained. "That's surfer talk, but it makes a weird kind of sense."

I agreed. It was understood, in some way that has only to do with the sea, that either of us would be capable of getting the boat safely back into the harbor if Captain Steve, for some reason, could not.

There were no fish. We trolled all the way down, but the only signs of life we saw between Kailua and South Point were a school of porpoises and some birds. It was

a long hot ride, and by mid-afternoon all three of us were jabbering drunk on beer.

It was just before sundown when we finally rounded the corner at South Point. The sea had been tough on the run down the Kona side of the island — but it was nothing compared to what we encountered when we came around the point.

The sea was so high and wild that we could only gape at it. No words were necessary. We had found our own hurricane, and there was no place to hide from it.

At sundown I switched to gin and Ackerman broke out a small vial of white powder that he sniffed up his nose off the tip of a number 10 fish hook, then offered the vial to me.

"Be careful," he said. "It's not what you think."

I stared at the vial, examining the contents closely and bracing my feet on the deck as the boat suddenly tilted and went up on the hump of a swell.

"It's China White," he said, gripping the back of the fighting chair as we came down hard in the slough.

Jesus, I thought. I'm out here with junkies. The boat rolled again, throwing me off balance on the wet deck with a cup

of gin in one hand and a vial of heroin in the other.

I dropped them both as I slid past Ackerman and grabbed the ladder to keep from going over the side.

Ackerman lunged for the vial with the speed of a young cobra and caught it on one bounce, but it was already wet and he stared at it balefully, then tossed it away in the sea. "What the hell," he said. "I never liked the stuff anyway."

I pulled myself over to the chair and sat down. "Me either," I said. "It's hard on the stomach."

He eyed me darkly for a moment and I planted both feet, not knowing what to expect. It is bad business to drop other people's heroin — especially far out at sea with a storm coming up — and I didn't know Ackerman that well. He was a big rangy bastard, with the long loose muscles of a swimmer, and his move on the bouncing vial had been impressively fast. I knew he could get me with the gaffing hook before I reached the ladder.

I resisted the urge to call Captain Steve. Were they both junkies? I wondered, still poised on the edge of the white naugahyde chair. What kind of anglers carry China White to work?

"It's a good drug for the ocean," Ackerman said, as if I'd been thinking out loud. "A lot of times it's the only way to keep from killing the clients."

I nodded, pondering the long night ahead. If the first mate routinely snorted smack at the cocktail hour, what was the captain into?

It occurred to me that I didn't really know either one of these people. They were strangers, and now I was trapped on a boat with them, 20 miles off the far western edge of America with the sun going down and deep black water all around us.

The land was out of sight now, lost in a desolate night fog. The sun went down and the *Haere Marue* rumbled on through the waves toward South Point, the terrible Land of Po. The red and green running lights on our bow were hardly visible from the stern, barely 30 feet away. The night closed around us like smoke, cold and thick with the smell of our diesel exhaust fumes.

THE LAND OF PO

The sea was not getting any calmer as we approached our destination, a small beach at the foot of sheer black cliffs. Captain Steve took us in about halfway, then slowed to a crawl and came scrambling down the ladder. "I don't know about this," he said nervously. "The swell seems to be picking up."

Ackerman was staring at the beach, where huge breakers foamed.

The first alarm came from Captain

Steve, up above, when he suddenly shut down the engines and came back down the ladder. "Get ready," he said. "We're in for a long night." He stared nervously into the sea for a moment, then darted into the cabin and began hauling out life jackets.

"Forget it," said Ackerman. "Nothing can save us now. We may as well eat the mescaline." He cursed Captain Steve again. "This is your fault, you stupid little bastard. We'll all be dead before morning."

Captain Steve shrugged as he swallowed the pill. I ate mine and set about assembling the hibachi I'd bought that morning to cook our fresh fish dinner. Ackerman leaned back in his chair and opened a bottle of gin.

We spent the rest of the night raving at each other and wandering distractedly around the boat like rats cast adrift in a shoebox, scrambling around the edges and trying to keep away from each other.

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The casual teamwork of the sundown hours became a feverish division of labor, with each of us jealously tending our own sector.

I woke up at sunrise to find Ackerman passed out like a dead animal from an overdose of Dramamine, and Captain Steve wandering frantically around the cockpit, grappling with a tangle of ropes and saying over and over to himself, "Holy Jesus, man! Let's get out of here!"

I stumbled up from the cabin where I'd spent two hours sleeping on a cushion covered with fishhooks. We were still in the shadow of the cliffs and the morning wind was cold. The fire had gone out and our thermos bottle of coffee had cracked open sometime during the night. The deck was awash with a slimy mixture of kerosene and floating soot.

But the wind had not shifted. Captain Steve had been awake all night, he explained, never taking his eyes off the anchor line and ready, at any moment, to leap into the surf and swim for it.

"I'll never understand how we survived," he muttered, staring up at the cliffs where a colony of mean Japs was

clustered around their campfires. "Now I know what they mean about South Point. It is a dangerous place."

"The Land of Po," I said.

"Yeah," he said, reeling in the last of our all-night fishing lines. All the hot dogs had been gnawed off by eels, but the hooks were otherwise clean. Not even a sea snake had taken our wrong-minded bait, and the water all around us was littered with floating debris: beer bottles, orange peels, plastic baggies and mangled tuna fish cans. About ten yards off the stern was an empty Wild Turkey bottle with a piece of paper inside. Ackerman had tossed it over some time during the night, after finishing off the whisky and stuffing the bottle with a sheet of Kona Inn stationery on which I had scrawled: "Beware. There are no fish." I thought it would be halfway to Guam by now, a warning to other fools who might try to fish in the Land of Po.

KICKING ASS IN KONA

At the end of the Kailua Municipal Pier is a huge set of scales, maintained by the Japs from the local icehouse who routinely buy every fish brought into the harbor and send it off to Tokyo, to be chopped up into *sushimi*, then refrozen and sent back to Los Angeles. *Sushimi* is a big business all over the Pacific, and Japanese fish brokers control most of it.

A license to run *sushimi* out of Hawaii is better than having a slot machine concession in the Las Vegas airport. There is always more demand for *sushimi* than the market fisherman can supply. The only thing that varies is the price — which ranges from five and sometimes 10 dollars a pound at Christmas, down to 20 cents a pound at the peak of the sport fishing season, which runs from May to September on the Kona Coast and yields between five and 10 thousand pounds of *sushimi* for the market every day.

Ahi, the big yellowfin tuna, is not a real crowd-pleaser on the pier; but it sells for a lot more money. Ahi is *sushimi* — in LA and New York, as well as Tokyo — and in the weeks before Christmas when demand is running high, the dockside price for a big ahi in Kona can run up to five and sometimes 10 dollars a pound.

Usually it is down around a dollar, which makes it a nice fish to come in with. But ahi is not the glamorous fish in Kona. This place is famous for marlin. Big marlin. And that's what the crowd on the pier wants to see. Any boat flying the traditional dark blue marlin flag on its fantail will change the mood of the crowd very suddenly.

The Kona Coast is the fishing capital of Hawaii; Kailua Bay is the social and commercial axis of the Kona Coast; and the huge gallows-like rig of fish-weight scales on the pier in front of the King Kam Hotel is where the fishing pros of Kona live or die every afternoon of the week — in full view of the public, such as it is.

The crowd will begin gathering on the end of the pier around three. Jimmy Sloan, the commercial photographer who has the pier concession, will be there with his camera to make the moment live in history on 8 x 10 glossies at \$10 each. And there will also be the man from Grey's taxidermy, just in case you want your trophy mounted.

And if you don't, the little blue Datsun pickup from the Jap icehouse is there to haul it off for cash. Marlin goes cheap: 25 cents a pound, because only the Japs will eat it and the main market is in Tokyo, more than 3000 miles away.

The boys who run the scales almost always know what is coming in, but they don't know when . . . which makes them act nervous, as four o'clock rolls around. Any skipper who has already reported a big fish on board will be in by dark, which doesn't leave much time.

Every successful charter boat captain understands the difference between the Fishing Business and Show Business. Fishing is what happens out there on the deep blue water, and the other is getting strangers to pay for it. So when you come swooping into Kailua Bay at sunset with a big fish to hang up on the scales, you want to do it slowly. Ease into the bay in a long graceful arc, against a background of sailboats and volcanos, then back your boat down on the pier with every ounce of style and slow-rumbling boat-handling drama that you and your crew can muster.

Most of the "anglers" who have paid for the privilege of fishing for the big ones with the big boys in the world-record waters off Kona don't give a hoot in hell what happens to whatever fish they've caught, once they've had their pictures taken standing next to the beast as it hangs by its tail from the steel gallows on the end of the pier. The Bringing In Of The Fish is the only action in town at that hour of the day — or any other hour, for that matter; because big-time fishing is what the Kona Coast is all about (never mind these rumors about marijuana crops and bizarre real estate scams).

Kicking ass in Kona means rumbling into the harbor and up to the scales at sunset with a *Big Fish*, not three or four small ones, and the crowd on the pier understands this. They will laugh out loud at anything that can be lifted out of a boat by anything less than a crane.

There is a definite bloodlust in the air around the scales at sundown. By five the crowd is drunk and ugly. People on their first vacation out of Pittsburgh are standing around on the pier and talking like jaded experts about fish the size of the compact cars they just rented out at the airport.

"How big is that thing, Henry?"

"It's real big, dear. The sign on the scale says 122, but that's probably just the head. The body looks about the size of a cow; I'd guess about a thousand."

All fish look huge when they jump 20 feet straight up in the air on the end of your line and 200 yards aft of the boat. And 100 pounds feels like a million, after you've fought it for two or three hours; and, for \$500 a day, most clients have already fallen in love with the thing anyway, by the time they reel it in. They want that 8 x 10 color photograph that comes with bringing it into the pier and having it hoisted up on the gallows in full view of the whole crowd, for good or ill. The only thing worse than coming in with a "rat" is coming in with nothing at all.

WE KILLED LIKE CHAMPIONS

June 21,
Kona

Dear Ralph,

Yes . . . the fish was looking me straight in the eye when I reached far out over the side and bashed his brains loose with the Samoan war club. He died right at the

One minute he was bright green and thrashing around with that goddamn spear on his nose trying to kill everything within reach

peak of his last leap: one minute he was bright green and thrashing around in the air with that goddamn spear on his nose trying to kill everything within reach . . .

And then I smacked him, Ralph. I had no choice. He went limp with the first hit, about two inches behind the same eye he was using to look at me . . . and in fact my first instinct was to go for the eye itself, but I altered my swing at the last split second, because I knew that kind of hideous mutilation would raise unpleasant questions at the pier.

Anyway, that should answer your question. After 47 days and 47 nights of dumb shame and futility, that bastard might as well have been blind in both eyes from birth, for all the mercy he was going to milk out of me with one final piteous stare. At that point, I'd have bashed the brains out of a killer whale, if we'd got it up next to the boat . . . A terrible blood-lust came on me when I saw him leaping right beside the boat, so close that he almost leaped right into it, and when the captain up on the bridge started screaming "Get the bat! He's gone wild!" I sprang out of the goddamn fighting chair and, instead of grab-

bing that silly little aluminium baseball bat they normally use to finish off these beasts with 10 or 15 whacks . . .

That's when I reached into my kitbag and brought out the war club and kicked Steve out of the way and then, with a terrible shriek, I hit the beast with a running shot that dropped it back into the water like a stone and caused about 60 seconds of absolute silence in the cockpit.

They weren't ready for it. The last time anybody killed a big marlin in Hawaii with a short-handed Samoan war club was about 300 years ago . . . and let me tell you King Kam was lucky that fisherman used a paddle on his head, instead of that thing I swung on the fish; we might never have had any talk about "Laws of the splintered etc . . ."

Anyway, here's a selection of photos. I wish I could send you more, but it all happened so fast that I had a hell of a time getting any pictures at all . . . I not only had to use the business end of a rod and reel for the first time in my life to drag a 300-pound monster out of the sea in less than 20 minutes and then kill it in the midst of a frenzy right in front of my face, but I also had to rush back into the cabin and get the camera and shoot a whole roll/pack in less than 30 seconds.

Very fast and savage work, Ralph. You'd have been proud of me.

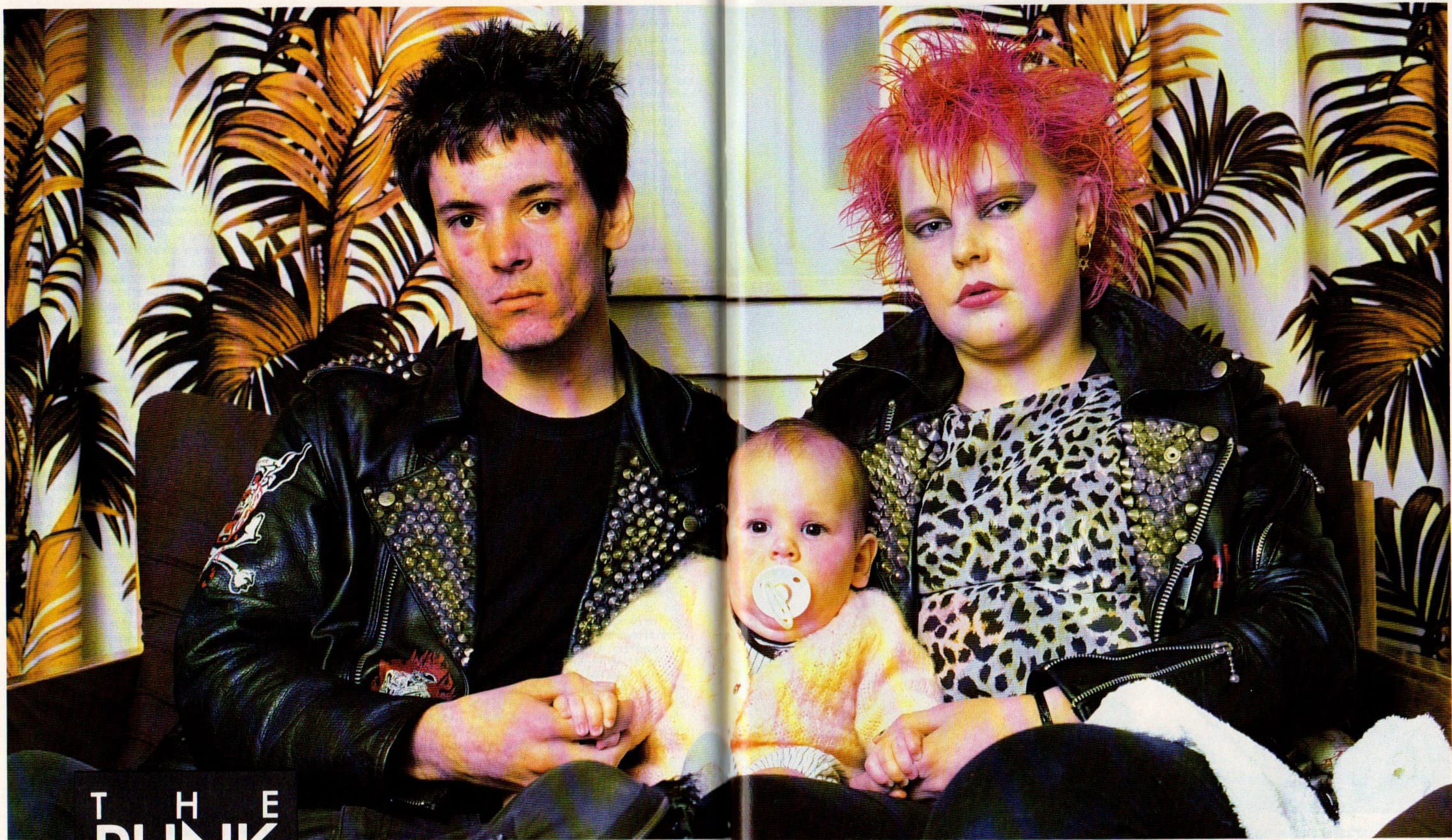
Indeed . . . but the real story of that high-strung blood-spattered day was not so much in the catching of the fish (any fool can do that), but in our arrival at the pier, which freaked everybody, even Laila.

We came in wild and bellowing, Ralph. They said they could hear me screaming about a half mile out . . . I was shaking the war club at the drunken bastard Norwood on the pier and cursing every booze-crazy incompetent son of a pig-fucking missionary bastard that ever set foot in Hawaii . . . People cringed and shrunk back in silence, as this terrible drunken screaming came closer and closer to the pier . . .

They thought I was screaming at them. Nobody on the pier had any idea that I was talking (at the top of my lungs) to Norwood — and the rumbling of our diesel engines was so loud that it seemed to me that I could barely make myself heard.

Which was not the case. They could hear me at the bar in the Kona Inn, 500 yards across the bay . . . and to the big afternoon crowd on the pier, Laila said, it sounded like the second coming of Lono. I raved for 15 minutes, the whole time it took us to tie up . . .

The crowd was horrified, and even Laila tried to act like she didn't know us when I hurled a 15-pound ahi at her from about 10 yards out. It hit on the concrete pier with a nasty wet smack, but nobody picked it up, or even spoke . . . they hated everything we stood for, and when I jumped up on the pier and began whipping on the fish with the war club, nobody even smiled. O—



THE PUNK PORTFOLIO

Sydney punks are alive and kicking. Whichever way you want to look at them — as pseuds, juves, rich kid refugees, industrial hippies, genuine anarchic rebels or merely parrots in the urban jungle — Sydney punks are revolting.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM SHELDON

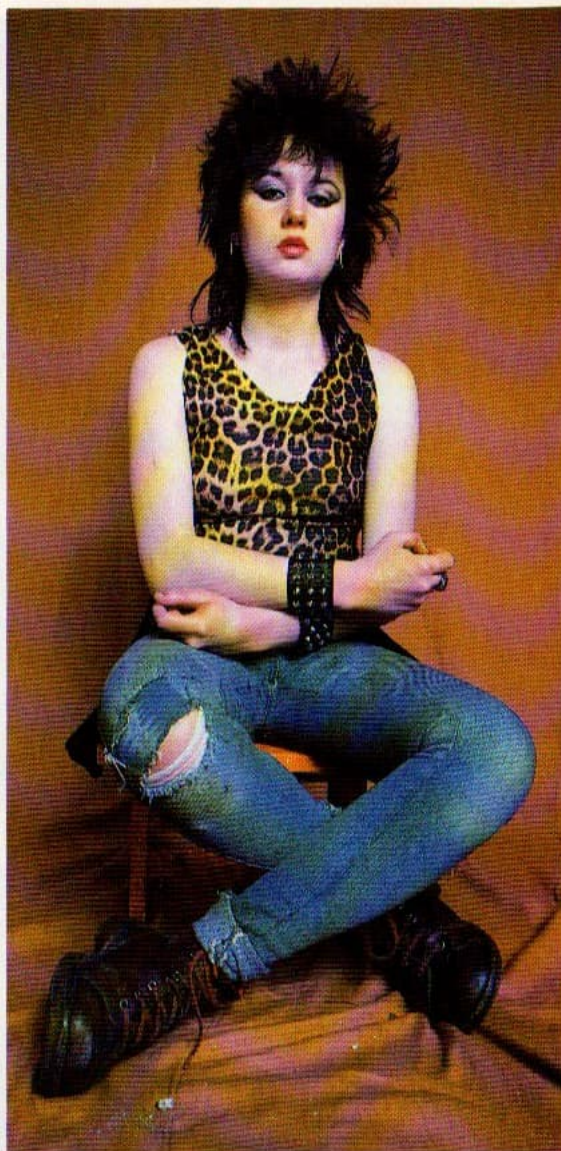
The punk movement in Australia is now almost a decade old . . . although its numbers are limited, and despite police and parental culling, the species doesn't look like dying. The punk lifestyle's lack of domesticity has inhibited breeding. However, some have managed to establish a traditional family unit. John, a storeman, and his wife Janette are 100 percent punk, despite the responsibilities thrust upon them with the birth of their baby Jay. Will Jay grow up to be a second generation punk?

A combination of bad press, rude dress and a variety of squalid social habits has meant that the punks often find it hard to find a friendly venue for their main form of expression — loud music. Here, a band called Progression Cult belts out a song at one of Sydney's punk havens, the Lismore Hotel.



You have to eat if you want to vomit. Some domestic tasks are inescapable, even for punks. Jane and Action stop for a moment on their way home from doing the weekly shopping. Many punks lead a feast or famine existence which revolves around the fortnightly arrival of the dole cheque. Andy and Action shoot pool at the Britannia Hotel in Newtown.

Sydney punk fashions are highly derivative. Dress and hairstyle establish identity, but most of the local trends are picked up from the English model. Rachel, who has been a punk for seven years, displays some typical regalia. Paraphernalia is an important part of punk dress — whether it be razor blades and safety pins, which are now a little passe, or badges proclaiming current slogans or the name of a favorite band. Morgan, who says the time she spent in the Israeli Army helped to shape her punk beliefs, struts her stuff. Is brain damage a prerequisite for punk membership? This vacant lot, Scott, Jeremy, Sue and Evo, share a house in Darlinghurst. Could their communal lifestyle also have led to the sharing of something contagious?



The punks' torn clothes are often complemented by similarly ripped minds. OP rum is a favorite beverage, but some are not so choosy about the methods they use to bend their heads. Liz, an Irish punk, shows off another favorite drink, alcoholic cider.

Old habits die hard. Even a punk will agree that you can't beat the smell of burning meat on a barbecue. The outdoor decor shows their incorrigible desire to shock.



A punk family and friends relax in front of the Paddington market, a popular hang-out for Sydney punks. The TV room is where much of the day is spent. Punks often watch Fifties and Sixties family programs like *The Brady Bunch* and *Father Knows Best*, with reactions ranging from mockery to a twinge of regret for a lifestyle they've left behind.





Modern surgical
techniques mean that a
limp dick is not necessarily
a dead end

GETTING IT UP

BY PETER ANDERSON

It's a terrible experience to be told that you suffer from an incurable disease, but as far as I'm concerned, being informed that you will never again experience the exhilarating feeling of a hard, erect penis is an even greater trauma.

The man who receives this news from his doctor may be able to accept the fact of his impotence on an intellectual level, but if my case is typical, it is impossible for him to acquiesce emotionally. It was my refusal to ac-

cept that verdict which made me decide to take advantage of modern surgical developments that offer an alternative to what has been considered, until recently, an irremediable loss of virility.

During my adolescence there were many occasions when I was embarrassed by a stubborn bulge in my trousers which refused to subside. And there were many times in my youth when I was able to achieve a full erection and to complete intercourse in a

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

GETTING IT UP

fashion which was considered satisfactory by both parties. But those infrequent erections were soon to become memories.

Impotence is considered to be caused by either physical or psychological problems. Visits to a variety of doctors soon established the fact that mine was not a physical malfunction. But at the same time, I don't consider that I suffer from some sort of deep-seated psychological problem which could result in an inability to gain or maintain an erection.

Countless consultations with shrinks have never been able to uncover any childhood trauma which could have created my condition. I had a conventional upbringing as an only child born and bred in an inner Sydney suburb. Upon leaving school I joined the army, and during this period my parents' marriage broke up. My father's desertion didn't cause my mother any major financial hardship, as she had a small business which gave her economic security. When I left the army I worked for a short time in the retail trade, then got a job as a casual waiter. I worked in the restaurant business for many years before purchasing my own business, an inner-city newsagency which I have been running successfully for the best part of a decade. I am 54 years of age. I'm not an extrovert, but you couldn't call me shy either. I have never had any trouble mixing with people or making friends.

I enjoyed the activities of a typical Australian youth. I had no more than the usual difficulties establishing relationships with girls, but as I got into my late 20s, I began to find that when the need to get an erection was greatest, I couldn't make the grade. The situation got progressively worse, and by the time I was in my 30s, although I could orgasm, I was often unable to achieve any sort of erection.

Visits to numerous doctors established the fact that my impotence was caused by some vague psychological complex, and for a long time I accepted the situation. But then I had the opportunity to propose marriage, and when I did so I felt duty-bound to confide my problems to my future wife. She was highly sexed and newly initiated to the joys of sex, short of actual intercourse. She accepted the situation as a challenge, endeavoring to prove that nothing was impossible.

On the first night of our honeymoon she sent me to bed, then showered, powdered and perfumed herself before prancing into the room stark naked and obviously excited. Her disposition favors head-on confrontation with any problem, but in this case, as thrilled and excited as I was, the unexpected shock and the imperative need to produce an erection resulted in nothing but anticlimax and embarrassment for us both.

Many women would have given up after a failure like that, but I was lucky enough to have met a woman with compassion and

perseverance, who never complained or decided me about being impotent.

It was also fortunate that we were able to stimulate each other to climax manually and thus enjoy the pleasures which our orgasms provided. After marriage I found that my wife needed regular and frequent climaxes, perhaps more than she needed food or sleep. This woman was the realisation of every sexual fantasy that I had ever dreamed up. She was demure and polite in company, but lustful and completely uninhibited in bed. I began to realise that if her lovely body could not inspire me to produce an erection, then no other woman on earth ever would.

It seemed to me that our sex was make-shift and second rate, and I often complained to her about it. She comforted me and told me that I shouldn't worry about her as she was having all the enjoyment she desired. After only a brief period of foreplay she would orgasm easily.

By the time
I was in my 30s,
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"What's the difference?" she would say. During our first holiday together, I was able to demonstrate just what the difference was.

We'd been married for months but had been unable to have intercourse. Our vacation location, a coastal resort town, provided a particularly relaxed environment. On our first day we had lunch in a picturesque and romantic restaurant, and then retired to our hotel room for an afternoon nap. On waking we indulged in an affectionate embrace. Sex was not in our minds, but as we were kissing I produced an erection which made my spouse gasp with surprise, and pleasure.

She had never seen my penis erect before, and I actually became a little concerned at her extremely emotional reaction. By this stage she was well lubricated, but even so I had to be gentle as I penetrated her: she is quite a small woman. She completely lost control as I entered her, and I virtually had to pin her down to keep her on the bed. She had three climaxes to my one, in rapid succession, and I felt that every person in the hotel must have heard them. My ego ran-

neth over, and my wife still refers to the memorable day upon which our marriage was consummated.

In my experience there can be no doubt that stress is a major contributing factor to psychological impotence, for as the strains and pressures of my business increased, my already diminished potency continued to decline. Despite my wife's assurances that it didn't matter that I couldn't penetrate her, it was clear to me that she was trying to be kind, and to cover her needs. Sometimes when she became highly aroused it was obvious that she needed me inside her.

In my search for an answer to my problem I consulted a variety of doctors. My experiences with the medical profession proved to be frustrating and embarrassing. I was offered a variety of treatments, often suffering belittlement in the process.

The first doctor I approached was an elderly and very civilised gentleman who suggested that I should drink a glass of sherry before retiring every evening. This was a pleasant enough medication, but of course, it was completely ineffectual.

Then I made an appointment with a very serious and thorough psychiatrist who psychoanalysed me in an attempt to discover the deep-seated, subconscious reasons for my lack of potency. During our many sessions he injected me with pen-tathal, and then with methadone, which produced extremely pleasant highs. His treatment concluded when he accompanied me to a consultation with one of Macquarie Street's top psychiatrists. He told me with brutal frankness that I should accept that I would be impotent for the rest of my life. I thought "bullshit", and looked for another doctor.

Over the next few years I visited literally dozens of specialists, so my memory of all those experiences has become a little blurred. Most had unique ideas on what sort of treatment I should be given, but they all had one thing in common: a complete lack of success. Some tried to soothe me with platitudes like: "My boy, there are many people with worse problems than you", or "You know you won't die if you don't have sex." None of them seemed to be able to comprehend the magnitude and obsessive nature of my problem.

So the treatments went on. One doctor anaesthetised me with ether while he talked to me. My answers to his questions while in the trance-like state induced by the drug convinced him that I didn't have a fear of female genitalia, a neurosis which has been blamed for some men's inability to perform. Another doctor prescribed hormone treatment; it gave me a feeling of well-being, but didn't provide me with an erection.

One elderly doctor felt that my problem could be solved by taking benzedrine tablets just before bedtime. The only time I tried it resulted in one of the most

frustrating, sleepless nights I have ever experienced. Later I was referred to a very kind and gentle Indian doctor who tried to teach me relaxation techniques, followed by attempts to influence voluntary blood flow control. I believe that this was the most sane and sensible treatment I was offered up until that point. But it still didn't work. Maybe my stress threshold was too high.

Then I went to a psychiatrist who tried hypnosis in a dark room while I gazed at a spotlight, rotating spiral. It didn't work, so he suggested a day in a private hospital under the influence of LSD, in the hope that the drug might give me an insight into myself and my problem. After the drug was injected I was left alone in a hospital bed with a pad and pencil, with which I had been told to record the main thoughts which went through my mind. It was a strange experience which brought a feeling of eerie detachment. My writing seemed okay at the time, but later examination revealed it to be an indecipherable scrawl. So much for that experiment.

Despite the absurdity and futility, not to mention the expense, of these episodes, I still clung to the hope that maybe the next doctor would come up with the answers. After hearing about a clinic which specialised in sexual problems I duly presented myself at the centre for treatment. At this clinic I was given every conceivable test in order to rule out the

possibility that my impotence was the result of a disease or other physical cause. I found one doctor to be particularly sympathetic and helpful to me, and Richard and I were soon on first name terms.

He listened more than he talked, speaking only when it was necessary to goad me into further confidences. After a series of interviews he suggested that I try two different types of tablets which, although formulated for other purposes, had proven helpful for some men with potency problems. They didn't do anything for me.

Sensing that I was reaching the end of my tether, Richard suggested that I spend 10 days as an inpatient at the clinic to undergo intensive relaxation treatment. He considered that I was not relaxing sufficiently to be completely receptive to his suggestions. In a quiet, darkened room he administered an injection which relaxed me to a point just short of unconsciousness. If I'd been any more relaxed, I'd have been dead. Richard then went through his usual relaxation techniques, concluding with a description of a torrid sexual scene in which he detailed a lengthy and extremely erotic encounter between myself and my wife.

He taped the entire session and later told me to relax and listen to his description of the scene as often as possible. Those 10 days as an inpatient were tiring and intense, and I had great expectations when I left the clinic. My wife had been a tower of strength during my ordeal. How-

ever, we were both to be extremely disappointed when we found that the treatment had been completely ineffective. It was now impossible for me to attain an erection.

When Richard had concluded that any further treatment would be futile, he asked me if I had ever considered the implantation of a penile prosthesis. The concept seemed monstrous and I told him: "No way." At this stage I gave up my search for a cure. Erections were a thing of the past for me, but I still felt a need to assuage my wife's passions.

Over the next few years my love, admiration and desire for this woman deepened and my dissatisfaction at being unable to express that love festered inside me. I finally decided that there was no longer any point in hoping for a miracle. I had to do something positive. In my desperate state I got in touch with Richard. He gave me the address of a doctor who specialised in the penile implant operation.

After surveying the range of prostheses available in Australia (see box), I chose the silicon/silver wire implant, rather than the more complex fluid reservoir/pump combinations, although it virtually meant that I would end up with a permanent erection.

Fashion trends which have popularised brief swim shorts and tight trousers have given the penis a high profile, so I was a bit worried about how I was going to cope with a constant hard-on. It was soon ex-



GETTING IT UP

plained to me that while the silicon/silver implant enlarges and stiffens the penis, at the same time the embedded core of crimped, twisted silver wire enables the member to be bent at any angle, into a less conspicuous and vulnerable position. The "pump-up" prosthesis would appear to eliminate this problem, but it also has its drawbacks. Upon investigation I found that the painful recuperation period was much longer with this system, and that its failure rate, as a result of its complexity, was relatively high. So I made the right decision, I feel, in opting for the simpler version. My choice was later vindicated, I think, when I read a report which stated that the pump-up version did not always return to the flaccid position, sometimes remaining erect even after the pressure had been released.

The operation only takes half an hour. I woke slowly, in my hospital bed, gradually surfacing through the haze of anaesthetic, and immediately wondering what was going on between my legs. I couldn't feel a thing; maybe they'd cut my cock off. I lifted the sheets and took a quick peek. A thick bundle of cotton wool told me I was not a gelding. The next morning I was in extreme pain, and I guess that's not surprising considering that the genital area must be the most sensitive part of the body. The

The implantee soon learns not to front straight up to a bar or counter, but to sidle up with the left or right thigh forward

doctor came in and ordered the nurse to remove my dressing, really making me aware that the anaesthetic had worn off. The nurse was nervous, clumsy and rough. By the time she'd finished my cock felt like a shredded, tattered mess. But what a sight it was!

It stood erect, in all its glory — a magnificent bionic dick. It carried a few bruises as souvenirs of its ordeal, but to me it looked like the finest and noblest extremity in the world. The sister brought me back down to Earth when she returned, saying: "Don't worry — it's very swollen, but it will reduce in size after a while." That

was the last thing I wanted. The doctor brought some of his fellow medicos and a couple of nurses in for a look, while I lay there glowing with self-satisfaction. He then announced that I could go home whenever I wanted to, and moved on to his next patient.

I found my wife waiting for me in the car, after I had tottered self-consciously out of the hospital with the feeling that all eyes were on my bulging trousers. I had been ordered not to engage in any sort of sexual activity for at least a month. I marked off each day of celibacy in my diary, eagerly anticipating the evening when I would be able to test my new friend.

I soon found that I had to make a few minor adjustments to my dress and behavior in order to keep comfortable. The implantee soon learns not to front straight up to a bar or counter, but to sidle up with the left or right thigh forward, depending upon which side he dresses. Failure to do so can result in an uncomfortable jolt to the joint.

It was this sort of thing that I was completely unprepared for when I had the operation. In the pre-operative period I had searched diligently for some record of implantees' opinions on the success of their operations, and it was the complete lack of information on the subject which prompted me to write this story.

There is a veil of secrecy on the subject of penile prostheses. Doctors are sworn

not to divulge their patients' histories; the companies which sell the implants never know the patients' names; so it's easy to see why there is a shortage of case histories available to the public. Before I had the operation, I desperately wanted to know: "What does it feel like?" Now I can answer that question.

1. There is no sensation of a hard or foreign body inside the penis.

2. The artificial erection is not easily distinguished from a genuine one, but it does lack some of the warmth and pulse strength of a natural hard-on.

3. After some preliminary numbness as a result of severed nerves at the point of incision, the sensitivity of the penis returns to its normal state.

4. The fine scar across the shaft is not conspicuous after it has healed.

5. After only a little practise it is easy to manipulate the penis to the elevated position or the put-away position. In fact, the silver wire allows you to bend the penis into some rather interesting shapes.

6. When the swelling has subsided it may be found that the bionic erection is not quite as long as the natural erection. But I'm not complaining, and neither is my wife.

Four days before the deadline imposed by the doctor, I felt that I would be able to hold out for the full period without intercourse. But that night I came out of the bathroom and found my wife masturbating urgently. I was immediately aroused and

decided to unsheath my muscle of love. My wife tensed when I tried to penetrate her. She was unused to the exercise and both of us had to be gentle. But we had a lot of fun.

What more can I say? What was once a good marriage is now a superb one, and I consider that much of the improvement in our relationship is a consequence of my penile prosthesis operation. To be truthful, I must say that my new erection is not as impressive as the real McCoy, but an 80 percent erection is better than nothing at all.

I wish I had undergone the operation years ago. It would have saved me a lot of trouble and expense, and provided me with a lot more joy and satisfaction. O+

IMPOTENCE: SOME HARD FACTS

Although there are no statistics available on the incidence of impotence in Australian men, it's considered likely that local figures would be comparable with statistics in the US. This means that approximately five percent of Australian males between the ages of 30 and 40 are impotent, a percentage which rises dramatically to 40 percent in men who are aged 60 or over.

Impotence can be defined as the inability to achieve or maintain an erection sufficient for satisfactory sexual intercourse. Lack of sexual drive, disorders of ejaculation and disorders of orgasm are separate problems which may or may not be accompanied by impotence. It can be a result of psychological or physical factors, or a combination of both.

Psychological factors often include anxiety, depression, tension, marital problems and fear of failure to perform, as well as specific psychiatric disorders.

The more common physical causes are diabetes, arteriosclerosis and other blood vessel diseases, surgery involving the pelvic area, hormonal abnormalities, alcoholism and drug abuse, and some chronic diseases such as kidney or liver failure.

The development of a variety of penile prostheses can offer a solution to the problem of psychologically induced impotence. Although widely accepted in many other countries — in Europe and the United States particularly — the penile implant operation is still relatively new to Australia, and is often regarded with suspicion.

A rigorous screening process is usually enforced upon men considering the penile implant operation. This includes a diagnosis of the patient's medical history and a detailed interview covering his impotence, his sexual experience and medical background. The specialist will

often try to include the patient's partner in this assessment of his problem. A physical examination is then undertaken to determine whether there are physical causes. This will include an evaluation of blood hormone levels as well as medical evaluations such as X-rays, an electrocardiogram, a urine examination and blood tests. Nocturnal penile tumescence is also tested. This involves the use of a small bedside monitor which assesses the quality and frequency of erections during sleep, and helps to distinguish between psychological and organic impotence.

After this thorough evaluation, the patient may be given the option of a penile implant operation. Basically, this involves the surgical insertion of two cylinders into the penis, which results in varying degrees of stiffness. Four types of penile prostheses are currently available.

The most sophisticated is the inflatable implant. It mimics the natural process of erection through the use of two expandable cylinders, a pump and a reservoir which holds an isotonic saline solution. Squeezing the pump, which is located in the scrotum, transfers the fluid into the cylinders, thus artificially stimulating an erection. The inflatable system's natural appearance seems to give it an advantage over other types; however, its drawbacks include mechanical failure, greater expense and a more prolonged and painful surgical procedure.

The semi-rigid prosthesis, commonly known as the Small Carrion, is the original device designed in 1972. It consists of two identical silicone rods which are implanted into either side of the penis. It is relatively easy to insert, and presents minimal complications. However, this design is particularly difficult to conceal.

The hinged or Finney model is similar in design to the semi-rigid device, but it includes a hinged section which allows the

penis to hang naturally. Its major disadvantage is that it is not always rigid enough for good vaginal penetration.

The Jonas-Silver malleable type is also made of silicon but includes a silver wire imbedded in its middle, which makes the prosthesis malleable. It requires modest surgery, has minimal complications and its malleability makes it more versatile than the other models. This is the device which was chosen by the author of the accompanying story.

Bill Lemon, director of Trimed, the company which imports the Jonas-Silver prosthesis, says his company is currently charging about \$900 for a pair of implants. It is difficult to assess the cost of the operation, but the average patient could expect to pay \$1000 on top of the cost of the device.

Lemon says his company sold only 20 Jonas-Silvers during 1980/81, the first year they imported them. However, sales have multiplied every year since then and the company is now averaging sales of six to eight devices a month across the country. He puts the increase down to the reduction in the stigma surrounding penile prostheses and improved acceptance and understanding of impotence.

Lemon claims a failure rate of less than three percent. Failures include infection after the operation, partner dissatisfaction with the device, and in one case an implant which started to protrude from the penis. It was obviously too long.

Research into the technology surrounding penile implants continues to provide improvements in function and a reduced failure rate. The inflatable implant in particular appears to be becoming more sophisticated. For a researcher with a fertile mind, the possibilities for penile prostheses are limitless. In the future, the penis may be able to do more than just stand up for itself.



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Australia's
holiday resorts
are laying 'em in the isles

PLEASURE ISLANDS

BY FRED BAKER

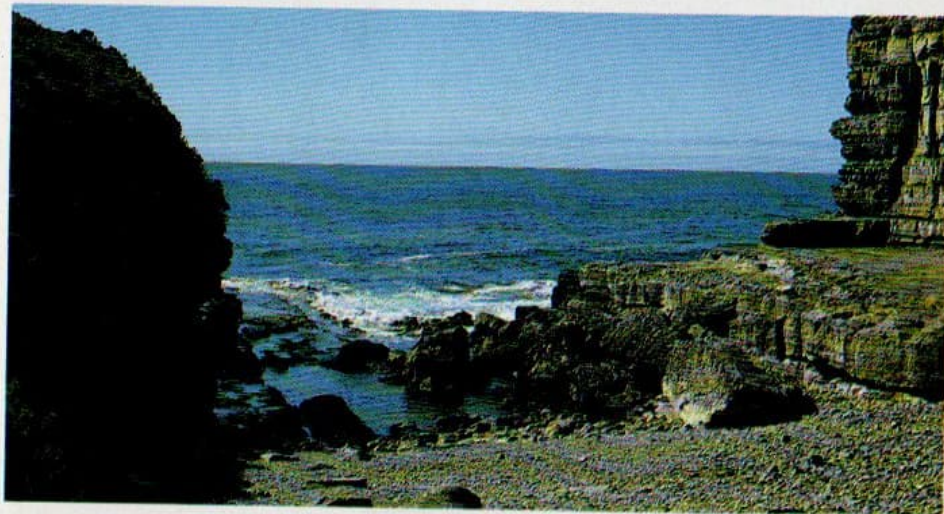
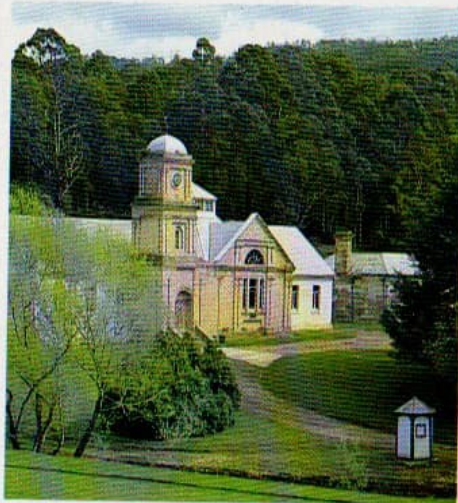
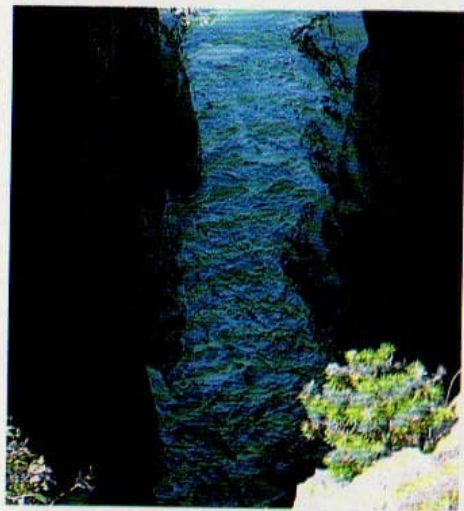
Islands do things to people... they fire the sense of romance in all of us. Australia, itself the world's biggest island, is lucky enough to be blessed with a vast number of islands of its own. It's hard to discover exactly how many there are. Estimates vary from 1800 to upwards of 4000, depending on what you actually classify as an island. There are lush, equatorial Edens; there are chains of rocky specks

that feature only on navigation charts; some are barren and windswept deserts while there are also reef-fringed tropical atolls. Most of Australia's islands are very sparsely settled, and some are totally uninhabited. The fact is that for most Australians our offshore islands, like so much else in this vast country, are part of the Great Unknown.

It's unfortunate, because our islands

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS DICKSON





PLEASURE ISLANDS

are one of the finest recreational resources a nation could hope for, and we don't use them anywhere near as much as we should.

This article doesn't pretend to be a comprehensive review of the vacation possibilities of every island off Australia's coast: there are far too many to try anything like that. But it does show what at least some of our islands are all about, and that there's enough variety around our coastline to keep every kind of holiday-maker happy.

It's notable that most people's idea of paradise is built around an island, and that's a fact well-known in the tourist industry. Island holidays have just about the highest repeat rate in the business — people just keep on coming back. Norfolk Island, for instance, reports a repeat rate of better than 70 percent.

During the past 20 years island holidays have become one of the most popular ways for Australians to spend their travel dollars. We've been lured overseas to places like Fiji and Bali, by cheap fares brought about by too many big jets chasing too few passengers, and by the high quality of the hotel, tour and leisure facilities we knew we couldn't find at home. Our islands were always there, but the facilities were often less than basic

and access has always been difficult and expensive.

That's all changing. Hundreds of millions of dollars are being spent, mostly on the Great Barrier Reef, to build new world-class resorts or to upgrade existing ones. This was started by the airlines Ansett and TAA, who saw the reef islands as an ideal way to get bums on seats; and they've been so good at it that developers have finally seen the light and followed them north. Until now, we haven't had many island resorts that could compare with the quality and value of, say, Fiji or the Seychelles. But lately, foreign travel writers I meet on my own travels have been amazed at the high quality, sophistication and sheer value-for-money on offer in our own backyard.

There's a myth in the mind of the average traveller that it's expensive to take a holiday in Australia. On the face of it, a holiday in Bali looks a bargain compared with a stay of similar length on, say, Hayman Island. What many don't notice is that the Bali package usually includes flights, transfers and room only. The Australian airline alternative includes just about everything — all meals, accommodation (usually far superior in quality), and access to a huge range of activities.

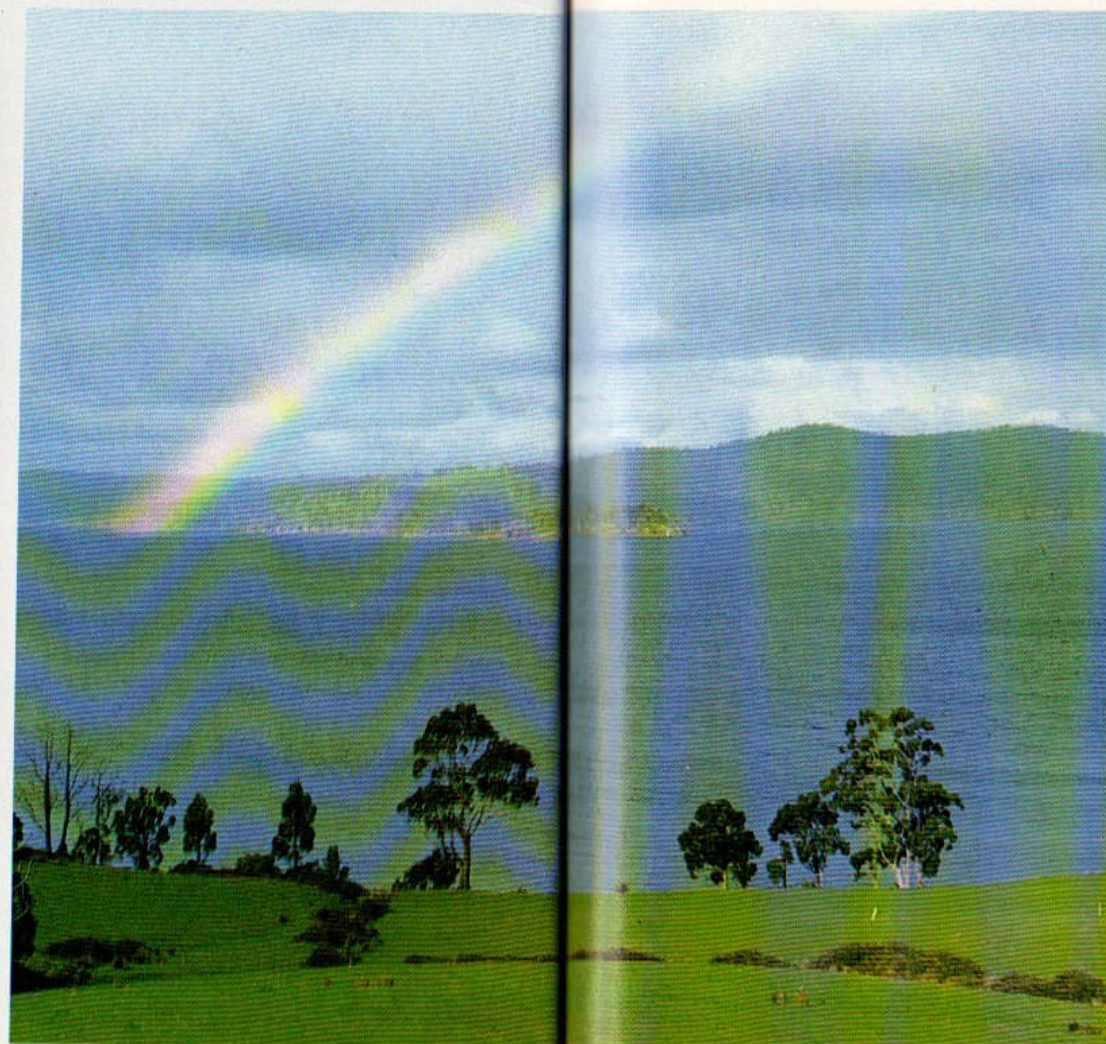
I didn't intend to give the big domestic airlines, who package most of Australia's more developed islands, an unmerited plug. Despite their arguments to the con-

trary, they're still too expensive and too conservative in their approach to getting your bum on to their seat. As I write, they're under challenge from a variety of attackers. Governments agree the tourist industry needs cheaper fares; scarcely a week goes by without some newspaper running editorials about the need for cheaper air fares.

The most serious challenge came from East-West under aviation wizard Bryan Grey; he was forced — very reluctantly — to sell out because he couldn't muster the huge financial backing he needed to carry on the fight. His successors, Skywest, look like being even more aggressive, and if they mean what they say, the huge cracks already showing in the facade of the two-airline agreement are certain to become wider. The pressures on the airlines will increase as more and more megadollars pour into island development; and they'll become more intense as the Australian Tourist Commission, set up primarily to sell Australia overseas, switches some of its effort to telling us folks here at home just what we've got in our own backyard.

It looks certain, in the medium term at least, that Australian island resort holidays will become relatively cheaper as the airlines are forced to change their policies through public demand and economic pressure.

"Getting away from it all" might be a tired old phrase, but I refuse to apologise



Opening pages: The placid appeal of Far North Queensland's Lizard Island. Page 90, clockwise from top left: Tasmania offers the visitor a fresh, unhurried holiday. Attractions of the Apple Isle include Tasman's Arch, Port Arthur, the Derwent River and Devil's Kitchen. Right: Relaxation on Hamilton Island.

for it — mainly because it happens to be true in the case of islands. Once you leave the mainland, you're leaving everything behind. What you'll find at the other end of that transfer journey will most likely be more than you've counted on. As well as the things that can be priced — room, food, entertainment and leisure facilities — there's a whole lot of intangibles that the brochures only hint at, things we never knew we were missing until we find them — solitude, silence and the luxury of being able to please yourself.

Somewhere, just off the coast of Australia, there's an island waiting for you which will give you what you never knew you wanted.

TASSIE — IT'S APPLES

High on my list of favorite islands is Australia's biggest — Tasmania. Tassie is a place where you can get away from it all without getting too far away. Despite all those smart mainland cracks about the offshore genetics laboratory and the

airline seats all having twin headrests, Tasmanians are just like other Australians — and they've got their own collection of mainlander jokes, so don't laugh too loud.

The main difference is that Tasmanians move just a bit slower. They've made a lifestyle of relaxation, unlike in Queensland where it's a State-organised vice. To start with, their climate allows for it. When it's sweaty and sultry in Sydney, stinking hot and gritty in Melbourne, stifling in Brisbane and warm enough to fry eggs on the footpath in Adelaide, you'll find Hobart's usually a lot cooler and fresher... far more civilised. That's a big attraction if your ancestors evolved in colder climates.

Tasmania provides a low-key sort of holiday. Most people take a fly/drive package and simply potter around; there really isn't enough to hold you in any one place for more than a few days on your first Tasmanian holiday. It's sold quite heavily as a family holiday destination, and with good reason. It has well-developed facilities, including excellent sites for the increasingly popular camper-van traffic, and there are enough museums, theme parks and things to see to exhaust all but the most hyperactive anklebiter.

One of Tasmania's best-kept secrets is its fishing. People who have fished the great trout streams of the world say Tasmania might just beat the lot. Within 60km of Launceston, for example, there are 4000kms of streams and rivers with dozens of spots renowned for the excellence of their dry-fly fishing; and not much further away there are more than a thousand lakes in the high country where brown and rainbow trout have been breeding for more than a century. Catches are often huge with brutes weighing more than 6kgs not uncommon; and it won't bust your budget. You can put up at a fishing lodge for as little as \$10 a night.

Driving in Tasmania reminds you of the forgotten pleasure that used to be called motoring. The roads are good and blessedly free of traffic, allowing you to move fairly smartly between the main centres — or if you want, to just dawdle along the byways exploring some of the peculiar little towns off the main highways.

There are plenty of excellent bargains in fly/drive holidays; or, if you're addicted to your own car and can't bear to let it languish in the garage for a couple of weeks, you can take it with you on the *Empress Of Australia* out of Melbourne.

The casinos — Wrest Point in Hobart and the Launceston Country Club — are underpriced for what they provide. Wrest Point offers a strange mix of cabaret entertainment with topless ladies two metres tall and thunderous recorded music; great for those who think that sort of thing is a bit naughty.

The best way to find out about Tasmania and what it has to offer is to get hold of a copy of *Tasmanian Travelways*, a 28-page tabloid paper which lists fares

from the mainland, travel, accommodation and tour costs on the island, and includes a very good guide to eating and entertainment.

You'll find this, along with the excellent Tasmanian Tourist Council guide (\$2), at Tasmanian Government Tourist Bureau offices, Ansett, TAA or East-West offices, or at your travel agent.

Try taking Tasmania seriously. It's got plenty of history, stupendous scenery for the bushwalker and something in the air that slows down the speediest city slicker. And like most of Australia's islands, it's closer to home than you think.

THE REEF RESORTS

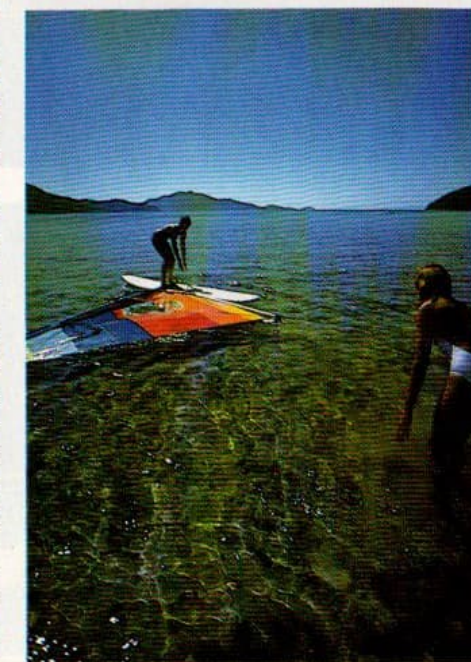
Everything the brochures say about the Great Barrier Reef is an understatement. You can't say you know Australia until you've seen the reef — from the air, through a glass-bottomed boat, and from under its glassy waters.

The reef can be home to anyone. You'll find just what you want somewhere along it, from the millionaire's seclusion at Lizard Island to the raunchiness of Great Keppel. The prices range from \$30 to \$200 a day.

And nearly everywhere those prices include just about everything — accommodation, meals and entertainment, plus the use of equipment like windsurfers, snorkels, tennis courts, sailboats and waterskis.

The reef resorts are where the Australian hedonist's dream almost becomes reality. You can be as active or as passive as you like. Many of the resorts have extraordinarily lively nightlife; Great Keppel, for instance, seems to be a continuous party.

Great Keppel appears to have come to terms with its advertised reputation for good times, though the early results of its "Get Wrecked" campaign misfired a bit. Hordes of randy young men flocked there looking for all the extravagantly sexy



PLEASURE ISLANDS

women featured in the ads and complained because they weren't laid on along with everything else.

But despite TAA's spinsterly denials, there's plenty of evidence that its permissive reputation isn't completely unwarranted. It's the closest thing to cruising, with moonlight romance one of the chief attractions. Keppel is a resort where people go in groups, determined to have a good time, and I've never met anyone who wasn't thoroughly satisfied.

The millionaires go to Lizard Island for its high standard of personal service and superb food. Lizard isn't cheap, but if you can scrape up the cash it shouldn't be missed. You won't be crowded — it takes a maximum of 45 people in 15 luxurious units.

Dinner often goes to seven courses, with fresh-caught reef fish heading the menu. Lizard is home to the rakish marlin boats which flock there every September for the gamefishing season, and you'll find big fish of all kinds up there — movie megastar Lee Marvin is a regular visitor while Prince Charles fled there to escape the rabid Australian press. The Aga Khan

arrived to find the place booked out. You wouldn't call it a pretty place by reef standards, but the metre-long monitor lizards who gave the place its name don't seem to mind.

The best way to see Lizard is to wait until the low season when tariffs drop; in fact that advice applies to just about every resort. I've never been able to understand why Australia has never got around to a more rational arrangement for taking its holidays. It's not as if the weather is good only for a month or two, and it's so inefficient. Expensive buildings and equipment are overstrained for a few weeks and lie fallow for the rest of the year.

It's wiser — and a whole lot cheaper — to go to the reef either before or after the crowds. Service is always better, equipment isn't being queued for and you can always get a seat at the bar or a quiet swim in the pool.

Most resorts specialise in tropical cocktails of awesome potency; the bar on Hayman Island has a foldout leaflet listing more than a dozen guaranteed skull-busters. Don't ever try to work your way through the list at one sitting; they taste terrific, but once in the stomach they behave something like a hand-grenade. The explosion rattles all the vertebrae as

the concussion travels up the spine to the base of the skull.

Hayman, an Ansett resort, is undergoing a multi-million dollar upgrading and extension program, supplementing its cabin-type accommodation with low-rise hotel-style rooms. It's going to be one of the bigger reef resorts, but from what I've seen it will lose nothing of its character.

It's helped by the smooth, unobtrusive management that characterises most of the newer resorts. Everything on Hayman runs so well you think it happens by itself. That's really the only essential element in running a resort — the art of having everything in the right place at the right time — and Hayman, along with most other reef resorts, has got it right.

Of course, it's one of the things that contributes to the price, but it's worth it. Although the price might seem a little steep in the brochure, remember that it is an expensive operation to keep a resort running. Everything, from fuel for the generators to the steak you have for dinner, has to be brought over from the mainland.

Even more grandiose than Hayman is Hamilton Island in the magical Whitsunday Passage. There, a runway capable of taking Ansett's Boeing 767s is being built from coral. The resort will offer different grades of accommodation, marinas for the burgeoning yacht charter business, and a range of activities unequalled elsewhere. The reef will really come of age as one of the world's premier holiday playgrounds once Hamilton is complete. You'll be able to fly direct from the rush of the south into the resort, and early figures indicate that the prices will be more than competitive.

Ansett and TAA offices, Queensland Government Tourist offices or your local travel agent will be able to load you up with brochures on reef resorts. There are so many permutations of price, season, length of stay and accommodation grades that any brief price guide would be completely misleading.

Don't forget that many resorts will take day visitors, which is ideal if you're sailing the reef; there are plenty of charter operators who rent magnificent boats with skilled skippers for a marvellous island-hopping cruise.

That way, you'll probably get the best of everything for a good deal less than you might pay for a one-island stay.

PRIVATE ISLANDS

Island resorts are all very well, but some of us want to get right away from it all.

In South Australia's Spencer Gulf there are four islands that should appeal to such people. Here you can rent an entire island — exclusively. It's the ultimate in seclusion.

But the seclusion doesn't mean you have to rough it. Each of the four islands officially available for rent — Wedge,



Spilsby, Boston and Thistle — have homesteads, gas water, electricity and two-way radio communication with the mainland.

Wedge and Spilsby come complete with boat, four-wheel-drive vehicle and plenty of other equipment.

For 10 people, Wedge costs about \$350 per head per week; two can be alone there for about \$675 each. But you won't have anything else to spend your money on.

Prices are lower outside the tourist season, and Spilsby operates on a fluctuating daily rate.

On most islands, the fish are plentiful; these waters are among the least-fished in Australia, and crayfish in some places are so abundant you can catch them by hand.

Access is by air to Wedge, Spilsby and Thistle; Boston Island, in the bay off Port Lincoln, is reached by boat. When you book, you order your provisions for your stay; they're delivered either with you or before you arrive. There are fridges and freezers in all the homesteads where you'll stay.

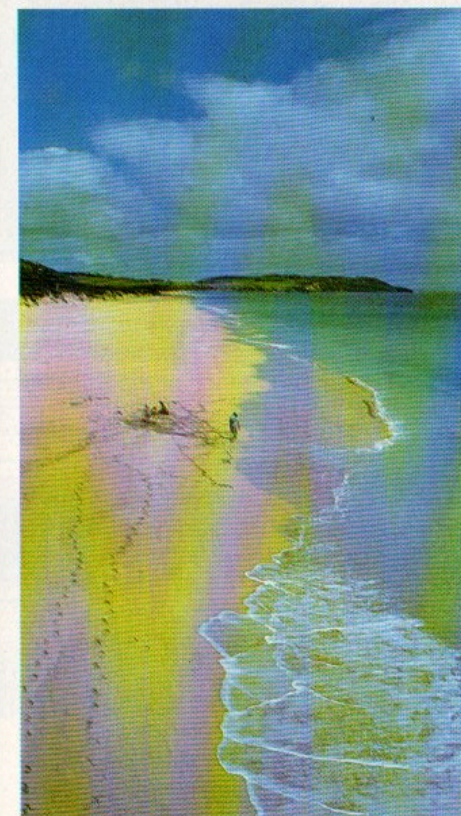
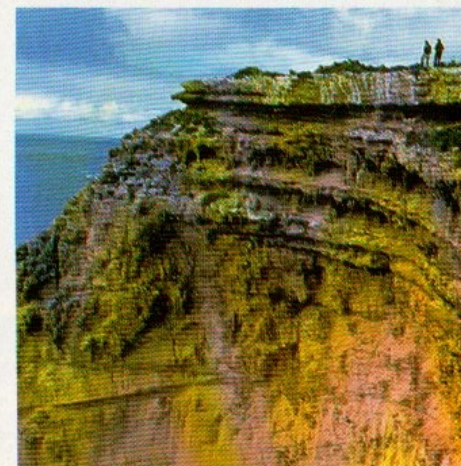
The great thing about it is that you're left completely to your own devices. There are no distractions other than the ones you make for yourself. You can enjoy the silence and isolation — amenities almost beyond price for the city dweller. It's the only way I know of being completely alone. People go there to get to know themselves or each other, away from the jangle of phones and the other interruptions of urban life.

Information on these islands can be found at South Australian government tourist offices.

NORFOLK ISLAND

Norfolk Island seems to appeal mainly to the oldies. A pity, but you can see why. It's safe, friendly and cheap, and there's plenty to do if you're not terribly energetic.

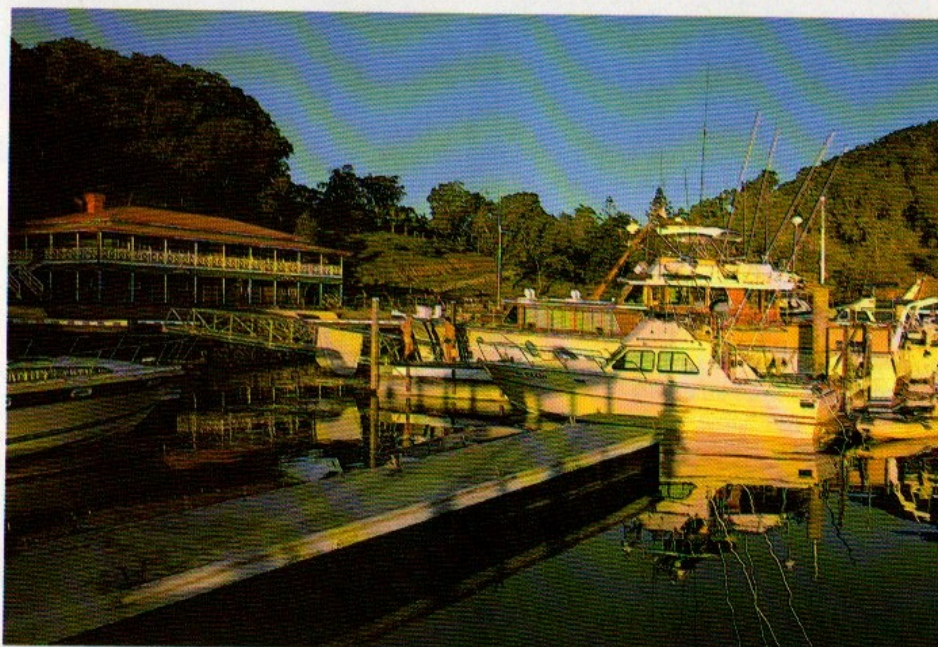
But it also has advantages no other Australian island can offer. It's almost duty-free; as a virtually self-governing territory it imposes a six percent excise on everything, and there's no sales tax.



Opposite page, top: Hamilton Island offers unequalled resort facilities. Far left: A view of Dunk Island. Near left: A section of the resort on Hayman. This page, clockwise from top left: Four islands in Spencer's Gulf may be rented to holiday-makers. Views of Thistle, Wedge and Spilsby Islands.

That's why I found it hard to sympathise with an islander who'd just had a nasty shock at the liquor store; he was furious because the price of a half-gallon of Dewar's Scotch had gone up to \$16.30.

It's a good place to spend money. Items like cameras carry probably the best prices outside Hong Kong; but the real bargains are in leather goods, especially shoes, china, and gold and silver jewelry. It used to be good for electronics too, until the Japanese really swamped the Australian market. Anyway, you can save at least the price of your holiday in the duty-free shops. Curiously, it has a little shop that sells more of those Lego kiddie-



PLEASURE ISLANDS

bricks than anywhere else in the world; it seems the stuff carries a huge duty in New Zealand and Kiwis flock over to stock up on the bloody things.

Norfolk is a speck 8km by 5km, 1600km east of Sydney. It has, however, more than 140km of metalled roads and it's one of the world's most highly motorised societies. In the absence of public transport, cars are essential, and you can hire one for about \$9 a day.

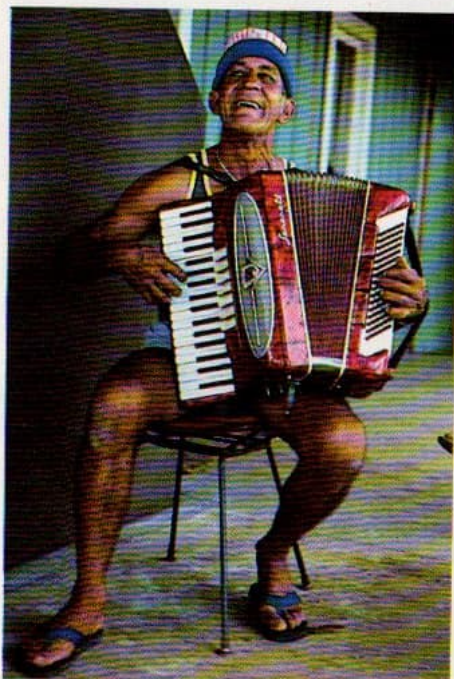
The duty-free grog helps the islanders to have a good time most of the time. They like to pretend life is pretty quiet, and if you do want a quiet time then Norfolk can supply it.

But it's really worth making the effort to get to know the islanders. The best places are probably the bars in the Castaway and South Pacific hotels; you'll find the locals are prodigious drinkers and talkers, ready to yarn long into the night and just as ready to listen.

Norfolk has a turbulent history just about as long as Australia's. It was uninhabited until 1788, when the British detached a unit of the First Fleet to colonise it in case the French or the Ruskies managed to seize it and use it as a base to menace the outposts of the Empire.

For years it was the world's most savage prison, but eventually even the flinty-hearted Brits had to admit it was a bit too much and they handed it over to the descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers, who'd been doing it pretty poorly on Pitcairn Island. The descendants of Fletcher Christian still live there.

The Pitcairners are the source of the only non-Aboriginal language that has evolved in Australia. It's a gentle, lilting mixture of colloquial Eighteenth-Century English, Scots and Irish Gaelic and Tahitian.

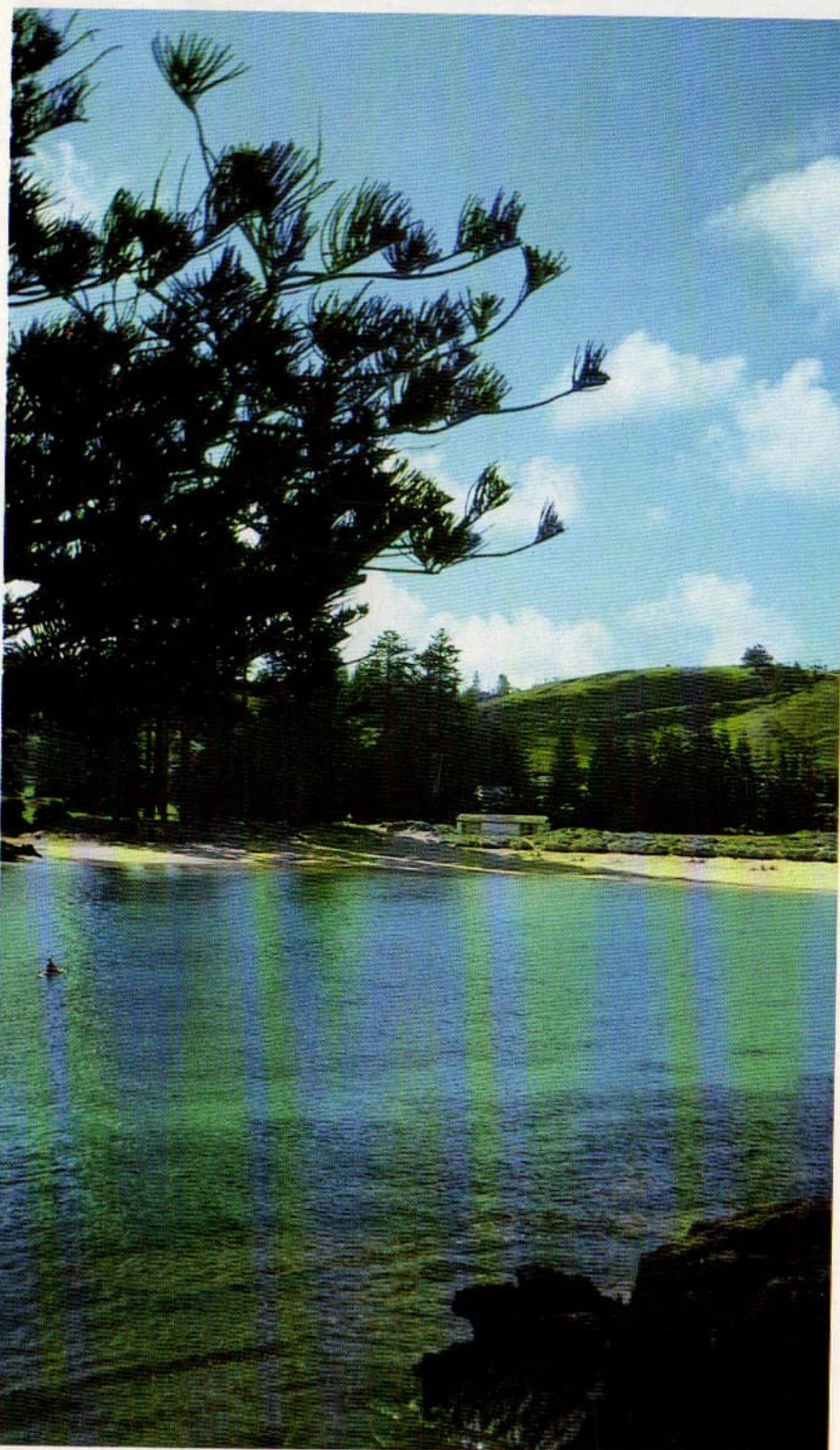


It's possible to pick up more or less what they're on about after a few minutes, and after a few drinks it can become a lot of fun carrying on a conversation.

You can stay on Norfolk for a fortnight and never eat out in the same place twice. There are a couple of dozen good places, although most seem to specialise in doing fairly unexciting roast dinners. But two places you shouldn't miss are restaurants which could teach any place I know on the mainland a thing or two. The Seaworld fish restaurant is a genuine rarity — they really know how to cook fish. And Dick Davill at the Garrison has been doing for years

what the big-city trendies are just discovering: cook it fresh, from your own garden if possible, and keep it simple. Dick smokes his own hams and serves up avocados from his own trees, as well as making his own English Cumberland sausages. He changes theme in his restaurant four times a week, and it's worth going four times.

It that sounds like a plug, so be it. Dick and his wife Paddy actually care about the food they serve, which is a lot more than you can say for the unimaginative, college-trained catering you find just about everywhere these days. His place is



for me one of the chief attractions of Norfolk Island.

Norfolk used to be a long way away — a tedious four and a half hours from Sydney in a lumbering Fokker Friendship, which had to carry so much fuel as a diversion reserve for Auckland or Noumea that it could carry only 35 passengers. Getting left behind — they used to call for volunteers first and then maroon the fatalities — was always a hazard.

That's all changed. East-West from Sydney and Air New South Wales from Brisbane offer jet flights using the Fokker F28, a comfortable aircraft that won't make your ears pop.

A Sydney company, Creative Tourism Publications, has produced an excellent booklet on the island which will tell you just about everything you need to know. You can get it at the offices of either airline or from your travel agent.

ROTTNEST ISLAND

If you thought Perth was informal, wait till you get to Rotto. It's a long, straggling island 18 kilometres west of the WA capital. It's famous for its small marsupials, the quokkas.

The name Rottnest Island dates from 1696 when Dutch explorer Willem de Vlaming came ashore, mistook the quokkas — which are actually small rock wallabies — for big rats and named the place Rats' Nest in Dutch.

Like many of our islands, it was first used as a prison, but today it's one of the major recreational centres for Perth, and no visit to the West is complete without a few days on Rotto.

There's plenty of historical stuff left over, and most people get around on hired pushbikes; only residents have cars.

Accommodation is cheap, if somewhat basic, and you have to book well in advance. Dress regulations are quite unheard of and the beer garden of the Rottnest Hotel (the Quokka Arms) is one of the most idyllic I've ever written myself off in.

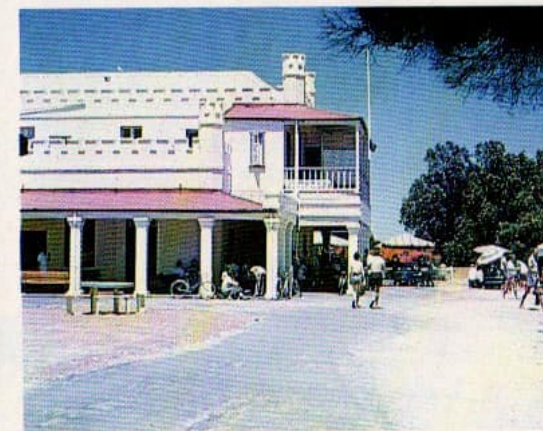
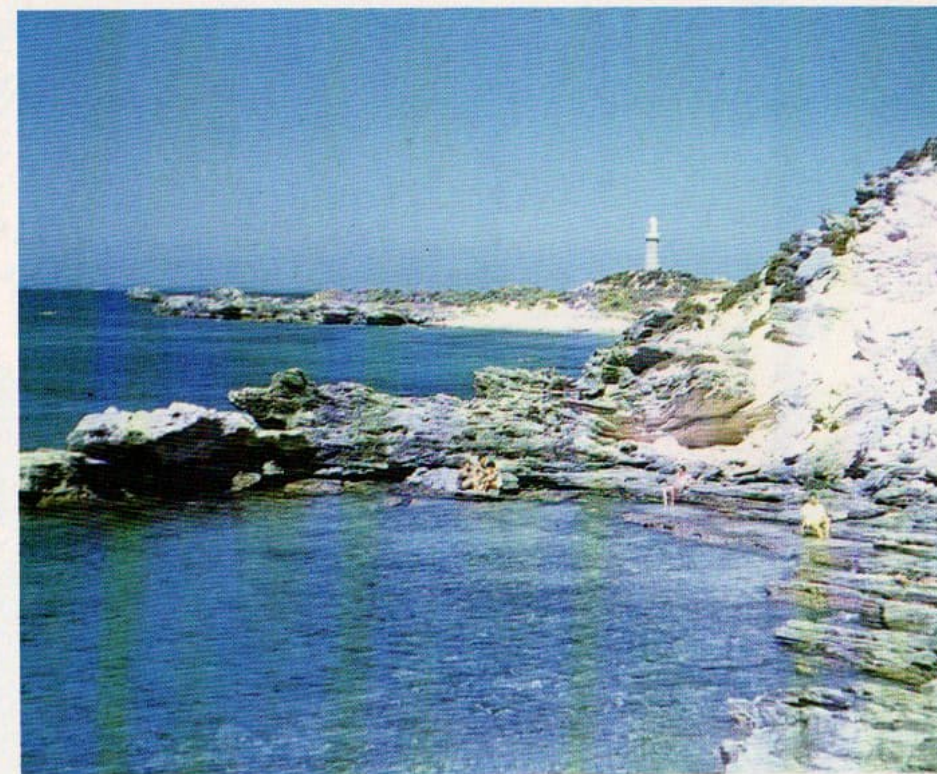
THE TOP END

Not many of the islands off the top end of Australia are really adapted for more than camping visits by the more intrepid cruising yachtsman. And many of the larger ones are Aboriginal reserves.

Bathurst and Melville Islands are reserves — but you can visit them, either on a short trip out of Darwin or as part of a Bill King safari.

The Tiwi people live there more or less

Far left: A Norfolk Islander cranks out a tune. Near left: Peaceful Norfolk Island has appeal for all ages. This page, top: A view of Rottnest Island, 18km west of Perth. Bottom left: Feeding the quokkas, small rock wallabies that gave Rottnest its name. Bottom right: The Quokka Arms, a pleasant place to get written off.



as they have done for thousands of years, and they're willing to let you see what life in paradise is really like.

You can stay overnight in their village, and they'll show you around during the day. It's the result of a joint operation between some enlightened whites in Darwin and the Tiwi people, who have control of the whole thing. They're glad of the income but they don't want to be trampled by tourists, and you can't blame them for that.

Even the short stay you'll have will teach you a lot about these remarkable people. It's the best cure I know for racism, because you'll see how subtly they've managed to grow into their environment and become a part of it.

Another Bill King safari incorporates a visit to Thursday Island — again a reserve, so tread carefully.

The same goes for practically every island around the Top End. Access isn't easy and they're not places you normally go for a holiday. For one thing, the facilities don't really exist; and for another, you're an intruder.

The best way to see them is to get to

know someone who either lives there or visits regularly, perhaps as part of their job. It's very much a hit-and-miss type of adventure.

ODD ISLANDS

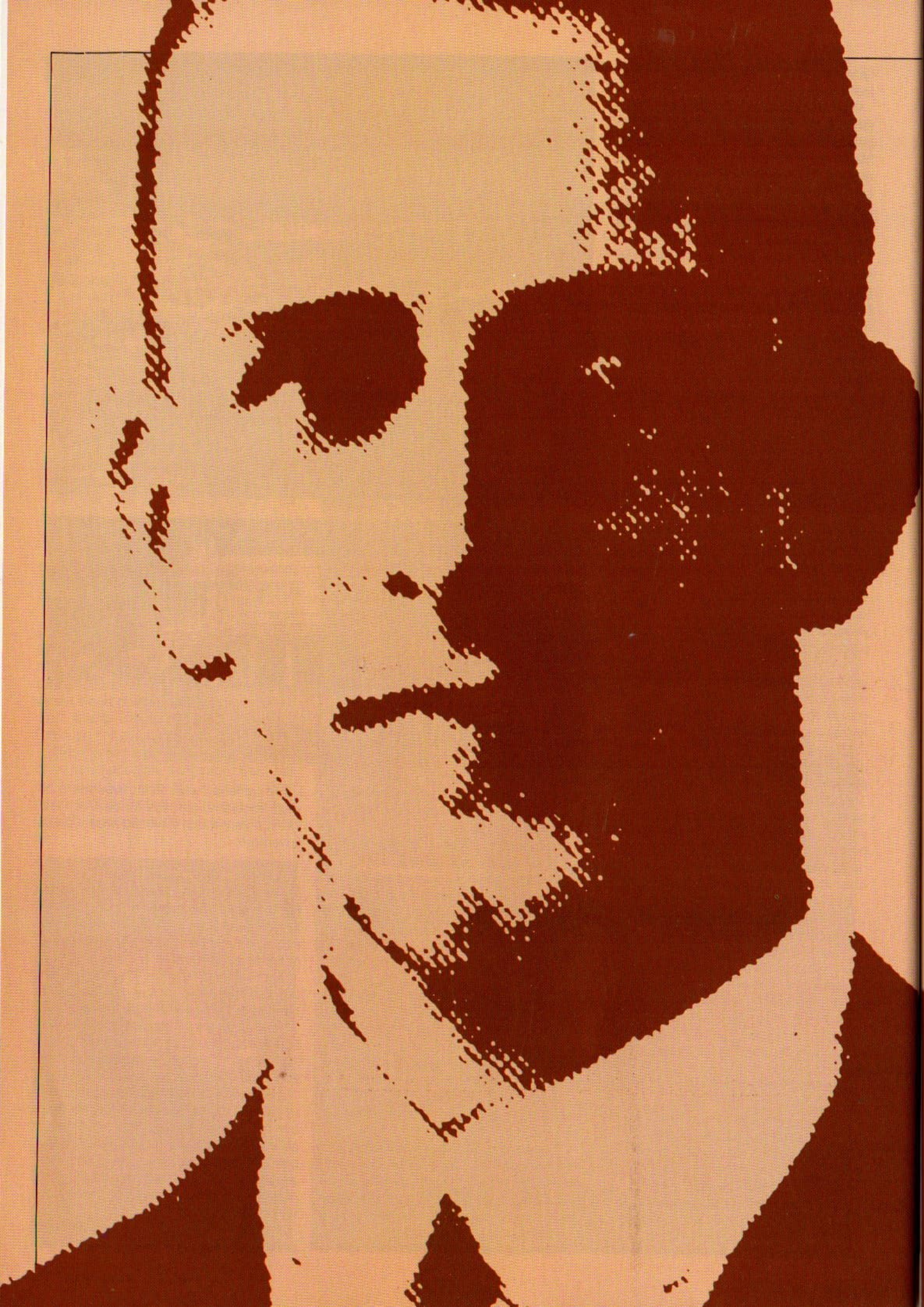
For the hairy-chested, Australian Himalayan Expeditions run a trip for lunatics who want to climb Ball's Pyramid, a rocky eminence rearing 1000 metres out of the sea near Lord Howe Island.

There are no facilities whatsoever, but I'm told there are one or two excellent handholds somewhere near the top.

Real maniacs will enjoy Heard Island, 3000km southwest of Perth. It's the site of Australia's highest mountain, the 3000-metre Big Ben, an active volcano.

You'll have to charter a substantial ship — make it an ice breaker — and use rubber rafts to get through the three-metre surf. Don't leave the rubber boats on the beach; the elephant seals are a bit short-sighted and hilarious as their attempts to mate with the boats may be, they'll certainly succeed in fucking them.

Average temperature is 5 degrees and the nearest bar is in Perth. ☺



Dual Olympic gold
medallist Edwin Flack was
Australia's greatest unsung sporting hero

THE UNKNOWN OLYMPIAN

BY GARY LESTER

Edwin H. Flack could have walked straight out of an episode of *Brideshead Revisited*. He was a gentleman and a scholar: dapper, understated, scrupulously modest. He was also Australia's first Olympic hero — winner of two gold medals at the inaugural modern Olympic Games held in Athens in 1896, and the only Australian who has ever come close to victory in the event which lies at the spiritual heart of Olympic competition: the marathon. Feted as "The Lion Of Athens" because he broke the domination of the American athletes, Flack set the standard for Australia's extraordinary record in international sporting contests.

Despite those achievements, few Australians have ever heard of Edwin

Flack. The man's exploits on behalf of the antipodean colony have remained obscure, mostly because media coverage in Australia of the 1896 Olympics was practically non-existent. However, the contents of Flack's diary, letters and personal files, together with the only "official" report of the Games penned by an overzealous Greek patriot named Timoleon I. Philemon, provide an insight into the fundamental character of Olympic competition. For the most part, they tell a story of organised absurdity.

There was, for instance, the American 100-metre swimmer who dived into the

Adapted from *Australians At The Olympics — A Definitive History*, by Gary Lester, to be published by Lester-Townsend Publishing, rrp \$24.95.

OLYMPIAN

water, screamed "I'm freezing" and hastily withdrew from the event; the marathon runner who was disqualified when he admitted hitching a ride in a carriage for most of the journey; the English tourist who casually entered the tennis tournament so he could use the courts, and ended up winning the gold medal; the rescue by Greek boatmen of six swimmers in the 1200-metre race who were in danger of drowning; the dapper Frenchman who wore white kid gloves in his 100-metre heat because he was in the presence of royalty . . . and so on. But, as in all the Olympiads to follow, there were elements of idealism, drama and monumental courage.

The modern Olympic Games originated in the mind of a French nobleman, Baron Pierre de Coubertin. The baron had become increasingly despondent about commercialism in sport, and figured a revival of the ancient Olympics would provide an antidote.

Australia was one of the first countries to support the eccentric baron's plans. However, if it weren't for the adventurous exploits of Edwin Flack, Australia could not claim to be one of only three countries which have participated in every Olympic Games.

Flack was 12 months old when his

family migrated from England in 1874 and settled in Melbourne. His father, Joseph H. Flack, opened a small accountancy practice in Collins Street West the same year. A lithe, handsome young man, Flack was by all accounts charming, persuasive and genial. He was also a typical trainee accountant — utterly proper, conservative and upstanding, but intensely competitive. As an athlete he was good by Australian standards, but at no stage did he look like a prospective Olympic champion. Flack showed some potential at Melbourne Grammar, where he was the school distance champion, and later when he won the Australasian Mile Championship, the Victorian half-mile, mile, four and seven-mile titles, and the NSW two-mile.

Flack had heard of De Coubertin's plans for the Olympics in Melbourne, prior to leaving for London in March 1895 to further his accountancy studies. He later wrote: "I knew the Olympics were coming off in Athens in 1896, and I decided then that if I could arrange it, I would take part in them, or at least go and see them." When he arrived in London, after a journey which very few 21-year-old Australians made in those days, he found that running was taking second place to his studies. He joined three clubs, but his runs were so infrequent that he often spoke of quitting. However, as the Olympics loomed, Flack's ambition came to the fore. He wanted to run, but gave himself little

chance of success. "I did not expect to do anything as I was far from feeling fit when I left London, not having been able to train properly," he wrote in a letter to his father.

After an arduous trip by boat and train, during which he often threw up the remnants of his "decidedly off" meals, Flack arrived in Athens on April 1, five days prior to the opening ceremony. Immediately he was impressed by the renovated Panathenian Stadium, which nestled into a natural amphitheatre and could accommodate 70,000 spectators. The ancient stadium, which had been in ruins for 2000 years, was to have been completely rebuilt in marble, but the Greeks could not finish the work in time and resorted to painting everything white to simulate the effect. The athletes' dressing rooms, also built from white marble, were approached by a secret passage which existed in ancient times.

Although he had caught a cold, Flack trained for two days, improving his fitness and testing the sharp bends and cinders of the stadium track, on which he would run the 800 and 1500 metres. The track consisted of a very long straight which led into bends so acute that runners had to slow down to walking pace to avoid colliding with the crowd. The 200-metre sprint had to be called off on the grounds of safety.

Flack had little idea of the competition he was up against, but it certainly wasn't as good as it could have been. Embarking on the trip to Athens was considered a big risk, since there was grave doubt that the Olympics would actually take place. Flack himself didn't make travel arrangements until the day before he left London. Although 34 nations had urged the renewal of Olympic competition, widespread cynicism over the whole affair meant that only 13 were represented, most of them unofficially. Many of those who competed did so because they happened to be in Athens at the time. Of the 311 athletes who took part, 230 were Greeks, of whom Flack later wrote: "They have had no experience and have no idea of running." Only eight Englishmen made it to Athens, since according to Flack "the Olympics were so badly advertised in England."

The Americans, however, had sent a strong team. They were highly organised, with a cheer squad and a habit of waving the American flag at every opportunity, much to the amusement of the Greeks. But the Yanks were to become the first victims of Olympic gamesmanship. Their 13-man team was unaware that Greece was still using the Julian calendar, which differed from the usual Gregorian one by 11 days. So they didn't arrive in Athens until the eve of the Games, and had barely recovered from their long journey when they were paraded before a hospitable Greek crowd and persuaded to drink innumerable toasts late into the night.

Among them were some fine distance

runners, including a practical joker named Arthur Blake, who was expected to win at least one gold medal. When the affluent Americans' carriage first travelled through the streets of Athens, Blake ran behind it, pretending to gather spilt coins from the dust. A horde of Greek children joined him in the search for money. These antics did not endear the Americans to the Greek populace, who reckoned the Yanks were too quick to make fun of them. Flack's confrontation with Blake in the 1500-metre race would therefore be especially significant to the proud Greek crowd.

During the ten-day span of the inaugural Olympic Games, the spectators were to witness some extraordinary sights. The opening ceremony took place before a delirious crowd of 80,000, with as many more outside the stadium hustling with ticket sellers, blockading the streets. The King formalised the proceedings by announcing: "I declare the opening of the first international Olympic Games in Athens. Long live the nation! Long live the Greek people!" The Greeks were so moved by the emotional hymn which followed that they called for an encore.

The fourth event on the opening day of competition was the most Greek of all contests: the discus. The locals thought they had a monopoly on the event, especially when they saw how graceless were the foreign competitors, who appeared "totally untrained". But to the dismay of the crowd, an American named Garrett piped the Greek contestant Paraskevopoulos on his final throw. It was later revealed that Garrett had only begun to throw the discus a few weeks before leaving for Athens, using a crude steel replica designed by a friend. He was pleasantly surprised when he was handed a real discus at the Olympics. It was much lighter and actually flew through the air.

The weightlifting event was won by an Englishman named Launceston Elliot, who seems to have attracted more attention for the beauty of his person than for his prowess with the weights. When the lifting was over, a petty official caused the crowd great amusement when he couldn't remove the dumbbells from the sandpit. Prince George, an enormous man, ambled over to lend a hand. He picked up the heaviest weight in one hand and threw it a considerable distance. The applause from the spectators was deafening.

The swimming events were held at Phaleron, near the Bay of Piraeus. When the officials took up their positions on a decorated barge anchored near the shore, the water temperature was recorded at a freezing 13 degrees Celsius. A steam launch was used to transport the competitors from the dressing rooms to the start line for the 100-metre race, which was won by a Hungarian named Hajos. The second event, entitled "100 Metres For Sailors", was entered by three

Greeks, and the winning time was a minute slower than in the previous race. The two placegetters must have been barely able to swim at all — but still it was a gold medal for the host nation. Although 29 swimmers were entered for the 500 metres, only three competed, no doubt due to the icy chill in the water. The other 26 would have had trouble explaining their Olympic careers to their grandchildren. The Hungarian Hajos coated his body with grease for the 1200-metre race, which turned out to be a stroke of genius. The nine swimmers were taken out into the open sea and forced to dive into the water from the boats, which then scurried for the safety of the harbor while the competitors contended with four-metre high waves. Reluctantly the boats left the security of the pier to fish out half a dozen numbed swimmers who would otherwise have drowned. Hajos' cunning paid off, and he won a second gold medal. Second place

The Americans were making a mockery of their opposition. Only Flack stood between them and a clean sweep of gold medals

went to a Greek named I. Adreou, who was listed as representing the Piraeus Walking Club.

The tennis tournament was a light-hearted affair held in a shed on the shores of the Illisos. It was won by an English tourist called Boland who entered because it was the only way he could get the use of a court. Boland later won a second gold medal in the doubles event. Edwin Flack competed for Australia in the singles and for Britain in the doubles, according to his diary. He was beaten in the first round of both.

Had Rex Mossop been on hand to give out his Courage Award, it would no doubt have gone to the Greek marathon cyclist A. Constantinidis. The route started in Athens, wended its way to Marathon, where the six competitors had to sign their names on a parchment, then returned to the Velodrome in Athens. Constantinidis reached the half-way point with a good lead; then trouble struck. Philemon described his epic struggle: "The bicycle of Constantinidis suffers damage and becomes unusable. The Englishman Battel, who follows him, thus passes him. Con-

stantinidis borrows another bicycle from a pace-making friend and, cycling furiously, catches him up a few kilometres before Athens. Luck, however, continues to be unfavorable for this intrepid cyclist. At the turning into Herodes Atticus he skids, falls in the mud and is injured; yet he is not discouraged. He seizes the bicycle of another of his accompanying friends and with vertiginous speed catches up Battel, who has again passed him in the meantime." Constantinidis went on to win the race by a 20-minute margin.

In the track and field events the brash, boisterous Americans were making a mockery of their opposition. Only Edwin Flack stood between them and a clean sweep of gold medals. Aware of the daunting reputations of the American distance runners, Flack wrote to his father: "I think it is very doubtful whether I shall be able to do any good in the running." However, his first event was the 800 metres, from which the American runner had withdrawn. Flack's diary entry stated simply: "First heat, 800 metres." His brevity may have reflected his own lack of confidence, but he won the heat in fine style with a time of 2 minutes 10 seconds. Apart from the second placegetter, no other runner was within six seconds of Flack. The favorite for the event, a Frenchman named Albin Lermusiaux, won the second heat in 2 minutes 16.6 seconds. Flack was clearly in a class of his own — but he had to wait another three days for the 800 metres final.

Australia's first ever chance at an Olympic gold medal came on the day after the 800 metres heat, when Flack was to run in the 1500 metres — a straight-out final. Arthur Blake, the American comic, was the favorite. Flack reasoned that with Blake's reputation as an extremely fast finisher, he would have to leave the American behind early on. His diary entry for an auspicious day in Australian sport was again simple: "1500 metres."

Flack later gave an account of the race in a letter to a Melbourne newspaper: "In the 1500 metres race I made the pace all the way, with the Yankee Blake just waiting on me. As soon as I got into the final straight I went for all I was worth. He almost caught me in the first 30 yards, and we raced together for about the same distance, when to my relief, I felt that he was falling back, and that I had him beaten. I finished up strong and fresh, but he was quite done up."

That race was considered the best of the Games. The two athletes had run shoulder to shoulder down the straight until Blake cracked and Flack became Australia's first Olympic champion, clocking 4 minutes 33.2 seconds and winning by five metres. Although the time was slow, owing to the dangerously loose track, the last lap was run 10 seconds faster than the previous one.

The crowd went out of control when



"I hope my political opponent gets equal time!"

OLYMPIAN

Flack crossed the finish line, for he had achieved what many had begun to think was impossible: he beat an American. Flack was smothered in congratulations from the small British contingent and from that moment on, his name rang through the streets of Athens. In a rare moment of excitement, he wrote home: "The win was the most popular one to date, so I am told. You see, it was the way the Americans had won everything they had gone in for, some events very easily. I was the first to succeed in lowering their colors."

There was, however, some confusion surrounding the man. Many people thought Flack was an Englishman, since he went to Athens as a member of the London Athletic Club. The British Press did nothing to contradict that view. One writer stated that he "represented Victoria", while another named Fleurac-Tailliot, perhaps confused by the dominance of the Americans, recorded that Flack was one of them. But Flack ran in his old Melbourne colors and left no doubt as to his allegiance when he later wrote to his father: "I need hardly say that I was exceedingly proud at being able to uphold the reputation of Australia."

The Greek officials weren't confused about Flack's nationality; after his 1500 metres victory they searched frantically for an Australian flag. It was five years before Federation and the official Australian flag was the Federation Movement emblem. Of course, there was no such thing in Athens. Worried officials thought they'd found a solution: they raised the Austrian flag.

Two days later, Edwin Flack got his chance to win a second gold medal for Australia in the final of the 800 metres. The early favorite Lermusiaux had withdrawn from the event, believing he had a better chance of winning the marathon. Only three athletes were left. Flack's graceful, long-striding style saw him across the finish line in a virtual canter, five yards clear of the second placegetter. One report passed over the win with: "He had no trouble over the final." Flack, seemingly unmoved, wrote in his diary: "I ran in the final of the 800 metres and won with greatest ease." This was despite the fact that he'd competed in the tennis tournament on the same morning.

Flack was by now the favorite son of the Athenians. He was befriended by Prince George and Crown Prince Nicholas, and a Sydney sporting paper later reported: "King George sent his carriage to bring the victorious Victorian from the trysting track . . . Mr Flack was a Royal guest for days, accompanying the Greek King and Prince to churches, theatres etc, and even from the populace he had something akin to the god-worship of ancient days. Immense crowds applauded him whenever

he appeared in public . . ."

Flack had set himself one more goal: to win the most sacred of all the events of the first Olympiad — the marathon. It was an extremely ambitious task. Flack had never run more than 10 miles in any previous race, he was still far from fully fit, and he had competed in a total of five events already. Flushed with success, but well aware of the problems he faced, Flack wrote this note home: "I am afraid the marathon will prove too far for me. However, I intend to have a shot at it, as it is the event which is arousing the spectator interest here."

The last was an understatement. This final athletic event was definitely the highlight of the Games. When the Olympic program had first been discussed, Michel Breal, a French student of Greek mythology, suggested a long distance race to commemorate the feat of an ancient Greek hero. In 490 BC, on the plains of

The peasants were arriving with cattle and sheep in tow, ready to hand them over to the victor — if he were Greek

Marathon, about 40 kilometres from Athens, the heavily outnumbered Athenians repelled a Persian invasion. According to legend, a Greek soldier and champion Olympic runner named Pheidippides was entrusted to carry the news to the capital. Exhausted after the battle, Pheidippides headed off toward Athens and finally staggered into the marketplace there. He delivered his message, then dropped dead. The idea of commemorating that event caught on, and the race was planned to follow the route Pheidippides had allegedly covered.

The Greeks could not conceive that such an historic event could be won by a foreigner. According to Philemon: "From the very first day that the idea of the Games was promoted, all in Greece looked first to this out of all events. Little by little, the idea was cultivated and took root that the winner of the marathon race should be a Greek. This idea was dictated by Greek pride." Fuelling the patriotic fervor was the host nation's dismal showing in the track and field events, which formed the basis of the ancient Olympics. If the Greeks were to salvage any pride from the

Games, it would have to be in the marathon.

All sorts of gifts were offered to any Greek runner who could take out the great race. George Averoff, a Greek tycoon who had already bailed the Athenians out of trouble by renovating the stadium at his own expense, offered the hand of his daughter and a dowry of one million drachmas — about 40,000 pounds. Another Greek put up a barrel of vintage wine, a tailor offered to clothe the winner for life, a barber promised a lifetime of free shaves, and a manufacturer offered 2000 pounds of chocolate. Even the peasants were arriving in Athens with cattle and sheep in tow, ready to hand them over to the victor — if he were Greek. A nationwide search was launched for competitors, and after a series of eliminations the Greeks had found 21 would-be champions who were ready to follow in the footsteps of the heroic Pheidippides.

As soon as Flack had won the 800 metres final, he set out on the four-hour carriage journey to Marathon, where he was to stay the night. As the hours passed and the road remained consistently bad, he became less and less enthused about running back along that route the following afternoon. But he could not resist the chance to compete in the event which had captivated all of Greece. Flack's tactics were to wait until about four kilometres from the finish before unleashing his final burst, when his basic speed should prove superior — providing he was still on his feet.

The road was closed to traffic at noon and the rules were repeated to competitors: "No short cuts, no taking lifts and no obstruction." An officer on horseback would follow each runner, with medical attendants trailing the field in a horse-drawn carriage.

According to Flack, there were about 30 competitors of various nationalities, about a dozen of them Greeks. Philemon's official report says: "Many had registered for this most important of events, but most withdrew at the last moment, not feeling that they had enough strength." The remainder assembled in two lines close to the bridge of Marathon and at two o'clock, under a blazing hot sun, they were off.

"It was a funny race in many ways," Flack later wrote as he recalled the first of several extraordinary aspects of the inaugural marathon. "Before the start, one of the Frenchmen harangued the other competitors in his own language. He got very excited, and threw his arms about and shouted, hardly the procedure to adopt before entering on a 26-mile race. But after about six miles the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

The Frenchman Lermusiaux and some of the others went out like startled rabbits, but the Greeks stayed back. Flack knew the Greek runners were the ones to watch, and he was happy to stick with them. The

first 20 kilometres were mostly uphill; surely they would take their toll on the leaders. But Flack soon realised that Lermusiaux was going well away. It could be disastrous to sit and wait; maybe Lermusiaux wouldn't crack. He began to chase, leaving the Greeks behind.

At 10 kilometres Flack had passed all but the leader — but still there was no sign of Lermusiaux. They were now in hill country and the Frenchman could be just around the corner, but Flack was worried. He kept on, alone except for the company of a friend named Delves-Broughton who was trailing him on a bike. Another 10 kilometres, and still no sign of Lermusiaux — but then Delves-Broughton was shouting that Flack was only three minutes behind the Frenchman, and that the American Blake was charging up behind, only 50 metres away. Another couple of corners, and then: "Blake has stopped!"

Meanwhile, the Greek champion Spiridon Louis had stopped at an inn way back near the village of Pikermi and reportedly drank half a pint of wine, boasting that he would catch the leaders and beat them. "Everything is going to plan," he said.

At 25 kilometres refreshments were ready, but Flack left them alone. He pressed harder, searching for a figure ahead . . . until finally Lermusiaux appeared. Slowly, Flack cut down the gap. "I caught him at the 30 kilometre mark, when he gave up very much down," Flack wrote in his diary.

But Flack himself was really feeling the strain. With Lermusiaux and Blake both finished, all he had to do was keep going. He ran on to 31 kilometres . . . then 32. That meant only eight left, and pretty much downhill. But his legs . . . all the feeling had gone out of them. "You must win if you keep going," Delves-Broughton was yelling. "There's no-one in sight." And the crowd was shouting; there were people lining the road on both sides, people standing on top of coaches, screaming like mad. But it was impossible . . . he would have to stop — but something wouldn't let him. Suddenly there came the sound of little explosions on the dusty road. A figure swept by. It was the Greek, Spiridon Louis. That was it, then. But Flack couldn't stop. He swayed from one side of the road to the other, his legs wobbling like jelly. Finally, with just six kilometres left to run, he collapsed.

But still there was strength left in the courageous Australian, as Delves-Broughton later recalled: "An amusing incident occurred at the moment Flack retired. Seeing he was done, I drew up alongside him and gave him my shoulder to rest upon. Wishing to get a wrap for him, I asked a bystander — a Greek — to take my place for a moment. Being very excited and imagining that Flack was at his last gasp, this gentleman hugged him to his bosom and was somewhat surprised to

find himself the next moment lying on his back in the dust on the road, for Flack, being himself somewhat excited, resented this foreign style of demonstration and had enough go in him to use his fist in true English style."

Flack was taken by carriage along the remainder of the route. He later wrote: "The excitement of the crowd was fearful. That was the only word for it. Lots of people reckoned that no-one but a Greek would win — that if any foreigner looked like getting to the winning post first the natives would knock him down and sit on him, or something like that."

Back in the stadium, almost 80,000 Greeks waited eagerly for news, as their ancestors had done 24 centuries before. According to Philemon, when a messenger brought news that the Australian Flack would arrive first, "a mournful sadness spread over all the faces and complete silence reigned through the discouragement."

Women tore off their jewels and threw them at his feet. Princes George and Nicholas ran to meet him, accompanying him up the final straight

ment." But then the starter of the marathon entered the stadium and rode directly to the Royal box, announcing that Louis was in the lead. The messenger was given a standing ovation. People rushed him, kissed him, and led him away in triumph. Then a gunshot heralded the arrival of Spiridon Louis. "The Chief of Police, on horseback, together with his retinue, announced with emotion to the crowds in Herodes Atticus Street that the winner was Greek, and was accosted with myriads of uninterrupted acclamations."

As Louis strode into the arena, women tore off their jewels and threw them at his feet. Doves with small Greek flags were set loose, and Princes George and Nicholas ran to meet the winner, accompanying him up the final straight to the finish line.

Then came the first of numerous incidents which have made the marathon the most controversial of all Olympic events. Louis was followed into the stadium by the second runner two minutes later, and then came another Greek, Dimitrios Velokas. However, the fourth man to finish complained to the jury that

he had seen Velokas get out of a carriage near the stadium. The Greek couldn't deny the charge: he knew every inch of the route and had hidden his carriage in one of the parks. Disqualification was automatic, and Velokas' singlet with the national colors was ripped from his back.

Spiridon Louis, a 25-year-old postman and former shepherd, came to enjoy the same status as Pheidippides among the Greek populace. The gifts that were showered on him made Louis a rich man . . . but he could never run again at the Olympics. The only offer he turned down was the hand of George Averoff's daughter.

Edwin Flack saw the finish from inside the carriage which had picked him up after his collapse. He later wrote: "It was the hardest struggle I have ever had, or ever wish to have again. I shall never forget the sight of the stadium on that day, nor the intense excitement that was manifested on the success of the Greek." Flack made his way down to the dressing room, where Crown Prince Nicholas gave him a drink composed of egg beaten in brandy.

The gutsy Australian athlete had almost pulled off three Olympic victories. Had he been able to train more intensively in London, and had he been more familiar with the marathon course, he would have been in much better shape at the finish. But with the modesty that pervades all of his writings, Flack stated simply: "Everyone was pleased to see a Greek pull it off, as they had so set their minds on winning it, and had worked themselves to such an extraordinary pitch of excitement that it would have cast a gloom over the whole proceedings if a foreigner had won." Australia has never won an Olympic marathon, nor even finished with a medal. Flack went closer to it than any Australian in subsequent Olympics.

Despite the fact that he didn't win the prestige event, Flack heard his name spoken continually as he walked the streets of Athens. At first he didn't think he was being especially singled out, until a friend remarked: "You are quite the lion of all Athens." A newspaper account said of his departure: "It was a farewell befitting an Alexander The Great."

In 1898 Flack returned to Australia to become "a pillar of strength for the family accountancy firm." He died in a private hospital in Melbourne on January 10, 1935, at the age of 62.

Edwin Flack was never feted as an athletic hero in Australia. The only accounts of him that made it into print were one-line cables from Athens recording his victories, some extracts from his letters, and a single historical feature written in 1932. Perhaps, given the standard of competition, he was not the world's greatest athlete; but his courage, pioneering spirit, sportsmanship and modesty were to become standards of excellence for all Australian Olympians to follow. ☐



Nobody was tougher than big Les Norton . . .

A HARD MAN

FICTION BY ROBERT BARRETT

You don't have to look hard to find tough men around Sydney town, especially in the Balmain, inner city and eastern suburbs areas. They might be wharfies, truckies, meatworkers, ex-boxers, footballers, or any number of other things. A lot of hard men end up working as bouncers in pubs or discos, but if they're really hard and they've got a bit of brains to go with the brawn, there's a good chance they'll finish up on the door of an illegal casino. While a lot of people will say there's nothing too prestigious about being a bouncer, working on the door of a casino is about as prestigious as you can get in the bouncing game.

The reason is the huge amounts of money involved. In the Seventies, when Sydney was a real toddlin' town, the casinos were all run by very rich, very powerful men who had generally been villains and hard boys themselves in their day. They could soon sort out a sheep from a goat, and with millions of dollars in cash going through their hands — cash

that had to be minded and collected — they wouldn't employ a lot of creampuffs and would-bes to do it for them. They could afford to pay enormous slings to the police and politicians to keep the casinos operating, so they got the best protection there was. Being able to pay the best wages for their heavies, they got only the best men available in that department also; and the best of these was a big red-headed ex-Queensland meatworker named Les Norton.

Actually, Norton wasn't really all that big. He didn't have a great bull chest and he was just a shade under six feet, but he had broad shoulders and a wide, powerful trunk that sometimes, especially in a tuxedo, gave him the appearance of being as wide as he was tall. He also had exceptionally long, thick arms covered in bristly red hairs, and at the end of them dangled two massive gnarled hands, the fingers literally like Fijian bananas, the knuckles like 50-cent coins.

Les wasn't ugly, but he was no Robert

Redford either. His scrubby red hair topped a pair of dark, brooding eyes set in a wide square face, and with his lantern jaw and the mandatory broken nose of a bouncer, Les looked pretty much exactly what he was. His one outstanding feature was a pair of immense bushy eyebrows, which caused the owner of the casino where Les worked to nickname him "Yosemite Sam." And whenever Les was about to go into action with his fists, those bushy eyebrows would bristle like the hairs on a dog's back.

Les wasn't a scientific fighter. For all he knew, the Marquis of Queensberry could have been a hotel in Parramatta. Whenever Les went off it was anything goes, and somehow or other, possibly because of his huge shoulders and those enormous bony fists, he used to develop this terrifying punching power that could literally fracture skulls and shatter jaws and ribs. It didn't take long for the word to get around the traps that if you wanted a shirt full of broken ribs and you fancied eating your

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID BROMLEY

A HARD MAN

meals through a straw for a few weeks, just go up and put a bit of shit on Les Norton. Norton was afraid of no-one and nothing. Except, funnily enough, dead bodies. For an ex-meatworker, he had an abhorrence of death. He couldn't even walk past a funeral parlor without getting an uneasy feeling in his stomach, but hardly anyone knew about that.

Norton drifted into Sydney on his own around 1970, got a job as a meatcarter and settled in Bondi. He came from a little town called Dirranbandi, which is on the Narran River about 70 kilometres north of the NSW border. If anyone asked, he told them he'd come down to play football, but the truth was he'd killed a man in a fight back home and had to leave town and Queensland in a bit of a hurry.

Evidently a big German opal miner got full one night and beat up Norton's 60-year-old father in an argument over a game of pub pool. He hammered the old boy pretty bad too, really put the boot into him and then swaggered and snorted around the pub, offering to take on all comers. The locals didn't say much; they just picked the old boy up, wiped the blood off him, had a bit of a chuckle to themselves and took him home. The barmaid didn't say much either. She just cleaned up the mess, looked at the big German still strutting round the bar, shook her head slowly and said, "Oh dear, ooh dear."

They found the German early the next morning, lying in a pool of blood at the bottom of the fire escape outside his hotel. His neck and a few other things were broken. The local sergeant put it down to death by accident; he'd got drunk and fallen down the stairs. He also told Les it might be a good idea if he got right out of town and Queensland for a while — out of sight, out of mind.

So Les left the wide open spaces of Queensland, which he loved, and finished up in the crowds and smog of Sydney, which he hated. He had a run with Easts and they offered him a contract, and it wasn't too long before they had him in first grade as an "enforcer." He was as raw as a greyhound's dinner, but he wouldn't take a backward step and if he had to Les would tackle the grandstand. Not that Les was all that rapt in playing football. The games themselves he didn't mind; it was all the training and team preparation that he hated. After lumping sides of beef on and off meatwagons all day from five o'clock in the morning, all Les wanted to do when he knocked off was have a couple of schooners, a slice of rump with plenty of vegies and then put his head down for about eight hours. The idea of four hours of jogging, sprinting and weightlifting four nights a week didn't wash too well with Les at all. The ball work sessions and team lectures didn't help either, but the money was

good and it kept his mind off other things. The club also gave him some training gear, including a couple of good track suits — rewards that suited Les's simple tastes — so he put up with it. However, Les Norton's football career came to an abrupt end at the Leagues Club one Sunday night after a game against St George.

Saints had brought out this gigantic Maori forward named Henry Outanga. Henry wasn't too bright but he was built like a Russian war memorial and had a head like a bag of cement. He was St George's hitman, their enforcer, and there wasn't a player in Sydney that wasn't a bit shy of big Henry. Henry knew this and he loved it. He was having a wonderful time belting everyone on and off the field and he was getting away with it. But Henry hadn't played against Les yet.

Saints had this enigmatic coach called Ron Massey who was a genius at psyching players up. He could get a pint-sized half

“It was horrible. It hit Henry like a wrecking ball, nearly breaking Les's forearm. Even Henry's relations in Rotorua felt it

back and convince him he was Muhammed Ali. Just before the Easts game he pulled Henry aside.

"Listen Henry," he said with his face about two inches from Henry's.

"I want you take the ball up and keep hitting them hard, hard all the time. Okay?"

"Okay."

"But above all I want you to stop their number ten, a big red-headed bloke with big bushy eyebrows. You can't miss him. He's been saying how he's gonna stick it right up you Henry, because he hates Maoris. In fact, I want you to take him right out of the game if you can. You reckon you can do it?"

Henry snorted, spat on the floor and slammed a massive fist into the palm of his other hand. "Can I do it?" he fumed. "I'll go over him like a fuckin' lawnmower."

The coach smiled and put his arm around Henry's big shoulders. "Good on you Henry," he said. "You're gonna have a big year in Sydney."

The game had been going about 15 minutes when Les made a bit of a break. He turned in a tackle to get the ball away and just as he did Outanga came across

and hit him with a stiff-arm that was heard all over the ground. It sounded like a falling tree and it knocked Les fair on to the seat of his pants. As he went to get up Henry stomped on his hand and then gave him a knee in the side of his head for good measure. The referee didn't see who did it, but Les did. The Zambuck ran on and cleaned him up and the game continued.

A few minutes later a scrum formed, which Easts won. The ball went out along the backline and as the scrum broke up Henry felt a tap on the shoulder. He turned around slowly, and as he did big Les Norton drove a straight right with every ounce of strength in his body into Henry's big, brown face. It was horrible. It hit Henry like a wrecking ball, nearly breaking Les's forearm. Even Henry's relations back in Rotorua felt it. As the Maori slumped to his knees Norton slammed a left hook into his jaw, and that was the end of poor Henry — he was off to Disneyland. Unfortunately, the referee saw it all this time and Les got himself an early shower. With Les off the field the rest of the Easts forwards didn't fancy having to do a bit of work so they packed it up for the day. Needless to say, Easts took a hiding, and subsequently Les got the blame.

Up in the gloomy atmosphere of the Leagues Club that night, Les was in the Tricolor bar having a reluctant drink with his team-mates when the club secretary, a drunken fat-bellied old prick at the best of times, decided to make a big man of himself and put Norton on show.

"You bloody big hillbilly," he yelled at Les. "When we brought you down from Queensland, you didn't even have a pair of shoes on your bloody feet. We pay you big money, big money and what do you do? Turn around and cost us the game. You're a mug Norton, a proper bloody mug. You know that?" Norton looked into his beer, quietly sipping it and trying not to take too much notice. The club secretary harangued on and on, and then decided to start poking his fingers into Les's chest.

"If I had my way," he slobbered, raising himself up to his full five foot six, "if I had my way, I'd piss you off back to bloody stinking Queensland where you come from. What do you think of that, you goose?"

Norton shook his big head slowly from side to side as he looked into his beer. That was making the tea just a bit too strong for Les. So he let go a short crisp backhander that travelled no more than 18 inches, but was potent enough to send the top half of the club secretary's false teeth sailing across the room.

They tore up Les's contract first thing the next morning. They barred him from the club. They barred him from ever playing football for Easts again. They even barred the other players from associating with him, or even mentioning his name. If they could have they would have barred Les from jogging along Campbell Parade,

Bondi and from having a swim at Bondi Beach. But Les didn't really give a stuff; he'd finished with a few dollars in his kick, he didn't have to go through all that punishing training anymore and he still had his track suits and gym gear. What more could a man ask for?

A fortnight or so after Norton's fall from grace at the Leagues Club he was having a workout in a gym in Coogee called Gales Baths. The place had been there about 40 years and was famous for its hot sea-water baths. It was now run by a gregarious fitness fanatic named Les Morrow, and was a gathering place for most of the footballers and sportsmen in the eastern suburbs. It was also frequented by members of the racing fraternity, their hangers-on and a lot of other blokes who didn't appear to have steady jobs but always managed to have plenty of folding stuff in their "sky rockets", and who liked to drop in for a game of handball and a hot sea-water bath every now and again. Quite a bit of the talking at Gales Baths was done in whispers.

It was late one Saturday morning. Les was circling a heavy punching bag like a hungry tiger shark and giving it heaps. He was super-fit from all the football training, and his stamina was nothing short of amazing. They reckon you could have scrubbed overalls on his stomach. Now that he could train to suit himself, Les enjoyed it much more and he was happy to put plenty into it. Today was no exception. The punching bag weighed 40 kilos but to watch Les walloping it, you'd think it was an old pillowcase full of duck feathers.

Leaning against the counter at the front of the gym was Les Morrow, with a group of punters. It was a bit on the cool side and they were huddled around a radiator, studying the form and listening to Ken Callander's racing show on the radio. Every now and again Norton would land a combination of punches on the bag that would echo all over the gym. They'd look up from their yellow form guides, silently watch Norton for a moment, then look at each other, smile and shake their heads. Each knew what the others were thinking: "How would you like to walk into a couple of those?"

Also watching Les from the other side of the room was an ex-boxer named Billy Dunne. Billy had held the Australian middleweight title and had been a pretty good pug in his day, but he'd given prize-fighting away some years back and had since then worked on the floor of the Kelly Club, a well-established casino in Kings Cross. Billy had formed a sort of acquaintance with Norton down at Gales, and often they would put the gloves on and have a bit of a spar.

Norton had finished his workout and was sitting on a bench, sweat dripping everywhere and wisps of steam rising from his big red head, when Billy walked over, sat down next to him and started up a

bit of a conversation. At first he talked about nothing in particular — horses, football, the weather — before he got round to telling Les how his offside on the door of the Kelly Club was leaving. He asked Les if he was interested in the job.

"Mmm, it sure sounds all right. How come your mate's leavin'?"

"He's bought a motel up the north coast. One of his kids has got asthma so he's goin' up there to live."

Norton stroked his chin and looked into the pool of sweat at his feet. "It sure sounds all right," he repeated.

"Look," said Billy, "why don't you come up the club tonight about nine o'clock when it's still a bit quiet and have a yarn to the boss. He's a terrific bloke — you'll like him."

Norton paused for a moment or two. "Yeah, righto," he finally said.

"Beauty." Billy slapped Norton on the leg and got up all smiles. "I'll see you

“Women were screaming and a lot of men started to look the color of bad shit when Norton arrived at the top of the stairs like a Harrier jump jet

tonight then, nine o'clock."

"Yeah, see you then." Norton contemplated the pool of sweat at his feet for a while and finally shrugged his shoulders. "Oh well," he thought, "I don't suppose it can be any worse than lumpin' beef."

The Kelly Club isn't hard to find; it's in Kelly Street, Kings Cross. There's a blue light out the front with a white neon sign above it saying "Kelly Club." Besides that, it's just a few hundred metres up from the police station and if you still can't find it you can just go in and ask the desk sergeant. He'll do everything but draw you a map. Norton was there at nine o'clock sharp. Billy was waiting out the front for him; he introduced Les to the doorman whose place he'd be taking, and took him upstairs to meet the boss.

The Kelly Club was owned by a distinguished silver-haired gentleman in his late fifties by the name of Price Galese. Everybody liked him, a lot of people loved him and women absolutely adored him. He was the epitome of a gentleman, and with a string of champion racehorses, he cut a very dashing figure around the racetracks of Sydney. He contributed to the welfare of

a lot of police and politicians in NSW. Consequently, in almost 10 years the Kelly Club had not been raided once. According to the Commissioner of Police at the time, it didn't even exist.

Galese explained to Les about the job, the money, the hours and what was expected of him. He chatted to him about one or two other things and finally told him that if he could be there by eight on Wednesday there would be a tuxedo waiting for him. Norton said that was fine by him, so Galese walked him to the door, shook hands with him once more, reminded him to give Billy his measurements before he went, and that was about it.

Norton started without a hitch the following Wednesday night and as far as he was concerned, it was without a doubt the easiest money he'd ever earned in his life. Naturally enough, he felt a bit silly at first standing around in a bow-tie and tuxedo.

Billy soon introduced him to all the regulars, and Les noticed that apart from them being an obviously well-heeled lot, there were also a lot of faces he'd seen on TV and in the papers, faces from both sides of the law. Apart from that he began to notice something else. All the clientele had a certain respect for Billy and before long it seemed as if it was rubbing off on him as well. The Kelly Club was an honest, well-run place and it was a good class of people who came through the door. They only came there to gamble, have a few drinks, and meet their friends. They were always polite and courteous on their way in and out and never treated him like a thug or a moron. In fact they gave him the distinct impression (especially if he would escort someone up to their car when they'd had a big win) that they were very glad he and Billy were there. It was almost a feeling of job satisfaction.

Now and again Norton would go upstairs and move unobtrusively around the tables, a smile here, a nod there as Price Galese would watch him from the other side of the room. He liked Norton's style — quiet, confident, and for a big man he moved very lightly. On a crowded night he would weave his way so gingerly through the people that they'd scarcely know he was there. Galese was very pleased with Billy Dunne's choice for a new doorman, although one thing was in the back of his mind: Could Les really fight as well as Billy made out? He didn't have to wait long to find out.

The first occasion was late one Thursday night. Les and Billy were standing idly out the front of the club talking about nothing much in particular when the "trouble" buzzer above their heads started up like it was going to fly off the wall.

Norton put his hand on Billy's shoulder. "Stay here mate. I'll sort it out," he said. "If I need any help I'll give you a yell."

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A HARD MAN

Inside it was complete pandemonium. A gigantic Yugoslav had erupted, and being egged on by a mate almost as big, was doing his best to wreck the place. He was about \$12,000 down and about 40 bourbon and cokes up when he started going crazy. He'd completely overturned the baccarat table and tried to choke the dealer. Two waitresses and another dealer who had tried to pull him off were sent sprawling over the roulette table along with about half a dozen patrons. He put his fist through a card table, flattened two people who didn't get out of the way quick enough, and now he wanted to take on all comers, the owner in particular. There were cards, plastic chips and money everywhere, women were screaming and a lot of men were starting to look the color of bad shit when Norton arrived at the top of the stairs like a Harrier jump jet.

He paused for a second to survey the wreckage around him. He could see that the bigger bloke doing all the damage was being egged on by his mate so he figured he's take the mate out of the way first. He caught Galese's eye and shot him a glance as if to say: "Sorry about what's going to happen, but this is what you're paying me for." He moved in on the Yugoslav's mate and as he got to him he bent slightly at the knees and drove his right fist up into his solar plexus, smashing every bit of air out of his body in one screaming gasp. Norton stepped back and drove a devastating left into his face followed by a short, wicked right to the temple, which sent him crashing to the floor, paralysed and sobbing with pain, blood streaming down one side of his face and the bone shining like ivory through the gaping slit that had once been his eyebrow.

The big Yugoslav who was doing all the damage turned around just in time to see his mate hit the deck. With a roar of rage he charged at Norton, tackling him round the waist, his weight and power forcing Les backwards and smashing him up against the wall.

Les braced himself against the wall and started pounding the giant Yugoslav's kidneys with his elbow. The Yugoslav let out a yell of pain and released his grip from around Norton's waist. Les grabbed him by the front of his jacket, raised him up to eye-level and smashed two vicious head butts into his face. The first one squashed his nose like a ripe fig, and the second one moved it halfway across his face. Most of the women turned away in horror, while the men stood there wide-eyed and slack-jawed. Nobody moved.

Now completely unconscious, the big man hit the floor about two seconds after his teeth, landing next to his mate. Norton reached down and grabbed the pair of

them by the hair, banged their heads together — once, twice — paused for a moment, then gave them a third one for luck. Letting go of their hair, he took them both by the scruff of the neck and flung them down the stairs.

The second time Price got to see Norton in action was late on a fairly busy Saturday night. He was parked directly across the street from the Kelly Club talking to a member of parliament in the back seat of Price's Rolls Royce, so he got a ringside view.

A visiting American karate champion, Chuck Wallace, was in Australia making a martial arts movie. Chuck was no slouch in the fighting department; he'd been United States champion twice and he was still one of the best in the world, but the booze, the babes, the money and the cocaine had got to Chuck, now that he was a movie star. He had his hangers-on and he loved to show them how good he was. Chuck's

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favorite trick was starting fights with bouncers. He would go up to the door of a club or disco, pretend to be drunk and try to get in. Inevitably he'd get knocked back, so he'd get a bit more boisterous and cheeky until the bouncer would finally put the arm on him and tell him to piss off. The next thing you knew, some poor unsuspecting doorman would find himself flying through the air and then getting kicked and punched all the way down the street.

Les and Billy were standing out the front watching a couple of hookers having an argument up the road when Les asked Billy if he was hungry.

"Yeah, to tell you the truth I am a bit," replied Billy.

"Fancy a couple of shashliks?"

Norton smiled and ducked off up the street. He'd just got around the corner when up weaved Chuck Wallace putting on his drunk act, his hangers-on about 20 metres further down the road.

Chuck looked exactly like what he was; a visiting Californian. He lurched drunkenly up to Billy, his thumbs hooked into the front of his jeans.

"Hey muscles, what's the story? You

gonna let me in here or what, baby?"

Billy looked at him and smiled good-naturedly. "Sorry baby, I can't let you in with jeans on, and I think you've had a few, haven't you?"

"Had a few what, man?"

"A few too many drinks old son. I'll tell you what. You go home, get a pair of pants and sober up a bit and we'll see about letting you in then. Fair enough?"

Wallace took a quick look over his shoulder and winked at the hangers-on from the film crew. They were standing there grinning, waiting for the action to start.

"Man, I'm coming into your goddamn place whether you like it or not."

Billy put his hand out and gently pushed the American back. "Come on matey," he said. "Don't be silly and don't get yourself hurt."

Wallace dropped the drunken act and stepped back. "You're the one that's gonna get hurt, cocksucker," he hissed. And with that he drove a side thrust kick into the unsuspecting Billy Dunne's chest, the heel of his cowboy boot cracking two of Billy's ribs. Billy grunted with pain as Wallace followed up with a right hook kick to the side of his face and a back fist to the other side. Billy was stunned. The hangers-on had edged forward for a better view and were urging the American on, laughing their heads off at the beating Billy was taking. At this stage Norton strolled nonchalantly around the corner gnawing at a shashlik through the open top of a paper bag. As soon as he saw what was going on he dropped the food and ran towards his helpless mate.

"Hey, what the fuck's goin' on here?" he yelled.

One of the hangers-on saw him coming and screamed out, "Hey, watch out behind you Chuck." The American left Billy and spun round to face the enraged Norton charging down the street towards him.

He faced side on to Norton in a typical fighting karate stance and as Les got within range he fired out what was probably the best kick he'd ever thrown in his life. It was a ripper — the side of his foot turned slightly in, the heel out — and it went out in a perfect straight line at about the speed of light, full of power and venom. Perfect.

Unfortunately they should have warned Chuck about two things when you're street fighting in Australia — never fight in high-heeled shoes, and always watch out for dogshit on the footpath. And that's just what brought him undone. As he threw the kick he skidded just slightly in a medium-size dog's turd and what should have been the kick of the year just missed Norton's face by the width of a whisker. Chuck was suddenly in an awful lot of bother.

Norton grabbed the cuff of the American's Rodeo Drive designer jeans and flipped him straight over on his back. It

A HARD MAN

was so quick Chuck didn't have a chance to break his fall and his head hit the footpath, stars suddenly erupting before his eyes. As Chuck scrambled to get up Les crouched slightly and drove a short powerful right straight into his face, filling his nose with blood and his eyes with water. Twenty years of martial arts training was belted straight out the window.

Norton paused for a moment to look at the blood-spattered, prostrate Wallace lying at his feet, then turned and walked over to Billy Dunne. Billy was still crouched against the wall of the club, holding his ribs.

Billy told him what had happened. Norton didn't say anything; he just stood there for a moment stroking his chin, then turned and walked back to the American, who was still on his hands and knees, blood dripping from his face on to the grey footpath.

"Y'know," he said, "I was watchin' you as I was comin' down the street. You're not real bad with those kicks, are you?" Les started to laugh. "I used to do a big of kickin' myself once but it was a bit different to that. Anyway, here's one I used to do. This is called kickin' for touch."

Les stepped back, swung his right leg and punted Wallace straight in the face like a football, flipping him completely over

on his back in a shower of blood, teeth and pieces of lip and gums. He landed with a clang in amongst some old metal garbage tins. He was out cold.

From the back seat of the Rolls parked opposite, Price Galese and the member of State Parliament had silently watched the entire performance, fascinated.

"I say, Price," the member finally said, "he's quite a willing lad, that chap of yours. What's his name?"

"Les — Les Norton," replied Price smiling. "Yes, he's a hard man all right . . . a hard man."

Those were the first two of Les's fights that Price Galese saw. There were others but nothing really worth mentioning — a backhand here, a left hook there. It didn't take long for Norton's reputation as fifteen stone of red-haired dynamite with a very short fuse to get around. However, Les's reputation as a streetfighter was matched by only one thing — his reputation for meanness with a dollar bill. When it came to releasing money Les was tighter than a goldfish's arse. The girls in the Kelly Club said he used to take his money up to the Governor General every payday and have it stamped "Never To Be Released", while Billy Dunne swore he called round to Les's place one day and found an empty toothpaste tube in a vice in his garage. He also claimed they had a shout in a pub once, and when Les pulled a 10 dollar bill out of his wallet, Henry Lawson started

blinking at the light. But Les's philosophy was simple. Why spend it if you don't have to? It was the same with clothes. Apart from his two tuxedos at the Kelly Club and the track suits he'd scored from Easts, Norton's wardrobe was as bare as a Scotsman's knee. If Les ever went out he looked like an unmade bed. Despite this, Les did have one peculiarity — he once forked out almost \$300 for a pair of boots.

Being an old Queensland country boy, Les loved his RM Williams riding boots, as most country people do. They're comfortable, they go with just about anything and if you're a bouncer, the reinforced toe comes in very handy if you have to do a bit of Balmain folk dancing. But the boots that cost Les a packet, he had made in Mexico. A Qantas flight steward named Tommy Butterworth used to come down to the Kelly Club for a punt now and again, and sometimes he used to wear these calf-length Iguana lizard skin boots he had made in Mexico City. As soon as Norton caught sight of them he had to have a pair. Tommy told him they would probably cost the best part of 300 bucks. Les said it didn't matter, he still wanted a pair. So the next time Tommy got a trip to Mexico he took a pair of Les's RM Williams with him for the bootmaker to go on and brought Les back his brand new boots.

They were a beautiful pair of boots. Entirely hand crafted from the softest dark-green Iguana skin, the inside lined with matching silk, a slightly high heel balanced perfectly for comfortable walking, zippered for easy removal and with a delicate western pattern stitched into the toes, they were almost a work of art. They fitted like a second skin and were without a doubt the softest, most comfortable pair of boots Les had ever worn in his life, and he loved them. Those boots meant more to Les than the Shroud of Turin and the crown jewels. He cleaned them, polished them, nursed them — those boots got more pampering than a royal baby.

Naturally enough, being on his feet just about everywhere he went, the boots would come in for a fair bit of wear and tear and would have to be half-soled and heeled now and again.

Les had left his boots in for repair and had to pick them up one busy Saturday morning. Saturday morning in Bondi Junction is madness — people and cars everywhere — and after working late Friday night Norton wasn't in the best of moods when he double-parked outside Coos's Shoe Store in Oxford Street and ran inside to pick up his boots.

Les inspected his boots carefully and ran his big hands gently over them. "Yeah, they look all right. What do I owe you?"

"For you Les . . ." the old Jewish shoemaker shrugged his shoulders, smiled and made a magnanimous gesture with his hands: "Five dollars."

"Fair enough," replied Les and fished a crisp 10-dollar bill out of a battered wallet.

"Your son had a big win last night," he said as he waited for the change.

"My son had a big win. My son doesn't turn up for work this morning. My son is a shit."

"Oh, I dunno," replied Les as he pocketed the change. "It is Saturday . . . maybe he's turned religious. See ya." He winked and sped out of the shop.

Les put his boots down gently next to him on the front seat of the car and joined the smoky, noisy crawl of traffic heading up Oxford Street. He'd got about a kilometre when a car pulled out in front of him. Les stopped, threw his old Ford into reverse and quickly backed into the vacant space — finding a parking spot in Bondi Junction on Saturday morning is like winning the lottery. Les had his gas and power bills in the glove box so he thought he may as well get them out of the way and save himself a trip through the week. It would only take a few minutes.

He took the bills out of the glove box and ran off in the direction of the gas company. He didn't bother to lock the car; he'd only be a minute or two.

There was hardly anyone in the gas company office so Les was in and out pretty smartly, but in the county council it was a different story — the queue went forever and the cash register was playing up to boot. "Oh well," he thought, "I'm here now so I may as well wait." He suffered in silence, eventually getting to the counter where he paid his bill and darted out the door, grabbed an apple off a barrow out the front, paid the bloke, and trotted back to his car.

Les jumped in his car, threw the receipts in the glove box and went to start the engine when he noticed something — his boots weren't on the front seat where he'd left them. Frowning, he ran his hands down the sides and under the front seat. They weren't there either. He swivelled around quickly and checked the back seat and floor . . . nothing. Norton was starting to feel a little uneasy now. He jumped out of the car and opened the boot. Maybe he'd put them in there and forgotten. A wild search revealed nothing. He looked under the car, then back inside. They weren't there. He jumped out shaking with rage and had another look in the boot but they were gone, vanished, disappeared . . . stolen.

Norton's chest was heaving and his dark brown eyes flashed murderously as he slammed the lid of the boot down with such force that he buckled the lock.

Wild-eyed, he got back in the car and slammed the door violently behind him. He sat there for a moment or two still shaking with rage and not quite believing this could have happened to him. Finally he started the car, revving the engine till it seemed as if the pistons would go through the block, then stormed straight out into the Saturday morning traffic. Every time he changed gears it sounded like somebody

trying to run a piece of stainless steel through a circular saw.

Fortunately it was a bit quiet at the Kelly Club that night and just as luckily there was no trouble, because if anyone had given Les so much as a dirty look he would have torn their lungs out. Even Billy Dunne, who was used to Les's taciturn nature, was slightly puzzled by his increased surliness. The only words Les uttered all night were a gruff "some cunt pinched me boots." Billy, being a bit of a wag, was dying to stir Les up or at least get him to release a bit more information, but Les's face was showing about as much kindness as the Sultan of Turkey so he thought it might be best just to let sleeping dogs lie, or in Norton's case, sleeping gorillas.

Sydney on a clear winter's day is without doubt the prettiest city in Australia and arguably the prettiest in the world. At the back of Bondi Junction, near the microwave tower in Botany Street, is the

Les glared down at the sleeping form, his chest heaving, steam rising from his face as the sweat dripped from his nose and chin

highest point in the city. If you stand up there on a mild clear winter's morning and look west, you can see right over Centennial Park, straight across the monotonous plains of the western suburbs and all the way to the alluring eucalypt sapphire haze of the Blue Mountains. It's this distinct blue haze, caused by the vapor given off by millions of eucalyptus trees, that gave the Blue Mountains their name.

Norton loved these early winter mornings. They were one of the few things in Sydney he liked. Days like this you wouldn't be dead for quids, Norton used to joke to himself.

Though his night job gave him few opportunities to get up early, when he could Les would rise at dawn, drive down to Centennial Park and go for a good long run.

After the noisy, smoky, sometimes hostile atmosphere of the Kelly Club and the neon gaudiness of the Cross, the uncrowded green beauty of Centennial Park was almost a revelation to him. Sometimes as he'd belt along the edges of the ponds in the early morning mist, scattering the water hens and ducks near the

banks, he'd close his eyes and for a few seconds imagine he was back running around the river banks near Dirranbandi.

It was one of these cool winter mornings in Centennial Park about six weeks after Les had had his boots stolen; he still hadn't quite gotten over it but at least he was learning to live with it, and Tommy Butterworth had promised to get him another pair as soon as the opportunity arose.

He's been running in the park for about half an hour, doing two circuits and then criss-crossing, just running anywhere, stopping every now and again to do 20 pushups and a few situps before continuing on his way. He would do this for about an hour or so. He preferred to run in the more deserted parts of the park, away from the usual running tracks and the other joggers. The fewer people he saw when he was running the more he liked it. He'd belt along these out of the way trails, jumping over logs or stumps and sprinting across any clearings he came to, taking in great draughts of cold air and letting it out behind him in billowing clouds of steam which would hang in the crisp winter air momentarily before dissipating into the wind.

Les was pounding along in this manner, hardly a worry in the world and feeling great, the cold air stinging his sweat-stained face. He was running along a narrow trail and, spotting a small clearing up ahead, decided to take it in one great leap. He picked up speed and as he got to the edge of the clearing he threw his hands forward to take off in a mighty leap. But his foot caught on something and instead of arching gracefully through the air, Les sprawled forward to complete a noisy, spectacular somersault, landing flat on his back in the dirt and twigs near the other side of the clearing. He lay there for a second or two, slightly dazed, then let out a mighty oath.

"Jesus fuckin' Christ," he roared. "What the fuckin' hell was that?"

Gingerly he picked himself up, stood there for a moment rubbing his hip, and inspected the damage: he'd skinned both knees and his elbow, but at least nothing was broken or sprained. He turned to see what it was he'd tripped over.

All he could see on the other side of the clearing was a pile of newspapers. However, upon closer inspection he noticed a scrawny, wizened arm sticking out from under the newspapers that was apparently groping towards an empty wine flagon, and sticking out from under the other end of the newspapers was a pair of skinny white legs clad in a pair of tattered blue pants. Perched on the end of those skinny white legs was none other than Norton's boots. They were a bit battered, a bit dirty, but they were unmistakably, unequivocally Norton's \$290 Iguana lizard

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"Want to ride downtown and gang-audit somebody?"



Candice Starrek's not sure about reincarnation. But if it exists, she intends to come back as a white witch — and practice black magic. And maybe she'll throw in a little of that old black magic called love — a task she's well equipped for, and one she's losing no time practising in this lifetime.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN COPELAND

BIRDS OF A FEATHER





This bewitching
 brunette says her
 interest in the occult
 blossomed when
 she started going
 out with an actor
 who shares her
 enjoyment of new
 wave, black magic-
 style rock music.



"He gave me my falcon (named Maltese)," says Candice. "He said it suited me: we're both daring and exotic — in other words, birds of a feather." Is this boyfriend really a devil-worshipper? "Nope," she responds, "but he sure has a good crack at worshipping the devil out of me!"





It's easy to understand why, since this 23-year-old model admits to shedding all her inhibitions before she gets into bed. "I like good harmless fun, lots of kinky stuff — especially being tied up and spanked."



Our Pet says her thespian friend plays his part to the hilt in bed. "He likes to get as wild as I do," she admits. "We have crazy, kinky, no-holds-barred sex till we're exhausted." Candice says her spankings never hurt enough to make her cry, though on more than a few occasions they do make her cry for more . . .

01





Dick Johnson reckons his force-fed Falcon will eat the opposition on road and track

POWER CRAZY

We're seven apartment levels above Main Beach, Surfers Paradise, and Dick Johnson is holding the floor. "Mate, you should have been here yesterday... there were hundreds of top sorts with barely anything on, jammed on to the sand down there. Boobs everywhere. Big ones, little ones, poached eggs, rocks-in-socks, super-droopers..." Johnson's baby blues glaze over at the thought.

The weather is the reason why Johnson is involved in a discourse on mammaries when he should be at nearby Surfers Paradise Raceway showing *Australian Penthouse* his hitherto hush-hush turbocharged Ford Falcon. Outside it's diabolical. It's coming down by the bucket-load; cyclonic stuff that has whipped the seas into a frenzy and cruelled the annual New Year furlough of the Family Johnson.

Dick's turbocharged six-cylinder Falcon prototype had been developed and trialed in secret by the race champ. Today the wraps were to have come off. Instead, the weather has plainly conspired to thwart our appointment. Tomorrow? "No worries" is the optimistic forecast from Johnson. Queensland, he assures us, has the best weather in the world.

Holed up high above the deserted and rain-slashed golden sands, Australia's most popular racing driver rips the ring-pull from another tinnie and chats enthusiastically about his turbo. The mere fact that the turbo project has surfaced is confirmation that Johnson is shaking the "Boy From Struggletown" image. Since his Tru-Blu Falcon crashed into that wayward rock on the 19th lap of the 1980 James Hardie, Johnson has been saddled with

the battler tag. It's not a totally accurate description, though in relative terms — compared to say an Allan Moffat — his racing budget certainly lacks nourishment. Race fans easily identify with Dick because, like Peter Brock, he comes over as an ordinary, knockabout bloke. He's accessible and approachable.

But there's more to life than signing autographs and copping pats on the back from excitable Ford fans. Lately, Dick Johnson has been showing signs of developing a shrewd commercial sense. Tru Blu, the outer Brisbane real estate business which he operates with fellow racer Alf Grant, is already flourishing. And now Johnson sees the opportunity to capitalise on his high credibility and recognition factor in motor racing by marketing a range of self-built turbocharged Fords... just as the equally canny Peter Brock has done from his Holden Special Vehicles operation in North Melbourne.

Brock builds and sells his range of splendid performance-oriented Holdens with the express co-operation and approval of The General. Will the Ford Motor Company be directly involved with Johnson's turbo Fords? That depends, says Dick, on many factors. Yes, it would be a help. But no, he won't shelve the project should Ford keep its distance from this turbo idea.

Ford and Johnson have an odd relationship that endures despite the company's oft-repeated policy of staying out of motor racing. FoMoCo Australia disbanded its factory race team in 1973, leaving a small (often endangered) group of beleaguered



POWER

privateers to fly the Ford flag in local touring car racing — drivers like Moffat (until he got fed up with the struggle and switched to Mazda), John Goss (who crossed to Jaguar), Murray Carter (a recent defector to Mazda) and Johnson. The Queenslander gets some, but not much, assistance from Ford Australia. He's not afraid to go public with his outspoken thoughts on that lack of support either. Still, he sticks with Ford through the sashes and the crashes, the highs and the lows, collecting arguably the largest — and certainly the most vocal — personal following of all the local racetrack kings.

Ford Australia is currently reviewing its motor racing policy. The reason for the rethink is that, starting in 1985, our touring

car regulations will be tied to an international formula. Set to be despatched into history this coming December are the present highly-modified racing sedans. In their place will emerge a closer-to-standard breed of race cars complying with what is known as Group A regulations.

The imminent arrival of Group A racing has met with a favorable response from many car makers and importers, probably because of its greater relevance to the cars you and I drive — the cars on the street. Ford Australia boss Bill Dix has called for a report on the possible marketing benefits of participating in Group A racing. A positive finding could see the return of a Ford factory race team, and logically Johnson would be the man invited to spearhead such an operation.

Johnson's heard the story, but refuses to get too excited about the prospect of Ford putting its money and muscle behind him in '85. "I've learned not to count on anything in motor racing. In any case there are certain advantages in retaining your independence; I promised myself never to get into a situation where I could be left with nothing but my helmet and driving suit..."

Any decision Ford takes on its motor racing future would be contingent on it having a suitable race weapon for Group A. With the demise a year ago of its 5.8-litre V8 engine, it no longer has a powerful enough Falcon to match the Jaguar XJS, BMW 635CSi, Rover 3500 or the racy products coming on stream from Nissan, Toyota and Mitsubishi. Which is where Dick's turbo Falcon could be a panacea.

Johnson has already covered himself for the post-1984 situation. A recent arrival at his Daisy Hill workshop is a left-hand-drive Ford Mustang Turbo SVO, a mind-blowing little powerhouse that the Johnson team will toe-dip in this year's Bathurst classic (though with someone other than Dick driving; he'll be giving his familiar Greens' Tuf Falcon V8 one last blast around Mount Panorama).

Johnson picked up the Mustang during a pre-Christmas shopping expedition to Ford's United States headquarters on the fringe of Detroit. The Yanks, it appears, are eager to see the Down Under Wonder involved in future car wars against The General. The warm reception accorded the Queenslander in Motown was in part due to Johnson's friendship with one Edsel B. Ford II, a weighty name to drop. Good ol' Edsel B. was the guy who matched, dollar-for-dollar, the money contributed by a generous Australian public when that rock jumped in front of Dick's car in 1980. Both men retain an affection for the other and the Ford exec was quick to introduce Johnson to the people at Ford Special Vehicles. Which is how come Dick was given early access to an '85 Mustang prototype...

Ford Australia would prefer that Dick races a locally-marketed product, because of the sales rub-off benefits. That's odd, coming from a company that claims it can't see the value in associating itself directly with motor racing.

Anyway, Johnson's problem is that the Mustang won't be sold here even when Ford (and Holden, for that matter) is allowed to commence importing models from Europe, Japan and the USA after January 1, 1985 — the same date Group A touring car racing gets the green light. The Mustang, it appears, cannot be produced in right-hand-drive form.

So Dick is after some quick answers from Ford. Namely, will it have by late this year a locally-manufactured or marketed performance car that shapes as a potential Bathurst winner? If such a vehicle isn't immediately forthcoming, maybe Ford could entertain the idea of collaborating on the Johnson turbo car. "I've wanted to do a turbo Falcon for a while," says Johnson, "but I wouldn't tackle it until the fuel-injected EFI version was produced... I believe a fool-proof totally effective carburettor/turbo arrangement has yet to be designed."

"I foresee a turbo engine being ideal for those motorists who still want V8 performance. People who do plenty of towing, or those blokes who like to feel a kick in the tail when they stomp on the throttle."

According to the industry grapevine, Ford Australia is gearing up for a massive swing to turbocharging by the mid-Eighties; the word is that every model in the Ford range will be offered in turbo form. Says Johnson: "All I know is that the V8 is dead and buried. Turbocharging is the best means of extracting performance from small engines. And when done properly, a turbo engine doesn't eat up petrol like a V8." He cites the example of his prototype turbo Falcon — no small car — which returned 10.9 litres/100 km (26 mpg) during a brisk Sydney-Melbourne highway run.

The situation then is that Johnson's turbo car is a timely arrival, with possible applications on and off the racetrack. He certainly didn't get much encouragement from the brass at Ford's Broadmeadows headquarters when he commenced his turbo experiment. An approach to Ford to supply a car for the exercise was turned down flat. Ford, it seems, is tight-fisted even with its race heroes. A suitably chastened Johnson instead did the rounds of the Brisbane dealers and picked up a barely run-in 4.1 EFI (Electronic Fuel Injection) four-speed manual S-pack Falcon complete with four-wheel disc brakes and a limited-slip diff. Just what DJ wanted.

Back at his workshop, Johnson whipped out the engine and headed for Sydney. There, with components supplied by the local agent for the Japanese HKS turbos, Johnson cobbled up a raw version of a turbocharged Falcon. Then he bundled it

up and freighted the lot to HKS in Japan for high-tech development work. Johnson's brief to the Japanese was to produce a flexible, driveable turbo Falcon that under full acceleration would box the ears off a standard 5.8-litre V8 and yet would behave like an ordinary 4.1-litre EFI on modest throttle. The turbo needed to be relatively inexpensive and, most importantly, ultra-reliable. Bullet-proof, in fact.

What he received back from Japan was a superbly engineered turbocharging installation that more than met Johnson's ideals. Power had leapt from the standard Falcon's 111 kiloWatts to 166 kiloWatts... a 50 percent improvement. And torque went from 325 to 386 Newton-metres. But the stunner was that HKS had achieved this improvement using a very modest boost of 0.27 bar. Translated, that's SFA. Experiments using greater boost pressures — up to 0.96 bar — realised the staggering power output of 272 kiloWatts, or 365 horsepower.

The Japanese put the turbo Falcon engine through 100 hours of brutal dynamometer testing with no signs of mechanical deterioration. And since its arrival back in Australia, the turboed 4.1 has covered 4300 kilometres in the hands of dozens of drivers, none of whom have treated the car with kid gloves. Unlike other bolt-on turbo Falcon installations, Johnson's jewel features an air-to-air intercooler... one reason for the engine's impressive power. The intercooler reduces the temperature of air between the turbo-charger and inlet manifold by around 50 degrees Celsius. Heat is the enemy of the turbo, robbing the engine of power.

The little beavers from HKS also came up with an auxiliary computer which works in conjunction with the original black box controlling the Falcon's engine systems. The HKS brain collates information from the air cleaner and advises the main computer how much fuel is needed.

"But there's another device, which I can't go into detail about, which improves air flow by 40 percent," volunteers Johnson. Pressed, DJ reveals that it's an air-flow deflection contrivance located in the manifold to evenly distribute the air to each of the six cylinders. A HKS Japan discovery, it overcomes a problem discovered during flow-bench testing: the middle cylinders were too rich while the two outside pots were too lean. Johnson's insistence that standard componentry be employed whenever possible could catch a sleepy mechanic at odds, for the turbo installation isn't immediately obvious when the bonnet is lifted. The turbo-charger itself is out of sight, although the matt-black intercooler pipe is definitely not in the Ford catalogue.

The intercooler itself is located unobtrusively alongside the chunkier-than-standard radiator. And there's an oil cooler on the opposite side. Sure, it's different, but subtly so; no giveaway bonnet

scoops in sight. The installation was achieved without resorting to chopping cooling holes in any existing panels. Johnson plans to offer his turbo engine on upmarket Fairlane and LTD models and he sensibly reasons that owners of these luxury Fords don't want their cars attacked with a can opener or despoiled with overt boy-racer gear.

With projects of this pioneering nature, there's all the usual bureaucratic bullshit to endure. Johnson has had his force-fed Falcon down in Sydney at Leyland's motor vehicle test lab, checking that it meets the strict NSW emission requirements. It breezed in the various test phases and for good measure outstripped the standard EFI 4.1 Falcon on the City Cycle fuel economy check, logging a creditable 14.3 litres/100 km (19.7mpg). Johnson, like a good engineer should, has all the data at the tip of his tongue. The conversation swings to 1985 and whether or not a track

subishi Starion Turbo, Alfa GTV6 and BMW 323i. Sure, it's not quite a match for the Falcon GTHO — that old thunder machine was good for 15.0-second standing 400 metres. But then the turbo doesn't guzzle petrol at the same alarming rate either.

Johnson has made modifications to his special Falcon outside of the engine bay. They're changes to the car's suspension designed to cope with the giant performance hike. He's bolted on slightly firmer coil springs, a 60 percent stiffer front anti-roll bar and uprated Bilstein gas shock absorbers. The result is an easy-handling car that doesn't loosen dental fillings at any imperfection in the road surface.

As well, standard road wheels and rubber have been discarded in favor of low-profile seven-inch Dunlop Le Mans tyres on 15-inch alloy rims. Apart from the classy wheels and tyres, the rest of the exterior of Johnson's turbo car remains visually stock. A Q-car. This has been an engineering exercise until now. The icing will go on this Christmas cake later.

So how does it take to the track? Though presented in low-dosage road-going trim, a dozen laps around Surfers Raceway suggests that any transformation from street mild to track wild could be interesting. But that decision is in the hands of the Ford Motor Company, categorised under If/Perhaps/Maybe.

The substance is that Johnson has channelled his proven engineering talents into building the first example of a brilliant high-performance road-going family sedan. An Aussie car that'll drub luxury Europeans which cost twice the price.

The Johnson turbo is amazingly flexible. It pulls like a mule from 2000 rpm right through to the low 4.1 Falcon redline of 4800. There's no evidence of any ugly sporting car temperament. One twist of the key and it bursts into action first go. And after several hours of constant hard yakka, the temperature gauge needle is still residing in the bottom half of the dial.

Project '85, as Johnson calls it, has almost another year's fine tuning before those panting Ford performance buffs can lay their hands on one. It's certainly a car to give the Highway Patrol something to catch. However Dick won't be disadvantaging the boys in blue; he intends to offer his turbo to the Queensland Police for pursuit work.

Johnson is convinced his project is a winner. But he certainly isn't wearing blinkers: "Mate, tell me if you can find anything you don't like about the car," says Johnson soulfully. "Tell me so I can rectify the problem." More laps. Some at flat chat, some just idling around in top gear. Glorious. At low revs the car feels much like any 4.1 EFI Falcon. But stomp the pedal to the floor and everything happens with a mighty rush.

No complaints, Dick. Except for the lousy Queensland weather. ☹

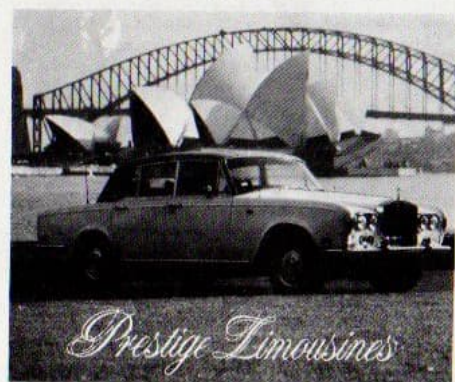
Dick won't be
disadvantaging the boys
in blue; he intends to
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pursuit work

version of his turbo-modded Falcon could be fast enough and dependable enough to come out a winner. Of that he has no doubt: "The current European cars in Group A trim are producing 340 horsepower... my Falcon will do 350 on its ear. It's a bloody quick car just as it is... you'll see, just as soon as the weather clears." With fingers crossed, our Surfers Paradise Raceway appointment is delayed until the following morning.

Next day Johnson has donned a different version of a Queensland business suit when we meet at 10am. The beach wear of the eternal optimist is thumbing its metaphoric nose at the grey skies.

The unsettled weather conditions inject a note of urgency into proceedings. We use the drag strip to record acceleration times; the stopwatch tells all. And Johnson has not been fooling; his turbo blaster is a slick mover, racing to 100 km/h in under eight seconds on the way to a standing 400-metre time of 15.7 seconds. The old ton disappears in less than 21 seconds. On these times Dick's turbo trick is more than capable of beating the daylighters out of acknowledged speedsters like the Mit-

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HARDIE



30,000 bikies can't be wrong. Bathurst is

THE BIG ONE

BY NOEL CHRISTENSEN PHOTO BY BILL FORSYTH

One of the strange phenomena to beset Australia each year is the transformation of docile and decentralised Bathurst into the mechanical and mayhem capital of the Island Continent. Populated by 20,000 farmers, students and public servants, the central-western NSW city is about to be descended upon once again by some 30,000 itinerants who annually arrive in the Carillon City on Easter weekend for the Australian Motorcycle Grand Prix meeting at the famous Mt Panorama race track.

This is one of two occasions when motor racing hurls Bathurst into the spotlight — the other being the October long weekend, when the James Hardie 1000 also clogs its streets, fills the coffers of local shopkeepers and turns the town into the Disneyland of Australia.

Notoriety has always been a big head-

line grabber and this humble bike meeting, attended by die-hard enthusiasts and roughnecks alike, has the dubious honor of giving Bathurst its biggest media splash of the year. Crowd control, conducted in latter years by the trained specialists of the NSW Police Tactical Response Group, formerly known as the Riot Squad, becomes the national issue after the ink dries on Monday morning's newspapers. The mere mention of the town's name should, by its track record, stir the righteous into some form of rage.

But Bathurst comes and goes, despite rumblings from Cabinet ministers, police commissioners and church leaders to the effect that it represents a festering carbuncle of anarchy, rebellion and immorality which should be eradicated.

Under that constant threat of annihila-

tion the organisers, members of the Auto-Cycle Union of NSW, work constantly to preserve the one weekend which for 49 years has been the life-support system for motorcycle sport in their state.

Big bucks flood into the ACU's exchequer from the Mt Panorama turnstiles, allowing the organisation to operate the following year in the black, covering administration costs and losses on poorly attended meetings, and relieving it of the need to kowtow to sports ministers for handouts.

None of the officials at Bathurst are paid for their efforts — two sandwiches, a piece of fruit and a can of soft drink thrown from the back of a ute during the lunch break is all they get for spending the weekend picking up smashed bodies and bikes, waving flags and sweeping debris and oil

from the track. The inducements are the self-satisfaction of being among the army of personnel who make the biggest motorcycle race meeting in Australia possible, and the ticket that gets them trackside at the toughest speedfest there is.

A subliminal flash of one, or better still two, bike engines screaming as they fly past your bootstraps, tyres squealing, brakes binding and the atmosphere smelling of burnt racing fuel combine to convince the bystander that Bathurst brings out more raw courage than was evident at Rorke's Drift.

Each corner on the 6.2km circuit is littered with the corpses of bygone challengers. As speeds rise to close on triple metric tons, the circuit has become too dangerous for open wheel car racing, but not for the bikes. More stable at high



THE BIG ONE

speed, and wrapped in wind-cheating fibreglass shells, the bikes tackle the undulating Con Rod straight with increasing velocity each year. But the warning has been sounded.

Last year Honda rider Andrew Johnson almost looped his three-cylinder 500cc two-stroke over backwards while taking the last rise. The approach angle in the last dip launched the front wheel high into the air, taking AJ by surprise. At around 285km/h, with the wind resistance almost twice that experienced in freefall and strong enough to nullify the impact of a Larry Holmes roundhouse right, Johnson sat on the bike and mono-wheeled on the point of balance for a split second, not knowing whether he would finish on two wheels or his back. But the records show Johnson was the big winner of the weekend, taking out the 500 and unlimited Grands Prix to make him the 1983 Man of the Mountain.

In '84 he is again in the box seat as the lead rider in the Team Honda Australia two-man outfit, with a stable of bikes valued at \$350,000 — the most expensive array of machinery in any racing team's inventory, two wheels or four. The factors which make Johnson fly are a lot of guts

and brains: bundles more guts than the average rider, and the brains to be cool past the point when cardiac shrinkage and ring twitter soil the mere mortals.

The 27-year-old bulldozer driver from Melbourne has a gammy left hand as the result of a hydraulic hose bursting and almost whipping it off at the wrist. Still, the hardest thing is to keep Johnson from racing a bike. After his Bathurst victories he was jolted by a neck injury at work and placed in traction. The hospital bed wasn't his speed and he was back on the track before the medicos had satisfied themselves he was 100 percent fit.

His career in mid-to-late 1983 was a battle between crippling, life-long debilitation and the checkered flag. The flag won out, with Johnson winning more races in the Swann Insurance International Series at year's end than anyone except Rob McElnea, despite the fact the Australian unloaded in spectacular fashion in the first of the six championship races.

With the same 500 racer he won Bathurst with last year, plus a 250 recently shipped from Japan, Johnson is the pea for a Grand Prix treble this year.

One event not on the program is the annual *bete noir* — the riot by up to 5000 bikies that normally results in the hospitalisation of contestants from both sides: the Tactical Response Group and The Rest. Mt Panorama police station is a bit like Skylab — infrequently used, but busy in the holiday season. Sitting on the fringe of the Mt Panorama camping area, it serves as a muster room for police controlling the crowds at race meetings.

I've never been there at the car meeting, but after sampling the Cold Chisel concert nearby on Easter Saturday night last year, my group and I decided to check out the action on top of the hill.

Believing that the best place to be when the action is at its peak is within view, but not close enough to be caught up in it, we headed up the race track to the area inhabited by up to 10,000 people. They live in the most primitive conditions and all have one thing in mind — post-race excitement.

There are three elements of Australia's most consistent and biggest riot: authority (the police), boozed lame-brains and media watchdogs — although in my experience, only the former two are in the one place at the same time.

What unfolded was something quite special — something I'll never forget and will be back to check out again this year, although from a greater distance. With my fearless friends — Hulk and Commander Strongarm — I climbed the mountain, breathlessly because of the steep pinch and with an uncomfortable knocking of knees. I had trouble walking, but walk I did until the lights went out — a tactical ploy from the opposition gained by hacking off a length of fencing wire and looping it over the electricity supply to the camping area.

Total darkness, Cold Chisel in the back-

ground and ambulances in front are enough to make a thinking man rethink, but not the Hulk or the dauntless Commander Strongarm. I could rely on them in a crisis — the toughest parts of me were my Army boots.

People walking up the hill towards the blackness were not a worry; people leaving the blackness did cause some concern. "Don't go up there," they all said. "The coppers are bashing people willy-nilly with their sticks."

At the Reid Park Gates some light appeared in the form of the police emergency electricity system, on hand in case of a blackout, natural or otherwise. I was ready to call it a night, but a sudden rush of adrenalin, the Hulk's inability to stop and Cdr Strongarm's suicidal brainlessness took us closer.

After a short while we found ourselves on the sideline (for Aussie Rules fans imagine we are in the left back pocket) staring at a line of the Tactical Response boys. They were drawn up, shoulder to shoulder, shields raised in rhino-skin impregnability, peering out from behind plexi-glass visors at the opposition. The opposition, glaring at the police, were giving them heaps — every foul expletive they could muster — and liberally showering the line of blue with hand grenade-sized granite pieces and flaming petrol-soaked toilet rolls. It was on for young and old and we were close to the action without being bodily involved. That's until a drunk staggered by and produced an instamatic camera which let go with a flash that rivalled Hiroshima.

"Shoo," said a face in the line. I knew what that meant and I said so to Hulk and his flunky. The bastards didn't move, upon which a gentleman with a big, big stick broke ranks and, remembering a few words which had wafted across no man's land at him, turned them in our direction. Whereupon he followed, threatening to tan our backsides in the process. The Hulk and Commander Strongarm graciously accepted his advice. The other encounter continued unabated until 1am, when hostilities ceased.

Injuries occurred to both sides: people making their way to tents were confronted with charging baton-wielding police. Finally, after public address announcements by the senior member of the constabulary were heeded, Australia's riot of the year ended.

The next morning the press boys arrived from Sydney and began typing up their version of the events. Numbers were inflated by at least two digits — it's hard to see in the dark — and Monday's headlines were guaranteed after these astute reporters had compiled their stories.

One thing is for sure: 30,000 people will be turning up for the bike races this year because the action is too unbelievable to miss.

It'll be another great Bathurst! O+



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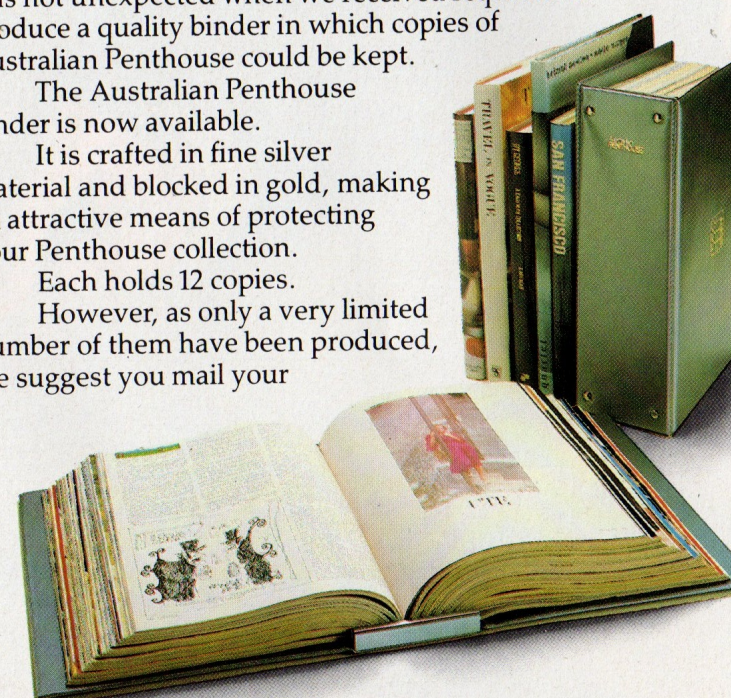
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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

BILL WATERHOUSE

You meet all types
on the turf. It's the only
place where people are equal:
on the turf or under it

There aren't many members of Australia's diplomatic community who can be found standing on a box in the bookmaking ring at Randwick whenever horse races are run there. But Bill Waterhouse, barrister, businessman, bookmaker and Consul-General for the Kingdom of Tonga, isn't your normal run-of-the-mill diplomatic. Nor is he your average bookmaker.

William Stanley Waterhouse is Australia's best-known bookie and was, for 20 years, the biggest. He's still among the top half-dozen money holders, even though he has been "tapering off" during the past 10 years. It is said that he once lost a million dollars on a single bet. That he paid up such a mammoth sum — it could well have been pounds — without blinking is perfectly believable. Big Bill, in his tailored suits and tailored hair, is unflappable. He'll laugh, smile, frown, and even get angry; but don't kid yourself you're getting through to him. The man may put his prices on the board, but he doesn't wear his heart on his sleeve.

Bill grew up beneath the newly-completed pylons of the Sydney Harbor Bridge. His father, Charles Hercules Waterhouse, was a small-time bookie for 43 years. Charles had three sons, all of whom became bookmakers and had sons who became bookmakers. Waterhouse's father experienced trouble with the authorities — as has Bill himself — and spent much of the family fortune fighting government resumption and other court battles. Perhaps as a result of his litigation costs, he encouraged his son to become a barrister, which Bill did by working his way through university as a bookmaker's clerk. For a short while a classmate, Neville Wran, helped him out.

Bill practised at the bar with moderate success for six years. In 1953 he took some time off after his elder brother Charles died leaving an unfinished hotel in Wollongong. Bill took to the betting ring to raise some of the cash necessary to complete the building. He heard the call of the turf louder than the call of the bar, and has been a bookmaker ever since.

By the early Sixties he'd made the rails at Randwick — bookmaking's superstar grade. He also flew to Melbourne to

field at Flemington during the Melbourne Cup Carnival, travelled to England to field there, wrote a column about it in the newspapers, opened a few more hotels, did some real estate development and participated in several skirmishes with big punters, racing officials, government officials and virtually anyone who thought Big Bill Waterhouse was too big for his boots. He wasn't, but it cost them a lot of money to find that out.

The mid to late Sixties was a period which spawned big punters, and blokes such as Frank (The Hong Kong Tiger) Duval, Eddie (Fireman) Birchley, and Felipe (The Filipino Fireball) Ysmael came to Waterhouse to place their big bets. The classic story of Australian racing concerns Waterhouse and his greatest opponent (after the authorities), Felipe Ysmael.

"Babe", as Ysmael was known, was probably the biggest gambler ever to set foot in Australia. Early in 1967 he and his syndicate had coupled Young Brandy and Red Handed to win \$665,000 in the Victoria Derby-Melbourne Cup double. Young Brandy started in the Derby 6/4 favorite, but was tossed. On Melbourne Cup day it was obvious Ysmael would back Red Handed till the banks ran dry. Red Handed was 4/1 equal favorite for the Cup, and Waterhouse was offering those odds on his board. He was up on his box, surrounded by clamoring punters, when over in the distance he spotted Ysmael. "I saw Ysmael coming," said Bill. "He was coming in to claim Red Handed. When he was a few feet away, I looked him straight in the eye. He stopped in his tracks. He slowly edged his way to my side. Just as he was about to claim me, I reached up to the board and flipped the price against Red Handed. I blew the horse out to 9/2. Ysmael looked aghast. I knew he wanted to back Red Handed, and he knew that I knew. And there I was, giving him half a point better than any other bookmaker on the course. With his betting units, that was worth anything from 50,000 to a million dollars. You could see him thinking — reacting. He must have thought I was challenging him. He must have thought that I knew something. Straight away he said: '\$50,000 for 200,000 on General Command.' I took the bet and

PHOTOGRAPH BY GRAHAM MONRO

INTERVIEW

abolished because of their underhanded tricks and whatever else, but in Australia they flourished. As a result, we have more horse racing and more registered horses than any other country. While the authorities knew the bookmaker was an evil person — a loudmouth with big check suits and cigars — they could see he was an essential part of racing, and racing was something the people wanted. We invented the automatic totalisator at the turn of the century, and that went round the world. It was invented to more or less do away with the bookmaker, but instead it complemented him, or he complemented it. Without the bookmaker to excite the public, to take less from the money pool, to give the punter a chance, racing cannot survive.

Penthouse: What makes a good bookmaker?

Waterhouse: You can't put a blanket over it. There are so many facets, so many different ways to make a book. We can all do different things and win the same amount of money — or lose the same amount. I'll watch my son Robbie — he's as good a bookmaker as I've seen. We'll work the same office, listen to the same people, talk together, work on the same market, and go to the race track and make exactly the reverse book to each other. I'm amazed at this. **Penthouse:** Isn't a bookie just a sort of shopkeeper who makes sure the money he pays out is less than what he's holding?

Waterhouse: That's impossible. There's no semblance of reality in what you're saying. There is the bookmaker who doesn't gamble; he's called the soldier bookmaker — you know, puts 'em all in a line. He tries to work on a percentage, which is impossible.

Penthouse: Theoretically it's possible to run a balanced book to set prices covered by the amount of money held, isn't it?

Waterhouse: Theoretically it's possible, but not in real life, at a real race track. It's impossible to get a round book every race. It's impossible to get a round book once a day — and survive. You do that and you'll lose your percentage altogether.

Penthouse: Isn't it just a matter of mathematics, of setting a board of prices so that whoever wins the race, you pay out less than you've taken in?

Waterhouse: Oh yes, mathematics is there, but it's not just a matter of adding up.

Penthouse: Are you good with numbers? Can you work out the payout from \$1670 at 13/4 in your head?

Waterhouse: The bookmaker does these things so many times, it's just

like tables. Automatic. Some bookmakers are better than others of course. I'm not outstanding at it, but there are certain tricks you can work out.

Penthouse: Is it important to know the maths?

Waterhouse: No.

Penthouse: So what's the basic trick to making a book?

Waterhouse: You're trying to convert salt water into gold. Take backgammon. A simple little game, isn't it? Two and two make four. But look at the variations in it. Why do some players play better than others; why will a good player always win, if it's just luck? There's no simplistic way of looking at bookmaking. There are so many ways of doing it. There are the people who go early, others who go late; who hold the same money each race, or who risk the same each race. There are different

You can't just
climb the fence and
get on a box and become
a millionaire. Only one
in a hundred who take
out a licence survive

ways of attacking it. You can bet to faces, or to figures. Some of the really successful bookmakers never look at figures. And there are certain bookmakers who would deadset work to losing figures. But the way they juggle them together, they make them winning figures. They juggle them to get the mathematics on their side.

Penthouse: Well, you've lost me.

Waterhouse: If it was just mathematics it wouldn't be as hard, or as exciting. It's not easy. You can't just climb the fence and get on a box and become a millionaire. Only one in 100 who take out a licence survives. The rest do all their money. In the old days it took 10 years to get from fielding on the flat to the paddock. You had to go through the provincials, and then when you got to Randwick, it was a big honor. But you had to earn your promotion out of the flat. Do a couple of years, and be the best. The same in the leger, then to the lawn ring in the paddock, and again you had to be the top to get in the general ring at the paddock; and then you had to be the top money holder there to be pro-

moted to the rails. So by the time you got to the rails, you were a fairly efficient betting machine. But they've changed all that. The whole ecology of racing is different. When the TAB came in, bookmakers found the competition much tougher, and the crowds were dropping off as well. They closed the flat; they've closed the St Leger; they took the bookies away from the front of the stand to the back — to assist the tote, not the public. They wrecked the leger. Once you could sit in the stand and have a passing parade of every facet of racing: the runners from the paddock, the bookies calling the odds, the punters scurrying about — real color, real entertainment. But they killed this by putting us all round the back. They had some very bad officials at the AJC who wrecked — *deliberately* — aspiring bookmakers. They would lie, wanting "good clean racing" with the machine. They've done so much damage to bookmaking generally that bookmakers have quit every round. The result is that these new blokes don't go through that old training process. They haven't got the depth; they don't know what they're doing. And there's something else...

Penthouse: About blokes coming up too quickly?

Waterhouse: I mean this: if you set yourself to rob a bank, you'll lay yourself out, watch the movements of the manager and what have you. You'll do a certain amount of preparation. Now if you set yourself to go to Randwick, you can finish up on the rails in a year or two. And that's as good a robbing a bank (*chuckles*)... if you're not going to pay.

Penthouse: If you bolt?

Waterhouse: Well, they can't put you in jail. They can sue, make you bankrupt...

Penthouse: But gambling debts aren't enforceable at law.

Waterhouse: That's some fallacy you've picked up. They can sue. But I'm not saying these people are going to bolt; it's just that they haven't got the experience to be good bookmakers. A lot of bookmakers are just followers. They follow what someone else has set — me, if you like. The average bookmaker is not a form person at all. He's just looking at a set of figures put up by someone else. It's like people going to an auction to buy jewellery. They're not gemologists, so they follow some buyer from a big gem dealer; they know that if he's willing to pay x dollars for a carat stone, they can afford x plus 10 dc : s. It's the same principle.

Penthouse: So you're the expert from the big firm, out at the track with your stopwatch at five o'clock in the morning?

Waterhouse: I've never been to the track

at that time in my life. But my son Robbie will go out at times. It's one of the problems, finding a good track man. The only way is to find him yourself.

Penthouse: Even at your top, you were still fielding the minor race meetings, accepting five-bob bets from the small punters as well as the gigantic bets. You're not averse to a quid, are you?

Waterhouse: No, I don't go out there to lose money. But money, money's nothing. You'll find you get more pleasure out of walking across a paddock, feeling the sun warm your body, or just looking at the water, than anything money will get you. It's all in the mind. Are you really worse off because you don't own a Rolls Royce? It's the lack of money that's the problem.

Penthouse: There are lots of people who'd like your money. Do you get schemers putting up propositions to you?

Waterhouse: I get that many people trying to put their hands in my pocket — more than you'd imagine. But I wouldn't get one idea in a hundred that would appeal to me. I do my own thinking. And I make mistakes. On the other hand, I pull a few off. I play with a hell of a lot of projects — big ones. Faberge; I pulled that one off. There's the betting shops in Fiji and New Guinea, the nickel mine in the West, real estate, pubs.

Penthouse: Okay. How about this bank business, in 1978 I think. There was talk of you backing a Bank of the South Pacific, and you got involved with some bloke who was not completely on the up and up. What happened?

Waterhouse: It was a disaster, a complete disaster. With Tonga, you're looking at a kingdom that's unique in the world, a paradise with an autocratic king who has as much say in the company of nations as anyone. But they've got nothing, and never ask for anything. It's a real paradise where there's no money. I went to law school with the King. He's a friend. We thought we'd develop a banking facility. I found a Howard Hughes second lieutenant — a scoundrel of man, but I didn't know it. I think he's in jail somewhere now. We gave him a banking licence for the South Pacific which would have done tremendous things for Tonga, but he wanted to steal the blotting paper. He'd been stealing that much from Howard Hughes that he couldn't stop. The thing blew up. We got front page in the *Wall Street Journal* and front page of the *Financial Times* of London, and a lot of bad publicity. No-one lost any money but people were laughing at us. The concept was good, except we got stuck with a flip who wanted to steal before he earned a quid honestly. But still, I'd like another crack at this banking game. If you've got a bank you don't

have to go through all these bloody authorities. There's tremendous mobility.

Penthouse: I think there's the Reserve Bank, isn't there?

Waterhouse: Not in Tonga.

Penthouse: You seem to have had your share of run-ins with "Them" — the system.

Waterhouse: Yes, you'll find that in life, "Them" is a very real figure. "They", if you like, are the authorities who run that little game you're playing. They're the establishment — the committees of race clubs, the liquor licensing authorities, the councils. And you've always got to get Their permission to do something. Most of these people are honest, fair-dinkum, solid citizens, either do-gooders or with a vested interest, but they're working for nothing. I suppose I've got a streak of anti-authoritarianism in me. I'm not keen on

I'm not going
to let some of these
twerps carry on and
take my money. It's
not the money, it's
the principle.

the establishment, because I know how it works. I remember as a kid in the pub at North Sydney, every Christmas the local police would call round. I remember mum working to get things right — little presents like a bottle of Scotch, and putting up with their ways. I didn't like that. Never have.

Penthouse: Why do you keep going? Power?

Waterhouse: Fuck that. Money does give you power, but I'm not looking for power. You've got to watch your basic emotions very carefully, because there's no logical reason for them. Unless you can find something to back them up, they'll invariably get you into awful trouble. Greed is the one emotion I fear more than anything else. No-one is more interested in money than what I am. And by the same token, no-one is less concerned about it. My son Robbie said: "You know dad, of all the people I know, you're considered to be the biggest quid-chaser of the lot, yet you are the least affected by money. You look upon it as nothing." Money is a bore. It's the lack of it that's diabolically bad.

I'll chase a buck as well as anyone else, but it doesn't mean as much to me as people think. But I'll be buggered if I'm going to be treated like a ding-dong-dell. I'm not going to let some of these twerps carry on and take my money. It's not the money, it's the principle.

Penthouse: What about other forms of gambling? Do you play cards?

Waterhouse: Never. I used to. When I was at law school we used to gamble all day long. Instead of going to court at 10 o'clock, we'd play poker. I lost all my friends. They all finished up owing me money. When I finished law school I swore I'd never play cards for money again.

Penthouse: You've been charged twice with SP bookmaking...

Waterhouse: Once.

Penthouse: Twice — that one in Melbourne in 1968, and then here in this office, in '79.

Waterhouse: Yeah, you're right.

Penthouse: But both times you were acquitted. Are you an SP?

Waterhouse: No, no. I was an SP bookmaker for 15 years, I suppose. Then they bought in the TAB, and gave an indication to all bookmakers that if they were caught doing SP, they'd do their licences. We gave it away — we're the only ones really to give it away. But I was an SP, yes.

Penthouse: Well, this charge in 1979... what was that about? Someone said it was set up to damage you so you couldn't apply for a casino licence.

Waterhouse: You're wrong. Nothing to do with it.

Penthouse: Well, did the police come up and bust in on you and take you to court?

Waterhouse: It was a setup, yes. But it was thrown out of court.

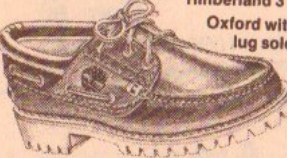
Penthouse: Eventually, yes, but who... why?

Waterhouse: (*pause, and then suddenly, vehemently*): It was George, of course. George.

Penthouse: Uh-huh, right. But why?

Waterhouse: He hates me. Well, what do you think? I'm the leader — I set the prices. He can't get me. I'm too big.

Penthouse: You've met some interest-



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INTERVIEW

ing characters in your days.

Waterhouse: I suppose I have. You meet all types on the turf. It's the only place where people are equal: on the turf, and under it.

Penthouse: You even once employed Neville Wran, now the Premier of NSW.

Waterhouse: Years ago, at uni. It was a job to help him out. He just ran messages — if he turned up. He had some tie-up with the drama society or something. We had to let him go.

Penthouse: Was Neville Wran a good bookie's clerk?

Waterhouse: Bloody awful.

Penthouse: Do you mix with racing people?

Waterhouse: Not at all ... never have. Oh, I go to the Derby Dinner, things like that, but my friends aren't really racing people. These days I like the diplomatic set. I get a few invites — national days, that sort of thing. Completely different to racing.

Penthouse: You get sick of racing?

Waterhouse: I didn't say that. I love racing. It's an incredibly volatile market, the racecourse market — far more accurate than any stock market anywhere in the world. The amount of skulduggery that goes on — it's there, make no mistake about it — but it's an in-

finitesimal part of the whole picture. You get these pricks occasionally, but they can't last. Racing's too big for them.

George was big in the trots, as you know, and you know why he went into the gallops? Because they wouldn't stand for him any more at the trots. It was George who gave them the name "the Red Hots."

Penthouse: I suppose the successes in isolated cases like George is an indication that on the whole, racing is straight — that these types can operate successfully on the margins because everything else is dinki-di.

Waterhouse: Right — if it was crooked, it wouldn't last. Last year \$2.2 billion was spent at the track. What other business is as big as that? So you get all types, including scallywags.

Penthouse: To the extent that the odds in the ring reflect what the mass of punters think about the chances of the horses in the race, I suppose those odds also reflect any skulduggery.

Waterhouse: Of course they do. Exactly. And it all comes out, after the ball is over. But that sort of thing annoys me as much as anyone else, because I can get hurt too — more perhaps, because I'm that much bigger than the others.

Penthouse: There are people, inside and outside of racing, who will say that Bill Waterhouse is in every rort going.

Waterhouse: If I was involved in all these rorts, because there's an ingredient called cash money, it'd project forward like that — whoosh! It'd come out like a big neon sign. And everyone and their cousin would know within a couple of hours. You can't stop these things, because the most sensitive nerve in anyone's body is in their pocket. No matter how smart I was in covering up, I couldn't hide it. The classic case happened a few months back. A bloke lost \$236,000 to us. Two months beforehand, he'd won \$220,000, which we paid. When he lost, it was the stall ... he automatically went: "Oh yes, those horses weren't trying." There were supposed to have been two horses that were pulled up or something, but he'd never say their names. We checked our books and couldn't find any two horses where he'd put more than — well, where it would've made a difference of more than \$30,000. So at least he should've paid \$200,000. But he didn't because "it was crooked." He went into court, and never named any horse, but it was always the underlying innuendo. The judge gave a verdict for us, and costs against him as well. Crooked! Bah! Anyway, he still hasn't paid. But he'd got the newspapers in, and tried to get us to compromise, thinking we wouldn't want the publicity.

Penthouse: But there are some rorters?

Waterhouse: This bloke, who got all that publicity last year — he's just stupid. He can pull off a big coup, great, but not every day. You can go in and rob a bank and get away with a million dollars, but you can't do it again tomorrow, or the next day. But we'll eat him alive. He won't last, because he's a crook. That horse was hot. It's not sour grapes; I only lost \$67,000. But you know how a bloke gets away with that? Because he's a fucking crook. He's mixed up with George (*leaning forward, spitting out the name like the bitter seed of an apricot*). But these pricks, they're just a tiny, tiny part of the game. An ugly part, but infinitesimal.

Penthouse: You're a hard man?

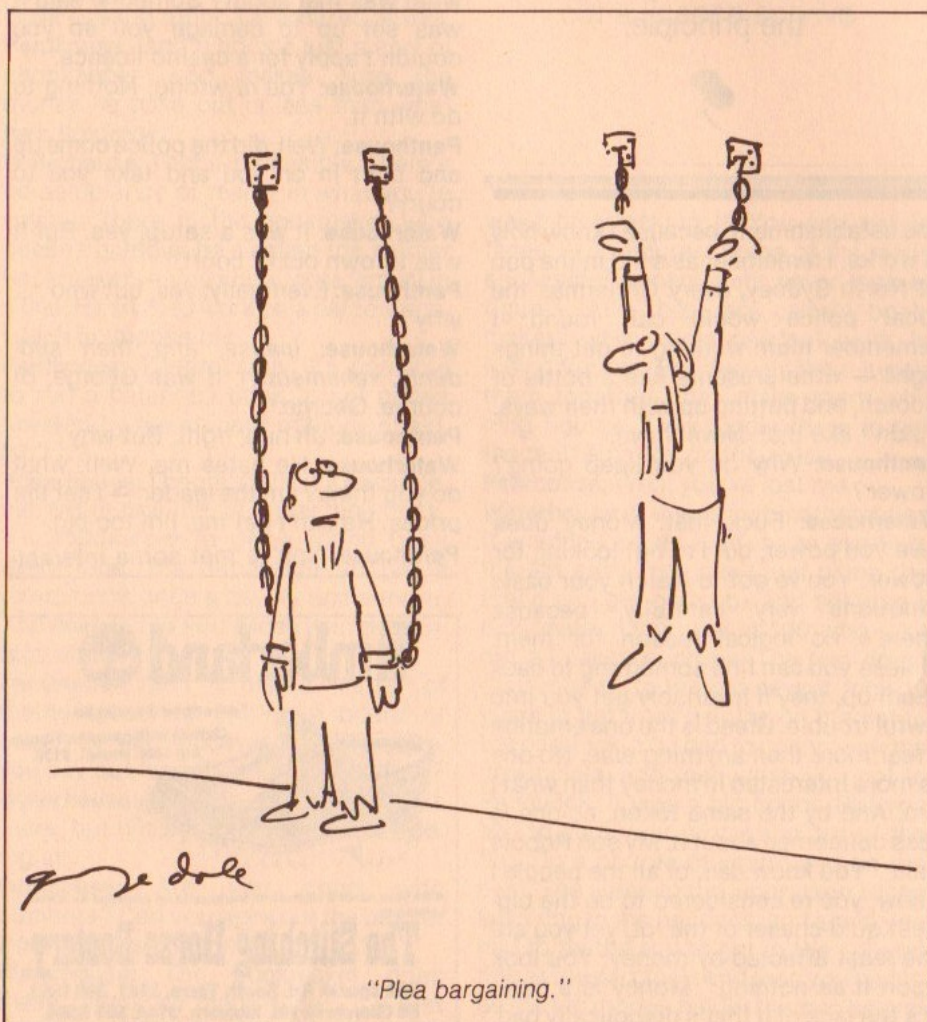
Waterhouse: How do you mean?

Penthouse: Well, this bloke who rang you up owing two hundred thou, wanting to compromise. Why not say: "Okay, give us a hundred thou and we'll call it quits."

Waterhouse: I didn't like his approach in the first instance, saying some of those horses weren't trying. I know I'd rather — now don't take this literally — but I'd rather get nothing than let a twerp like that put something over me. But I'm not a hard man, an uncompromising man.

Penthouse: Oh, you're a softie?

Waterhouse: I didn't say that. But I'll look forward to seeing the story: "Bill Waterhouse, the big softie." ☐



PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU A SLOB?



Ever wonder why those good jobs always seem to go to somebody else? Or why the pretty girls look at you as if you were a cockroach?

Maybe the answer is simple: perhaps you dress like a slob.

Our clothing, whether we like it or not, acts as an advertisement for ourselves. Clothes may not entirely make the man, but failure to recognise their power can put one at a decided disadvantage in the game of life, where you need any edge you can get.

Most men understand some basic fashion facts. They realise, for example, that if you want to become chairman of BHP, you probably shouldn't show up at the office in a purple velour jumpsuit. But, while many men choose clothes that are generally appropriate for the careers they're engaged in, they often overlook the subtle rules of style and proportion that determine whether a garment looks natural or awkward when it is worn.

This questionnaire is designed to find out if you understand these crucial sartorial cues. You may find out that you'd still look like a rag pile if you dressed in \$1200 suits. On the other hand, you may discover that, even when you're lounging around in your grubbiest work clothes, you give off an aura of class and breeding.

It's not so much what men wear, but how they wear it. Style and class are a matter of details ... which you ignore at your own peril. If you know the fine points of style, you probably look good no matter what you wear.

The questionnaire we've constructed is not based on the tedious "dress-to-impress" books that have recently gained a following among those eager to scratch their way up the corporate ladder.

As we said, it's not what you wear, but how you wear it. So pull up your pants, stand up straight, and answer these questions.

1. If you're having cuffs put on a pair of pants, which of the following rules should you generally follow?
 - (a) There is a close relationship between the depth of cuffs and the width of the waistband on a pair of pants. Trousers with wide, wide waistbands generally look best with wide

cuffs; pants with narrow waistbands need narrow cuffs.

- (b) There is an inverse relationship between cuffs and waistband. Pants that have a wide waistband should have narrow cuffs; pants that call for a thinner belt should have wider cuffs.
- (c) There's no relationship whatsoever between cuffs and waistband. If you want cuffs, you should make them as narrow or as wide as you want.

2. Which of the following patterns is least likely to be used in material for a wool sport jacket or suit?
 - (a) glen plaid
 - (b) Tattersall check
 - (c) herringbone
 - (d) houndstooth check

3. When you hang a suit jacket or sport jacket in your closet, it should be:
 - (a) buttoned
 - (b) unbuttoned

4. When you button a vest, the bottom button should always be left unbuttoned.
 - (a) true
 - (b) false
 - (c) there's no rule; you should do what you like

5. Which of the following is *not* a type of tie?
 - (a) foulard
 - (b) repp
 - (c) argyle
 - (d) club

6. A tie with diagonal stripes is generally referred to as what kind of tie?
 - (a) foulard
 - (b) repp
 - (c) argyle
 - (d) club

7. If you're going to combine two or more strong patterns in an outfit, the patterns:
 - (a) should all be approximately the same size and scale
 - (b) should be different in scale from each other

8. Is there a best time of the day to shop for shoes?
 - (a) Yes, as early in the morning as possible; that's when your feet are closest to their true size.
 - (b) Yes, after you've been awake and moving around for several hours; by that time activity will have swollen them to their "normal", daytime size.
 - (c) It doesn't make any difference. Feet don't change size.

9. When you're wearing an average business suit, how much shirt cuff should be showing below your jacket sleeve?
 - (a) none
 - (b) about one centimetre
 - (c) between two and three centimetres

10. When a suit is being worn for dressy, formal activities, how much shirt cuff should show below your jacket sleeve?
 - (a) none
 - (b) about a centimetre
 - (c) about two centimetres
 - (d) at least three centimetres

11. When you're not wearing a jumper, you should:
 - (a) fold it
 - (b) hang it on a coat-hanger

12. When putting on a good, blocked

Nineteen questions to determine if you dress for success or just look a mess

felt hat, you should always:

- (a) handle it by the brim only
- (b) handle it by the crown only
- (c) hold the crown as you put it on, then pull down on the brim to set it properly on your head

13. When your tie is worn properly, the point should:

- (a) hang more than two centimetres above the belt line of your pants
- (b) hang just two centimetres above the belt line of your pants
- (c) just about meet the belt line of your pants
- (d) hang about two centimetres below your belt
- (e) hang more than two centimetres below your belt

14. A light-colored sport jacket worn with contrasting dark slacks is a poor choice if you're:

- (a) taller than average
- (b) shorter than average

15. If you're displaying a pocket handkerchief in the breast pocket of a suit, it should never be the same pattern as the tie you're wearing

- (a) true
- (b) false

16. Which of the following statements is generally correct?

- (a) The wider the tie, the smaller the shirt collar should be.
- (b) The narrower the tie, the smaller and shorter the shirt collar should be.
- (c) There's no standard relationship between the width of a tie and the size of a shirt collar.

17. If you're buying a grey suit and want it to project an air of power and competence you should choose:

- (a) light grey
- (b) dark grey

18. Which two of the following suit colors are *least* likely to be found in the upper-level executive suites of large corporations?

- (a) navy blue
- (b) olive
- (c) grey

(d) brown

19. Do you now own, or have you ever owned, any of the following?

- (a) polyester double-knit slacks
- (b) polyester double-knit leisure suit
- (c) shiny white shoes and matching belt (leather or vinyl)

SCORING

Here is a list of the correct answers. Give yourself five points for each correct answer you chose.

1. a	7. b	13. c
2. b	8. b	14. b
3. b	9. b	15. a
4. a	10. c	16. b
5. c	11. a	17. b
6. b	12. a	18. b and d

19. Give yourself five points if you chose *no* items on this question. Otherwise, *subtract* three points from your total score for each item you checked.

If you scored 86 to 100 points:

You are a true man of style. You choose your clothes with an innate sense of taste and perception. No matter what style you decide to wear, it always seems to look right on you: never sloppy or gross but, on the other hand, never so prim and fastidious that people would consider you a fashion plate. In short, you have an unerring instinct for picking clothing that is appropriate to you and your way of life. You can dress to the teeth for the most formal occasion, yet still look relaxed; and when you're in your rattiest clothes, you'll still project the same aura, because you select clothes that are right for *you*.

66 to 85 points:

You generally have a good fashion sense, but sometimes you overlook the fine details that are second nature to men who score in the category above you. You probably have a lively interest in clothes. Sometimes this may get you into trouble, because you get carried away by fads, buying clothes that, while they may look fine on somebody else, don't work well for you. You may also have a tendency to overdress, to be too perfectly turned out. Watch out

for this. It seems that people tend not to trust men who, they feel, dress *too* carefully.

36 to 65 points:

You are probably the average Australian male. You don't look like a ragpicker, but no-one has ever mistaken you for the Duke of Windsor either. Your clothes are generally acceptable and appropriate, but attention to detail is lacking. You don't exude the same sense of ease and assurance that a true man of style does. A couple of trips to a good men's store could go a long way toward clearing up your sartorial oversights. Study the clothes carefully; see what makes them worth the money they cost. Talk to the salesmen and resident tailors — and *listen* to their answers.

16 to 35 points:

You've got some serious stylistic problems. You probably feel uncomfortable about choosing clothes for yourself and may often feel awkward in anything but the few tried and true workaday clothes you own. When you buy dress clothes, you are likely, unfortunately, to buy things that are inappropriate to your physique, personality, and social circumstances. In short, no matter how you dress, you rarely look well turned-out and at ease. The advice that we have offered to men in the scoring category above could be of very much use to you too.

0 to 15 points:

When you enter a room, people are likely to gape and flee. You're the type of guy who would show up at a forbiddingly elegant dinner dressed in a sweaty T-shirt and dirty, tattered cutoff jeans. When it comes to clothes, you are a functional illiterate. It's almost as if you've gone out of your way to be dumb on the subject of clothes. Too much concern for clothing and appearance may indicate shallowness, but a score in this category suggests a certain paranoia at the other end of the scale.

Note: It is theoretically possible to score minus 9 points (that is, 9 points *below* zero) on this questionnaire. If you did, then nothing we can tell you could possibly help. ☐



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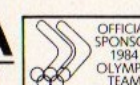
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SOUTH AFRICA

DEBORAH

When this Cape Town lady sings her song, the doodahs she croons about are the sparkling rocks commonly known as a girl's best friend. Deborah, 19, says her Dutch ancestors settled in South Africa four generations back and that her great-grandfather "Thunderbolt" Vanderhorn once owned a gold mine. It was from him that she inherited a stormy temperament and an aptitude for gold-digging. Deborah says her weaknesses are cricketers and millionaires, and adds that the latter are more likely to catch her in slips.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUDIO PETER



JAPAN

REIKO

In Japan great artists are honored for their cultural contributions by being declared "living national treasures." *Penthouse* believes 22-year-old Reiko Kanasashi is well on the way to joining their ranks — for her contribution to aesthetics. Reiko works as a graphic designer in Tokyo. Although she's studying the traditional Japanese arts, Reiko claims to be a modern girl. She favors Western men and takes delight in introducing them to her country's cuisine. Raw fish, anyone?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MEIKO KANASASHI



POLAND

CHRISTINA

It's a good idea to send your tongue to night school before tackling the name of this 19-year-old Krakow-born beauty. Christina Lodjewicz. Say it often enough and quickly enough, and you'll get an idea where the term "spit and Polish" had its roots. Christina's family left Poland when she was a child, and since living in London she admits to often using another name when she's booking tickets or restaurant tables. Her boyfriends, though, are still required to call her by her real name. Christina says she has always found oral dexterity attractive in a man.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTER FLODQVIST



BRAZIL

MONIKA

The first time Monika Alvarez met Ronald Biggs she didn't think it was any big deal. "It was quite a while back. I was only a teenager," she recalls. "He used to visit a coffee shop owned by my mother. He was very polite and often smiled at me. I thought he was a nice gentleman." It was only later when Scotland Yard and Fleet Street descended on Rio De Janeiro that Monika learned the identity of the nice gentleman. She says the publicity drove everyone nuts. But, after all, isn't that what Brazil is all about?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUDIO PETER



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grand prize winner will be announced in the October issue. The type of photo you submit is entirely up to you. Black and white, color prints or transparencies are all acceptable, in any size from 35mm upwards. All entries remain the property of *Australian Penthouse*. Entries close last mail Tuesday, July 31.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

Your entry must be accompanied by the official entry form, which can be found only in *Australian Penthouse* Magazine. No facsimiles will be accepted.

The prizes are not transferable or redeemable for cash. Entry and participation in the competition is completely free and open to both amateur and professional Australian photographers currently residing in Australia, other than employees of *Australian Penthouse*, Alfa Romeo Australia and Canon Australia.

The competition coupon will be published in April, May, June, July and August *Penthouse*. Six monthly winners will be chosen by the editor of *Australian Penthouse*. A selection of winning entries will be published in the magazine and the six monthly winners will each receive a Canon AF 35 camera.

A panel of judges comprising representatives from Alfa Romeo, Canon and *Penthouse* will select the final winning entry. The winner of the car's name will be published in the October '84 edition of *Australian Penthouse*. The winner will also receive a collection of Canon photographic equipment, valued at over \$1000.

The winning entrant, by entering this competition, shall be deemed to agree to accept public acknowledgement of his winning entry in person, and further to the making of such public appearances as the promoters shall reasonably require.

On all questions, disputes or matters arising in relation to the contest, the judges' decision will be final. No correspondence will be entered into and entry in the competition indicates acceptance of all rules and conditions.

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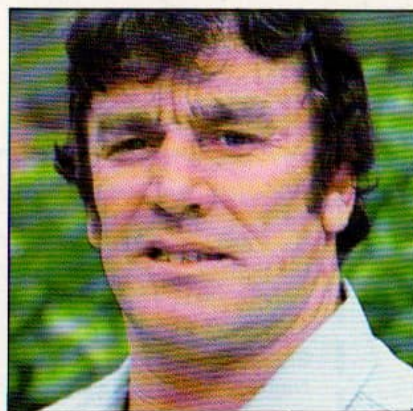
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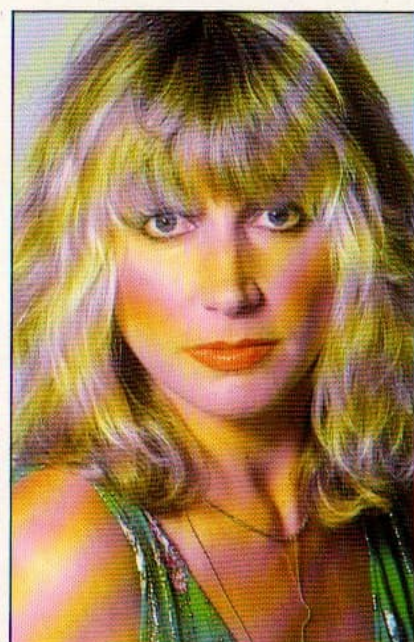
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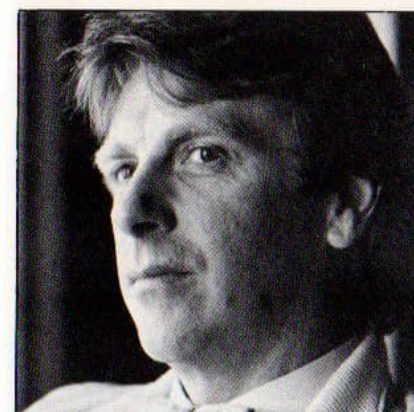
PAUL GRAHAM

When it comes to extraordinary feats of strength, Paul Graham has nothing left to prove. Australia's strongest man entertained crowds throughout the Seventies by reviving the 19th Century tradition of the touring strongman; he put sleeper holds on bewildered alligators, towed double-decker buses with his teeth, lifted a horse and rider up a ladder to break a world record, and ultimately provoked a storm of controversy when he planned to hang himself on television. Public protest put the kybosh on that one, but Graham eventually took the drop at the end of a rope before a flabbergasted Leagues Club audience. It was all in the name of promotion of body building, a sport which owes much of its current boom status to Graham's unflagging zeal. Having won just about every major Australian title, he stopped competing in 1973 to become the sport's number one entrepreneur, determined to make Australia an international force in body building by importing world-class competitors to inspire local musclemen. As president of the Australian branch of the International Federation of Body Builders, Graham reckons he shells out around \$50,000 a year from his own pocket to attend conferences and organise top-line international events on these shores. His latest coup is the staging of Australia's first World Women's Body Building Championships in Sydney next August. Entries from at least 30 countries, and possibly 50, will make it the most international privately promoted sporting event seen in this country to date. "The only way to bring our competitors up to world class is to show them exactly what they're up against," says the quietly-spoken Sydneysider. Now in his mid-forties, Australia's body building guru is still an immensely powerful man; last year *That's Incredible* asked him to repeat the horse and rider ladder lift and after some initial misgivings, Graham went into intensive training and eventually hoisted up a 25 kgs fatter horse than the one he'd shattered the record with almost a decade previously.



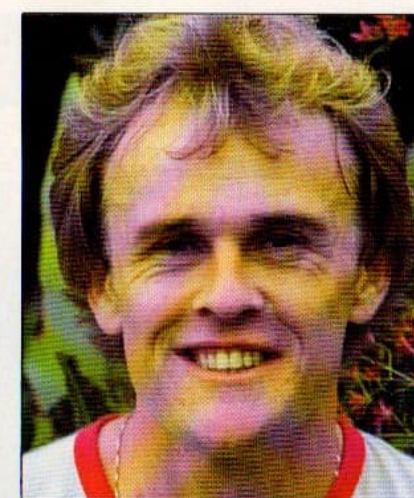
DINAH LEE

After 20 years in the business, memory lane is a long and winding road for rock and roll singer Dinah Lee. But it's a path she rarely treads these days. Despite a major market for nostalgia, the lady who made her first big break in Australia in the mid-Sixties with number one hits like "Don't You Know Yockomo" and "Reet Petite" isn't interested in pumping out the same old sounds any more. Right now she's getting ready to hit the road, and a variety of new venues with a new band and a contemporary sound, although she'll still be delivering it with the same brand of raunchy sensuality which kept her at the top during the early days of Australian rock and roll. Dinah was a difficult act to follow in the days when she appeared regularly on television shows like *Sing Sing Sing* and *Bandstand* in a variety of outrageous costumes and hairstyles... orange hot pants, union jack tops: the stuff that helped to widen the generation gap during the swinging Sixties. "I'm not into nostalgia," says Dinah. "I've done all that and I don't want to keep on repeating myself. Unlike a lot of people from my musical era, I don't want to keep looking back." Dinah Lee is still raging on stage, but these days she's been doing it with contemporary bands like The Allnighters and mod band The Champions. "Rock and roll's been good to me," she proclaims, so why should she desert it now? Take a look at Tina Turner in the USA. She's 45 and still going strong. Dinah Lee doesn't see why she shouldn't be doing the same thing in Australia. "For a lot of people, a singing career is just business, business," says the lady who still looks great and is still delivering the goods. "Well, I've been doing business for too long. Now I want to have some fun."



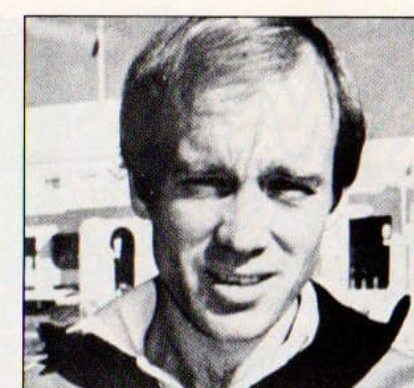
ROBERT CASWELL

After 20 years in the wilderness, punctuated by brief periods of critical acclaim, Robert Caswell has suddenly been catapulted to pre-eminence among Australian screen writers. The major reason is the brilliance of Caswell's script for the groundbreaking 1983 ABC trilogy *Scales Of Justice*, a work described by numerous critics as the finest thing that has yet been produced for Australian television. Now 37, Caswell got his start in the mid-Sixties on a Reg Grundy panel game show and worked his way through comedy tonight show scripts, several soaps, episodes of *The Sullivans* and the ABC's *Certain Women*, and most significantly, a script for the ABC's *Spring And Fall* series entitled "Jimmy Dancer" which gained him numerous accolades. "There were moments of blind terror on the way — having to buy food on credit, that sort of thing," he recalls. Then, a matter of weeks before *Scales Of Justice* went to air, Caswell took the biggest knock of his career when he was sacked from the Kennedy-Miller TV series about the bodyline cricket affair. "It was terrible — I was going through withdrawals from the *Bodyline* thing and fantastic praise for *Scales* at the same time." The dispute, arising over script control, has led to a "toughening process" for Caswell: "In the past I let it all hang out, but I've now taken the advice that forms the central theme of *Scales*. The police call it PYA — Protect Your Arse. I handle all my own contracts now. The point is that it's no good simply servicing other people's ideas — if you're going to produce something really special, you have to do it on your own." Current projects include screenplays for two feature films: *Threads Of Gold*, a multi-million dollar epic concerning a boy who, while touring in 1938-39 with the Vienna Mozart Boys' Choir, suddenly finds himself transformed from a celebrity into an enemy alien; and *Ground Zero*, examining Australia's position as a first-strike nuclear target. "So little of what's written in Australia concerns a major issue and focuses on the point of greatest drama," Caswell asserts.



DIRK WELLHAM

Dirk Wellham, cricketer, insurance representative and married man of two years, still has an eye for the ladies. But only a casual eye, unlike his deadly serious approach to cricket. Wellham, 25 last month and at the end of his first season as captain of the NSW Sheffield Shield team, is at the crossroads of a sporting career that has roller-coasted the highs and lows in an amazingly short time. A bachelor then, the bespectacled batsman entered the NSW side during the 1980-81 season and only a few months later debuted for Australia with a century against England. The 1981-82 season saw him dropped from the Test side and relegated to 12th man for NSW. Only now is Dirk focused again on his ultimate ambition — a regular place in the Australian team. A successful tour to Zimbabwe leading the Australian under-25 side led to his selection as NSW captain. And responsibilities. Does Dirk worry when his boys aren't firing? "Yes" is the rapid-fire answer. But he claims he doesn't feel under pressure from the media. "Because I play, I know more about the game," Wellham says. "I get on well with the media, but I am there to play, and they are there to write." He prefers to read morning broadsheets rather than afternoon tabloids "because they are less emotive." Not surprisingly considering his outgoing character, Wellham has wound up in a job dealing with people, as a Sydney representative for the Melbourne-based Graeme Phillips Insurance. But how does he insure against trouble within his own team? "You've got to try and keep the players happy and performing," Wellham says. "The captain is there to make sure everyone else knows what they are there for, and unless there is a real need to take somebody aside and say something I don't go criticising players." He adds: "I'd like to see cricket go up-market, with some older female fans. The more fans you can get, the better — especially females."



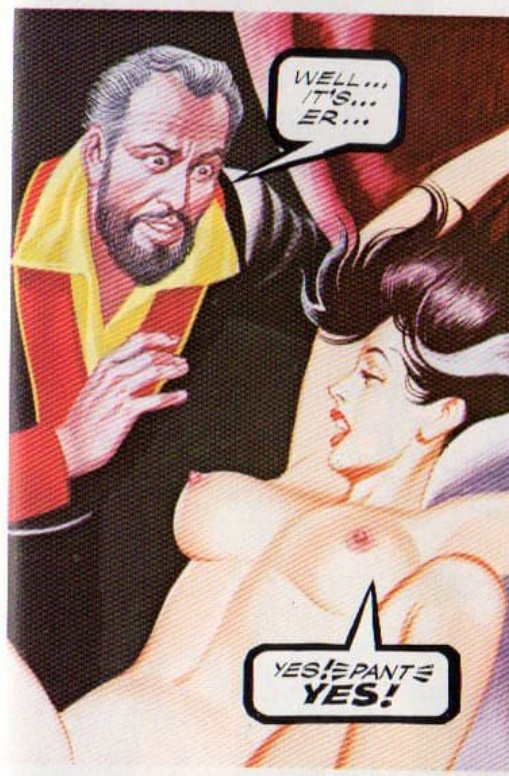
RIC CHARLESWORTH

Australia's sporting stocks haven't looked so good since the heady days of the Fifties, with the Davis Cup, the America's Cup and the Ashes all gracing the shelf. Many of the prizes we've accumulated have come courtesy of the Australian men's hockey side, which has been quietly asserting its world-wide authority during the past few years. The team is arguably our most successful current national sporting outfit. Last year they took out the World Champion's Trophy in Pakistan and the prestigious Centenary Tournament in Hong Kong. Thus they're regarded as an excellent prospect for Olympic gold. Captain of the Australian side is 31-year-old West Australian Ric Charlesworth. He's been playing inside-right in the national team for more than 10 years, representing his country in about 150 internationals, and captaining the side since 1977. Charlesworth's hockey commitments will keep him fairly busy during the next few months: in April the team flies to Europe for some international competition, returning in May for the National Championships before jetting off the LA in July. Most people would call it a hectic schedule; for Charlesworth it's routine. Over the years he's made a very successful lifestyle out of keeping himself fully occupied. At school he was the all-round sportsman, but after leaving he devoted his time to hockey and cricket — his cricketing talents soon being recognised when he gained selection in the Western Australian side. Between 1972 and 1980 he opened the batting in 50 Sheffield Shield games. Charlesworth managed to combine sport with his medical studies, but after he qualified as a doctor it all became too much and he had to reluctantly give the flannelled game away. Now Charlesworth has another responsibility — as an MP. He'd been attracted to the policies of the ALP, and stood as their candidate for the seat of Perth in last year's Federal election. It was no great surprise when he turned the tables on the sitting member — if the qualities of the "ideal candidate" could be identified, Ric Charlesworth would come very close to the mark.

Sweet Chastity



By RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE





BOLLINGER '64-FOR BREAKFAST? I DIDN'T ORDER THAT!

IT'S FOR MR OTTO, BARON!



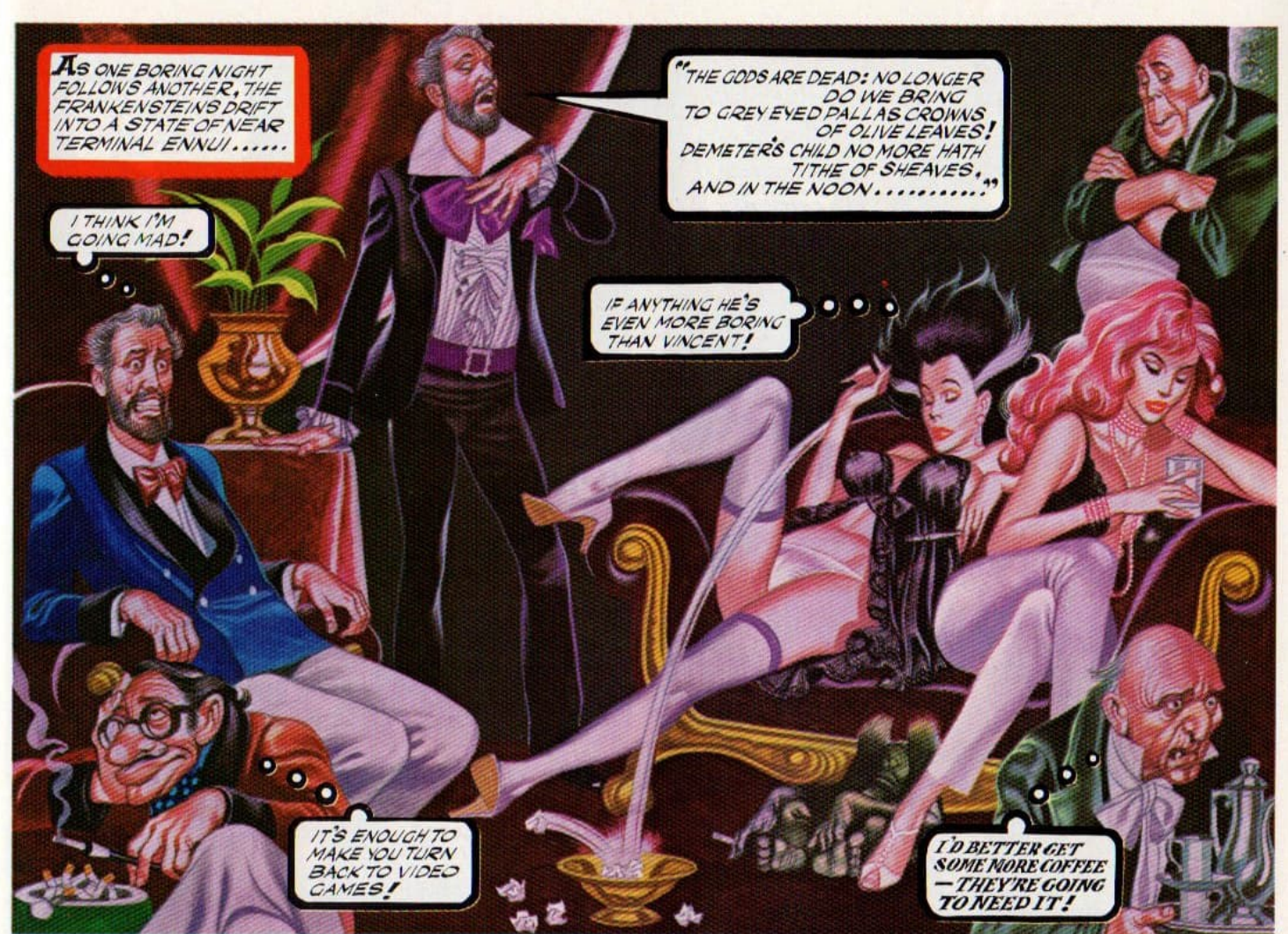
CAVIARE AND SOUFFLÉ OF ORTOLAN BRAINS?

IT'S FOR MR OTTO, BARON!



DON'T TELL ME...

..IT'S FOR MR OTTO!



As ONE BORING NIGHT FOLLOWS ANOTHER, THE FRANKENSTEIN'S DRIFT INTO A STATE OF NEAR TERMINAL ENNUI.....

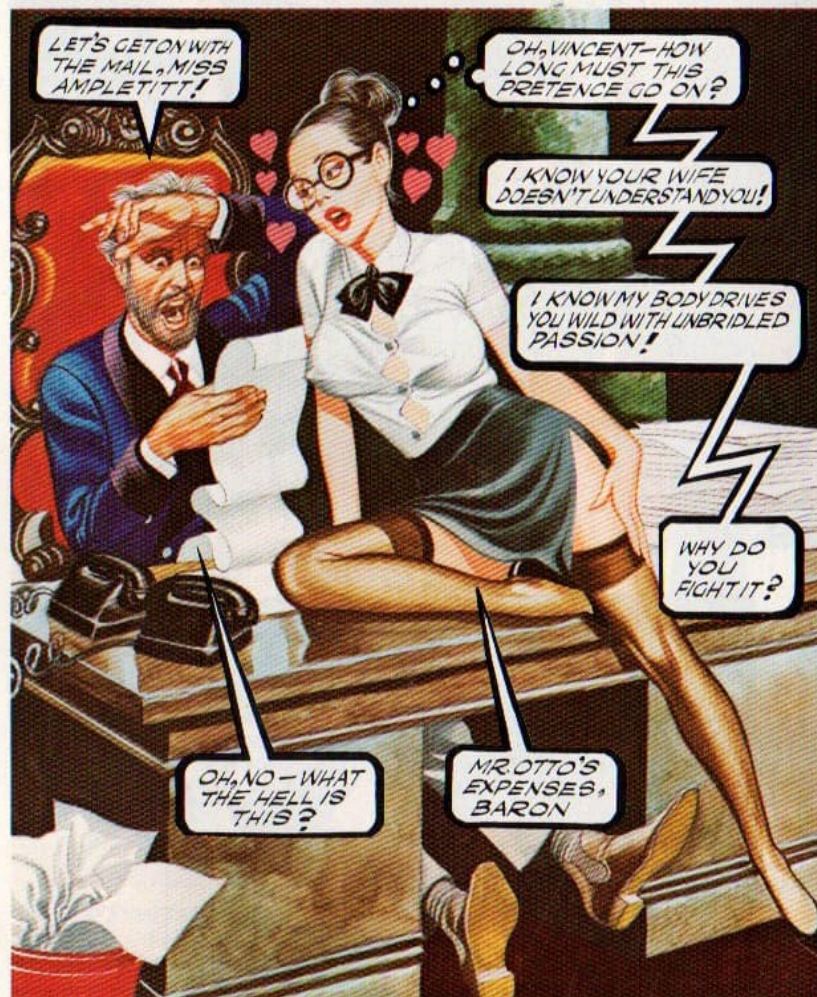
I THINK I'M GOING MAD!

"THE GODS ARE DEAD: NO LONGER DO WE BRING TO GREY EYED PALLAS CROWNS OF OLIVE LEAVES! DEMETER'S CHILD NO MORE HATH TITHE OF SHEAVES, AND IN THE NOON....."

IF ANYTHING HE'S EVEN MORE BORING THAN VINCENT!

IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU TURN BACK TO VIDEO GAMES!

I'D BETTER GET SOME MORE COFFEE - THEY'RE GOING TO NEED IT!



LET'S GET ON WITH THE MAIL, MISS AMPLETITT!

OH, VINCENT-HOW LONG MUST THIS PRETENCE GO ON?

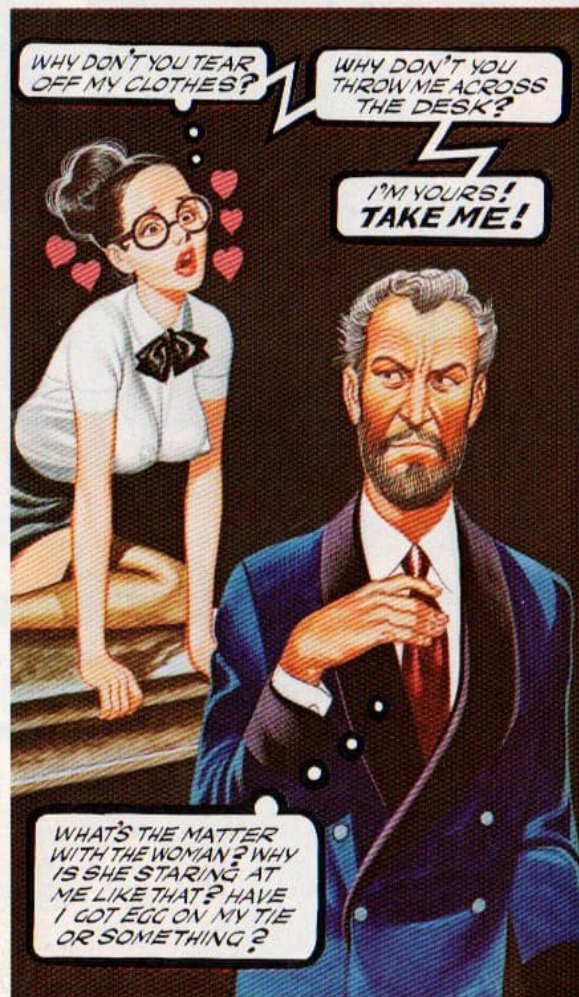
I KNOW YOUR WIFE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND YOU!

I KNOW MY BODY DRIVES YOU WILD WITH UNBRIDLED PASSION!

WHY DO YOU FIGHT IT?

OH, NO-WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?

MR OTTO'S EXPENSES, BARON



WHY DON'T YOU TEAR OFF MY CLOTHES?

WHY DON'T YOU THROW ME ACROSS THE DESK?

I'M YOURS! TAKE ME!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE WOMAN? WHY IS SHE STARING AT ME LIKE THAT? HAVE I GOT EGG ON MY TIE OR SOMETHING?



YE GODS! SALMON PINK LOCHNER NUREMBERG ARMOUR!

I HAD IT PAINTED TO MATCH THE CURTAINS! SWEET, ISN'T IT?

I'M GETTING NIGEL-THIS GILDED AND TALENTED YOUTH, TO RUN HIS ARTISTIC EYE OVER THE DECOR OF THE CASTLE!

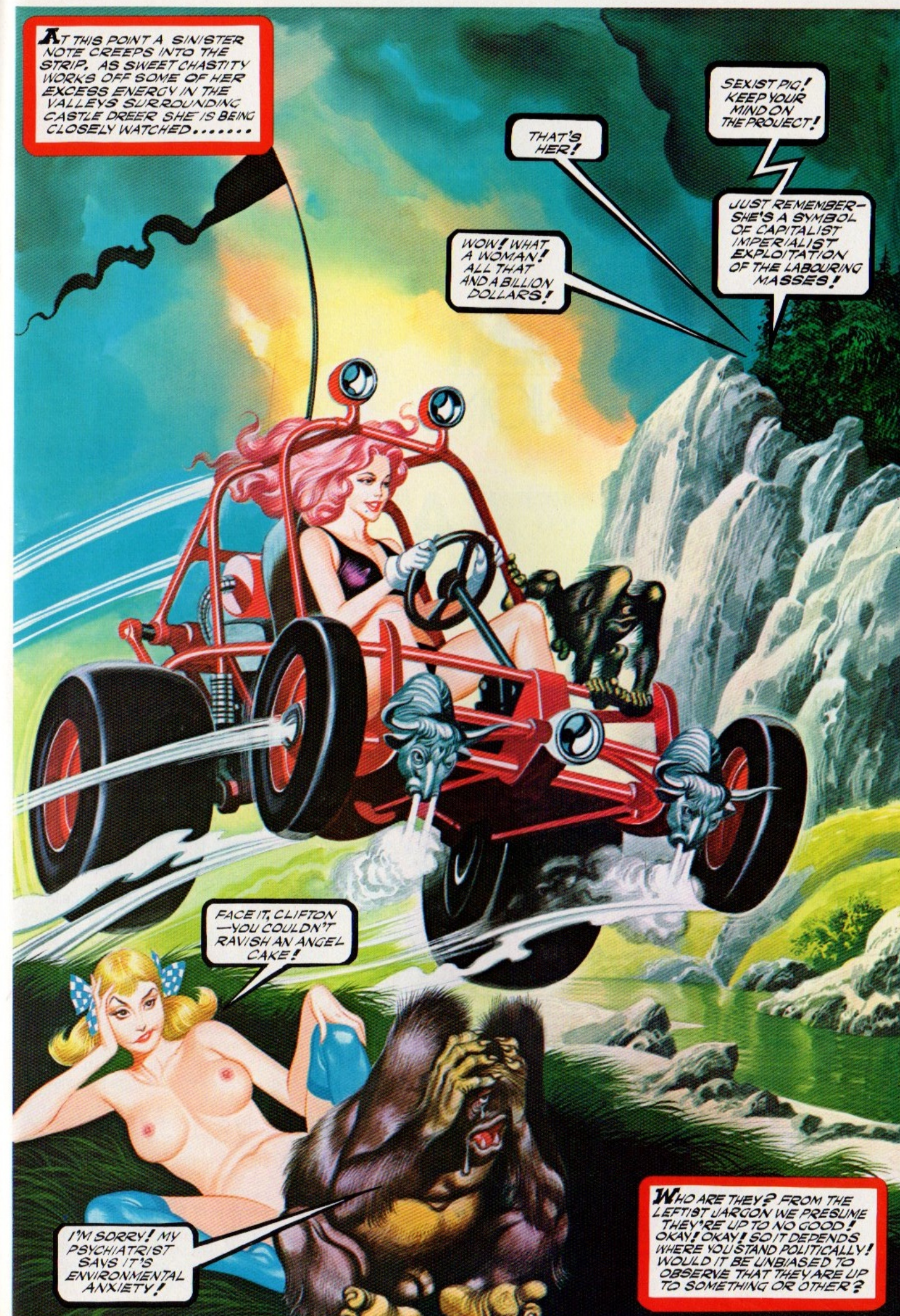


HE'S GOT TO GO! HE COULD FALL FROM THE BATTLEMENTS!

WE COULD DROWN HIM IN A VAT OF MALMSEY!

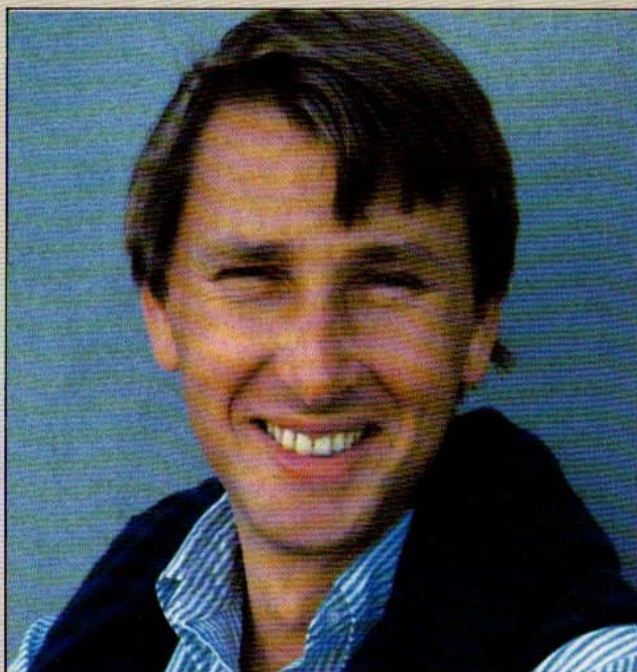
BUT THAT'S MURDER!

NO! IN HIS CASE IT'S EUTHANASIA!



ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY DAVID LYLE

David Lyle is a freelance TV writer and producer. He has worked in the industry for 10 years, and during that time has been connected with the ABC, Nine and Ten networks.

WHY THE VIEWER IS THE LOSER IN THE TV RATINGS BATTLE

After the summer of our discontent, the television year has begun. Ratings have returned. Now the commercial stations are out to win you with their blockbusting movies, new programs, and all-round excitement. You're their friend, and they've got it all just for you. These are the same stations who couldn't give a stuff about you, the viewer, during the summer recess between late November and late January.

Now might be the time to destroy a few myths. TV ratings don't continue year-round: there are only four ratings periods annually, each one trumpeted with the announcement of new extravaganzas, each one bigger, bolder, better than ever. But in fact, ratings don't function to get the stations up to scratch, to improve the quality of TV programming or even to let the stations know what the public likes (please, that's presumed). The ratings do function to attract advertising. In commercial TV, a program bloated with pay-by-the-second ads is a success, and therefore necessarily what the public wants.

At least the ABC claims that it's fulfilling its public responsibility by serving up decent programs over the summer. That's only partly true because, as a symptom of its ambivalence towards ratings, the ABC holds its biggies back until later in the year when the ratings are on and all the stations are competing.

Usually, commercial television stations don't feel compelled to answer critics who churlishly point at the cynicism of licensed broadcasters who dish up crap for approximately one-fifth of the year. The stations regard all critics as cranks and do-gooders. If stung enough to reply, the executives contemptuously point out that in summer, fewer people watch TV, so there's no need to put on good programs then. Instead they clear the shelves of the duds — the failed US buys and local soap operas which inconveniently stifled. The Nine Network had a plethora of the latter last year. The "nobody watches" argument is also a classic chicken and egg proposition. Would there be more viewers of summer television if more popular programs were shown?

The assertion that there are no ratings over the summer period is not entirely true. In fact it's a lie. There are no official ratings, but all the stations commission their own tracking surveys, which are in reality unofficial ratings. These marvellous figures are frequently leaked to friendly journalists by the stations' publicity departments. They are the pinnacle of the statistician's art: the most fun you can have the figures without being arrested. Each unofficial rating shows the station that commissioned it on top. Everyone is terribly happy, especially the well-paid survey companies who think it's Christmas — and of course, it is.

• In their rush to the top, it could be possible for stations to regard people as being just as important as ratings points •

In a wonderful gentleman's agreement (if such a term can be used on the same page as the words "television executive"), everyone in the TV biz takes summer off. The official ratings people, the local producers and programmers all pack up their buckets, spades and rubber rings and hare off for the beach. They leave television in the hands of switchboard operators, second-string executives and the sports commentators. Sometimes, in an outrageous parody of parliamentary perksmanship, the executives head off on a little "fact finding" mission to LA; more often than not, this involves a bit of skiing as well.

You can't knock Christmas — in World War I English and German troops left their trenches during the festive season to exchange gifts, and then returned to potting one another off. Likewise, TV executives who would normally kill their mothers for a few extra ratings points declare Christmas a time of armistice. But a spirit of peace to men of goodwill is not the only cause for the Yuletide ceasefire. Summer finds all the stations in identical situations, regardless of their position in the ratings race. Before Christmas, they are all chocka with commercials. Every program, no matter how obscure the timeslot, is brimming with exhortations to consume. But by January, when the "silly season" is over, the stations are suddenly bereft of advertising.

Once the war is back in swing, the TV programmers are very much like generals. They have a limited number of programs to throw at their opposition while trying to make their way to the top. Their skill is to place those programs in the most effective way. The weapons at their disposal vary in usefulness.

The blockbuster movie is like an intercontinental missile. It can score one big rating in a short burst. Usually, the most effective way to combat an enemy blockbuster is with one of your own. The mini-series is a weapon that combines the big bang of the blockbuster movie with the repeatability of a series. They have the potential to do a lot of damage to the enemy's ratings over consecutive nights or weeks. (A warning for viewers to be wary of consecutive night mini-series: programmers often run the shows from night to night if they feel that viewers might not find them fascinating enough to tune in a week later.) The series is a useful, if less prestigious, weapon. It doesn't rate as highly as a movie or mini-series. However, once a hit series is established, it will roll on, smashing through the enemies' programming and winning consistent ratings points.

In their desperation to beat the opposition, programmers go to great lengths to uncover their enemies' plans and try counter-moves. The big movies invariably come in gluts at the beginning of

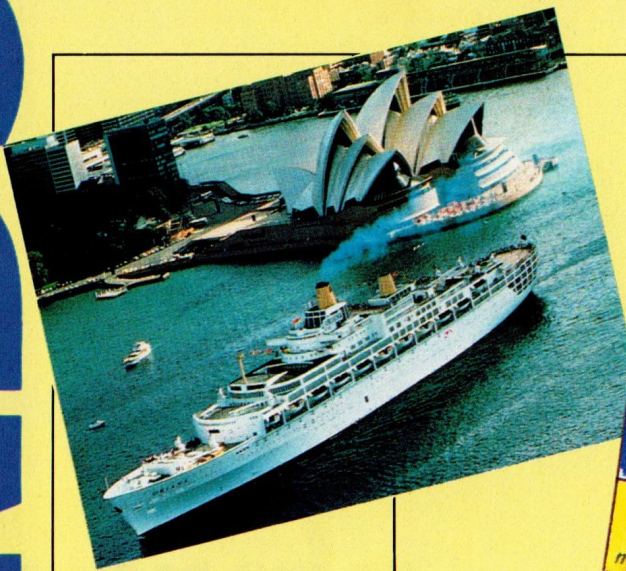
the year and at the end of the ratings periods, when the stations scramble to gain control of the high ground. On occasions when a station finds itself up against a big show, the programmers often will sacrifice one of their expendable products, unable to win the night but able to devalue their opponent's success.

One of the most important weapons in the stations' ratings war is propaganda. In the press, on radio and on their own station, television channels will promise exciting, attention-grabbing movies which are, in fact, crap. The channels, with their low opinion of the public, believe that if you lead a horse to water then you've done the job. Generally, viewers become hooked on a movie before their critical facilities come into operation. Mini-series are particularly great for promotion. They are exciting, scintillating, never-to-be-repeated (until the repeats) events, the missing of which could blight a viewer's perspective on life.

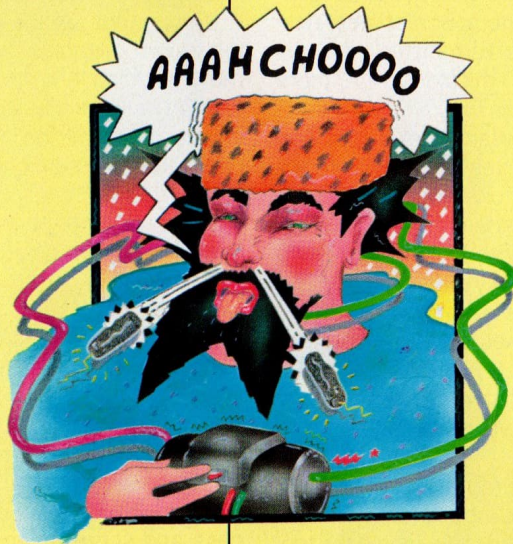
Commercial TV stations are just that — commercial. They would rather make good profits than good programs. During the ratings periods, the stations are commercial entities battling one another for the highest figures. The higher the figures, the more viewers. The winner stands to attract the most advertising revenue; it's naive to expect the situation to be otherwise. However, in their rush to the top, it could be possible for stations to regard people as being just as important as ratings points. If ratings were continuous, the stations could still gauge their success and score revenue while the viewers would be rewarded with ongoing entertainment rather than the seesaw they now get.

Likewise, while chasing ratings points with successful but crappy *Nightriders* and *Return to Edens*, the stations should remember that there are the equally successful but better shows like *Fawlty Towers* and *M*A*S*H* and *The Dismissal*. The shouldn't be so rigid in their superstitious belief that quality will scare off viewers. God knows, it's hard enough to make a hit even if the most cynical pandering to supposed lowbrows is encouraged. Why not try to make not only successes, but successes, that the station can be proud of? Too often mediocrity is praised and programmers, scarred from protracted ratings battles, regard any rating winner as a good program.

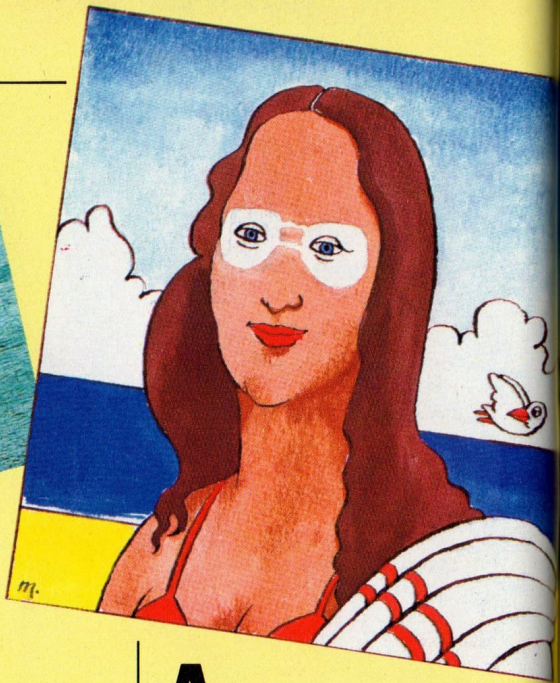
Now we have the battle-scarred, shell-shocked commercial TV stations and we have one of the most rapidly growing video recorder markets in the world. Surely those facts are linked. Perhaps the feast and famine TV seesaw will infuriate viewers enough for them to seek alternatives in VCRs and other new technologies. The TV stations may find, to their horror, that even the most docile worm will turn. —



The Australian Penthouse P&O Fantasy Cruise Competition (November '83 issue) was won by Barry Tiffen of Leeton, NSW. Before taking off on his *Oriana* cruise, Barry told *Penthouse* this was the first competition he had won since his number came up in the draft. He and his wife spent 15 days cruising Suva, Vava'u, Pago Pago and Nuku'alofa.

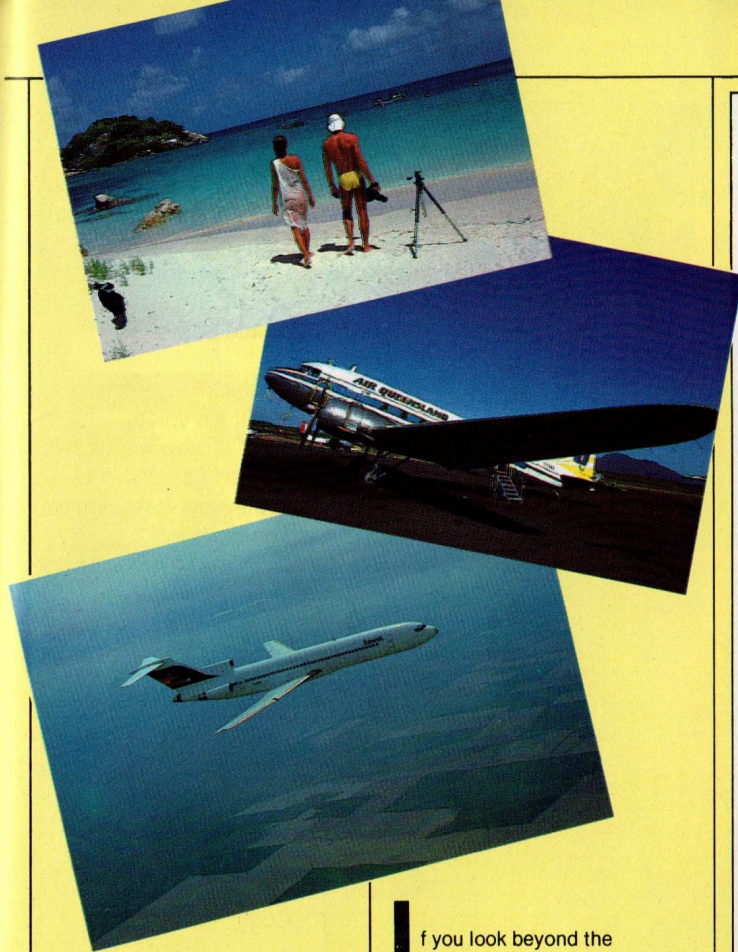
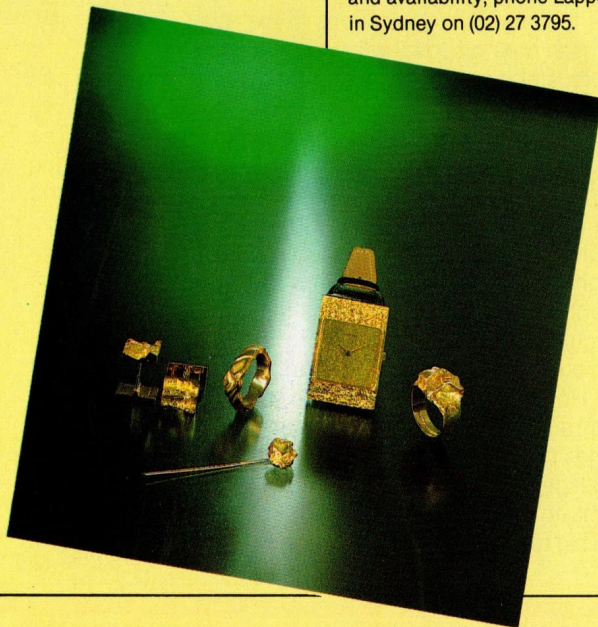


The Russians have come up with a cure for the common cold. In a recent Russian newspaper, Soviet researcher Yuri Mironenko claimed to have developed a quick, painless cure for nagging head colds. The cure, however, comes with strings attached. Mironenko's cure involves sticking a tampon soaked in silver solution up each nostril and attaching them to a generator worn around the neck. The weak electric current from the generator activates silver ions which suppress cold virus activity. This could be a big blow to tissue manufacturers everywhere.



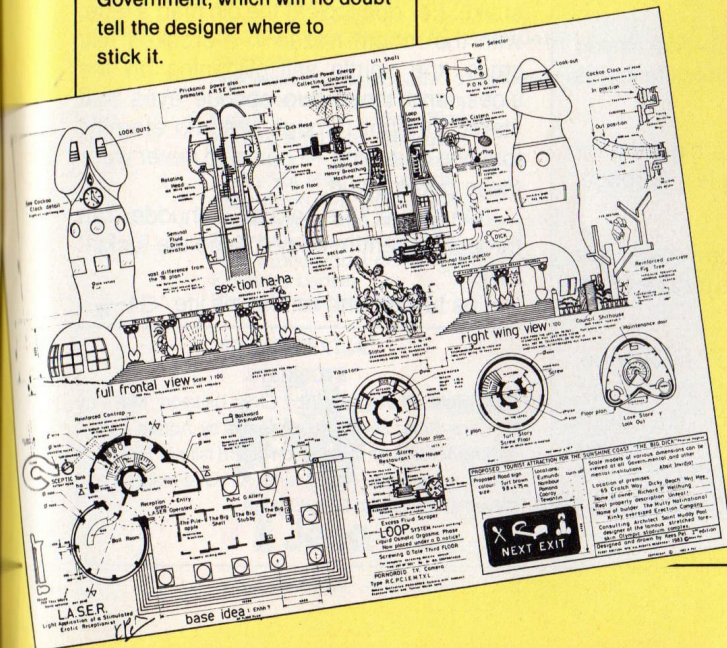
Along with a stubborn avoidance of quiche and an inkling that cunnilingus is an Irish airline, Real Men would have it that sun protection is for the limp-wristed. Whether or not Real Men do exist is open to question, but the need for skin protection from the sun is a fact. One of the strongest, cheapest and best sunscreens now available is Solar Block from Rosken. In lotion or stick form, Solar Block provides maximum protection and it's water and perspiration-proof — good for sport. It also contains moisturisers which guard against the drying effects of long cunnilingus flights. At chemists and department stores.

Exclusive gold jewellery signifies taste, prestige and success. The Finnish-designed Lapponia collection includes some of the finest and most exclusive male jewellery to be had in Australia. For prices and availability, phone Lapponia in Sydney on (02) 27 3795.



Until now it's been difficult to imagine an edifice which could exceed the brazen vulgarity of Coffs Harbor's Big Banana, surpass in sheer crassness Nambour's Big Pineapple, and usurp the utter uselessness of Robertson's Big Potato. Then a Queensland gentleman forwarded to *Penthouse* plans for the Big Dick, a phallic fun-house complete with Ball Room, Cockoo Clock, Pubic Gallery and a rustic Peehouse. The sender didn't propose a site for his planned erection, but we've sent the blueprints to the Federal Government, which will no doubt tell the designer where to stick it.

If you look beyond the contours of this month's Pet Of The Month, you'll get an idea of the attractions of Queensland's Lizard Island. It's been tagged a millionaire's hangout, but in low season it's within the price range of most punters. No cars, no phones, more than a beach per person and it's right on the outer reef. Just roll out of bed on to the beach, slip on a mask and discover why it's called the Great Barrier Reef. *Penthouse* flew Ansett to Cairns and Air Queensland to the island. Check with your travel agent.



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

Mark West of Rosebery in NSW wins this month's *Penthouse* Polaroid competition with his balanced study of his girlfriend Diane Eller. Mark's shot and Diane's attributes win him either a Polaroid SLR 680 camera or the new 35mm Auto Process system.

If he chooses the latter, Mark will receive a Polaroid package comprising AutoProcessor, Cutter/Mounter, a pack of Polachrome 12-exposure film and slide mounts. This outfit allows you to process and mount your own transparencies in minutes.

If you reckon you've got a flair for photography, prove it by sending us a revealing snap, taken on any film, and let *Penthouse* be the judge. Fill in the coupon below, put it in an envelope with your photo(s) and send it to *Penthouse*.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

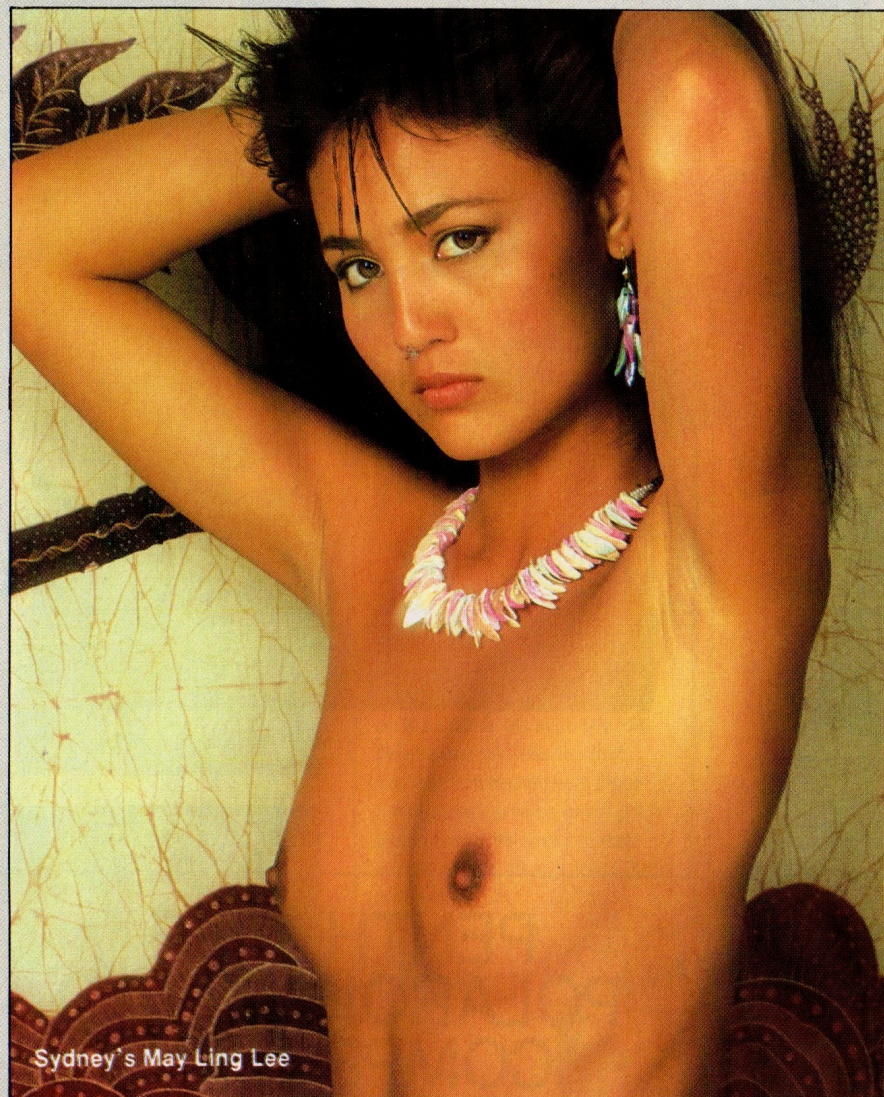
Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject)..... of am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over.

Signature of subject:..... Date.....

Signature of witness:..... Date.....



Sydney's May Ling Lee

COMING IN MAY PENTHOUSE

The Nugan Hand Scandal — Did you think the scandal involving allegations of heroin trafficking, money laundering and covert involvement by the CIA in Australian politics was over? Well, for some people, the dirt has just begun to fly. This *Penthouse* exclusive reveals the incredible extent of CIA activity in the Australian political and financial world.

Psychic Fraud — In a comprehensive expose, *Penthouse* reveals the variety of dirty tricks and deceptions used by charlatans who claim special powers in order to defraud and deceive the Australian public. Clairvoyants, psychic surgeons, levitators, water diviners and other paranormal powerbrokers all get the thumbs down at the end of this skeptical examination.

Heckler's Handbook — The great Australian art of heckling is dying out — destroyed by televised sport. Jim Pike makes an hilarious attempt to bring it back to life in this collection of aggressive *bon-mots* and snappy comebacks.

Getting Listed — Unsolicited mail is a big business for some and a big bore for others. If you're sick of having your letter box stuffed with other people's garbage, then this is the story for you.

Angel Of Death — Peter Corris presents another action-packed Cliff Hardy detective story. This time the hard-bitten private eye finds himself up to his ears in trouble when he goes to the aid of a damsel in distress.

Pet Of The Month — May Ling Lee, 18, says she was born in the Year Of The Dragon, and the fiery attractions of this Sydney stunner bear out her statement. Check out this glorious fusion of East and West in May *Penthouse*.

Pat Cash Holds Court — The *enfant terrible* of the tennis world has suffered some severe and sometimes unjustified criticism from the Australian media for his on-court antics. Mark Fogarty finds out what makes Cash tick.

A HARD MAN

Continued from page 109

skin boots. At first Les just stood there staring, his hands on his hips, and with a quick look around the clearing, as if he expected some people to be standing there, he pointed to the boots. pointed to the boots.

"Hey, they're my fuckin' good boots," he roared at the top of his voice.

He knelt down and ran his hands over them, then got back up again.

"My fuckin' oath they are. What are you doing with them, you old cunt?"

The old wino lay there, ignoring Norton's rantings. Norton didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He was a hot bed of emotions — on one hand he wanted to tell the world he'd got his boots back and on the other he wanted to kick the stuffing out of the old bastard for stealing them in the first place. But then again the old bloke might have just found them somewhere, so he couldn't really pound the soul out of the poor bugger for that.

"Hey, you old prick," he said. "Where'd you find those boots?" No answer. He gave the pile of newspapers another nudge. "C'mon you old cunt, wake up. I'm talking to you. Where'd you get those boots? Don't try and tell me you bought 'em."

Still no answer.

Les stood there glaring down at the sleeping form beneath the newspapers, his chest heaving, steam rising from his face as the sweat dripped from his nose and chin.

"Ah fuck this," he said, and gave the newspapers a good hard kick in the general direction of where he thought the old wino's backside would be. Still no answer.

He bent down and tore the newspapers off the old wino's face. "C'mon you old prick, wake up. I want . . .

Norton's voice trailed away. He gave a little scream of terror as he recoiled in horror, as though he'd just uncovered a tiger snake. For one look at the old man's face, with the mouth frozen in a crooked half smile, the spittle still glistening on the sides, and those two opaque eyes that stared straight through Les into eternity, told him one thing — he could never wear those boots again.

"Oh Jesus," he said as a shudder ran through his entire body. "Keep the fuckin' things."

Les turned and ran for his life. ☐

STOCKISTS

Centrefold: Photography by Chris Dickson; Make-up by Chris King; Jewellery designed by Adrian Lewis. Centrefold shot on location on Lizard Island. The *Penthouse* crew flew Ansett and Air Queensland and stayed at the Lizard Island Lodge.

Introducing the Luxury Limousine Wagon



The Jeep Cherokee Limited wagon is unlike any other wagon you have ever seen — its standard features rival those of chauffeur driven limousines while giving you much more —

With Jeep Cherokee Limited you get the added advantages of station wagon convenience, a huge chassis for strength and safety plus the benefit of four wheel drive for added traction, all this in a luxury limousine that has a smaller turning circle than many ordinary cars.

Jeep Cherokee Limited — an elegant statement of success.



STANDARD FEATURES — Power Transmission
5.9 liter V8 petrol engine driving the part time 4WD system through a silky smooth 3 speed automatic transmission.
SPECIAL FEATURES AS STANDARD EQUIPMENT
Exterior
Shadowtone metallic paint in 3 colour combinations with colour keyed exterior mirrors.
Paint **Seat Facing**
Nutmeg/Stardust Chocolate
Red/Silver Burgundy
Green/Sea Mist Emerald
Alloy 'turbo style' spoke wheels
Chrome grille and headlight surrounds
Twin rally-type driving lights
Rear window dust deflector (colour keyed)
Exclusive badges
Unique protection mould

Interior
Colour keyed leather faced lo-profile hi-back reclining bucket seats front/contoured rear seat
Central console containing leather armrest, storage compartments, ash tray, air conditioning controls, rear compartment air conditioning 'eye ball' outlets, rear seat ash tray and T bar transmission selector
Electrically operated 'moon roof'
Electrically operated side and rear windows
Central locking
Cruise control
Colour keyed padded leather dash board inserts
Pioneer AM/FM stereo cassette with electronic pre-select and station search plus power booster and co-axial speakers
Woodgrain door garnish moulds
Locking petrol cap
Rear compartment grab handles
Air conditioning with electronic pre-cool high velocity fan with Sanden* rotary compressor
Leather wrapped steering wheel

GO AUSTRALIA®

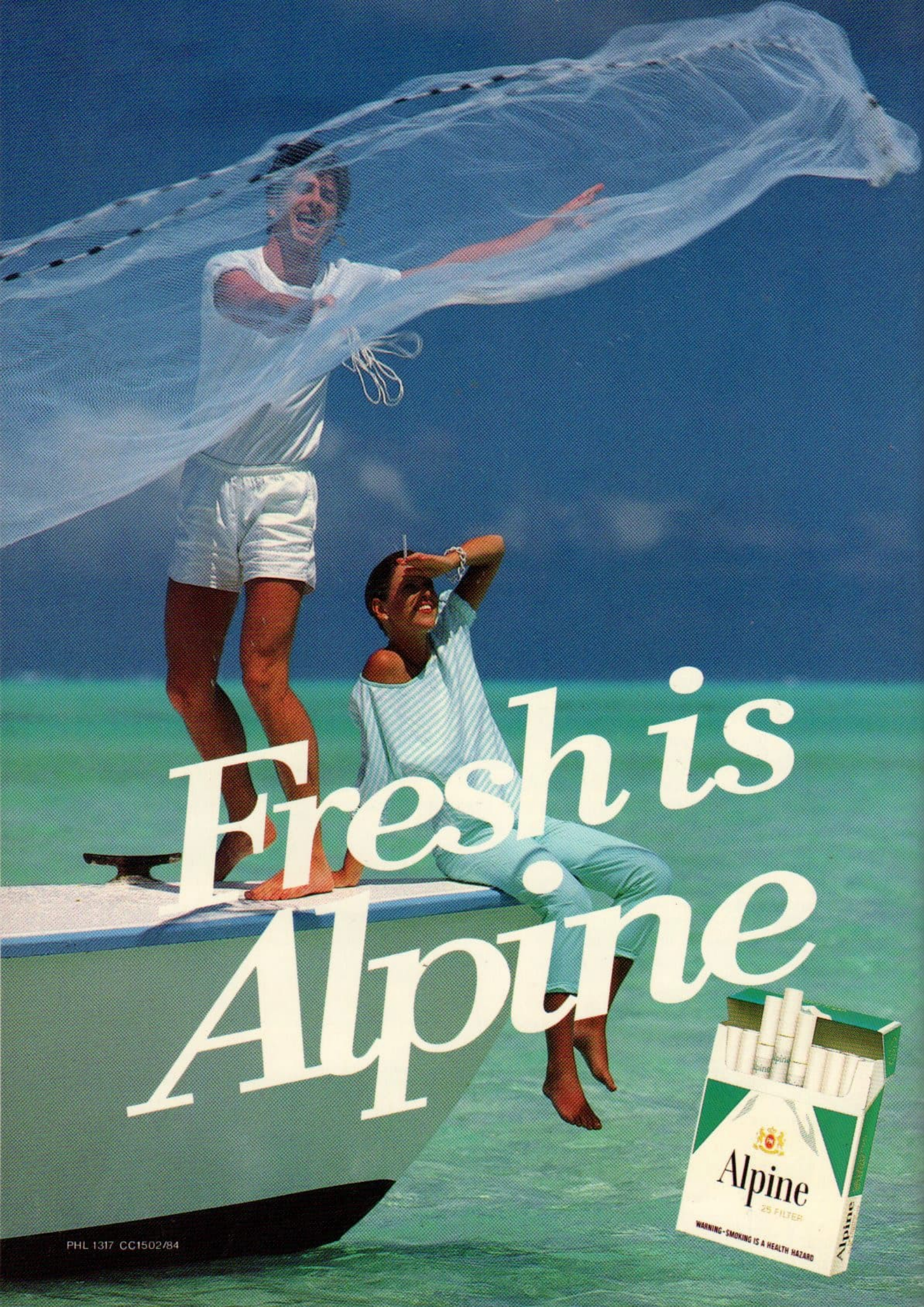


assembled:
in Australia
by Australians
for Australia



THE POWER AND THE GLORY 4WD

Jeep Cherokee assembled in Australia by Jeep Australia Pty. Limited. For further details contact your Jeep Dealer or Jeep Australia Pty. Limited — Brisbane (07) 277 7133 — Sydney (02) 745 4848 — Melbourne (03) 267 7366 — Perth (09) 444 7122

A man and a woman are on a boat. The man is standing and holding a large white net that is flying in the air. The woman is sitting on the edge of the boat, looking up at the net. The background is a clear blue sky and green water.

Fresh is Alpine

